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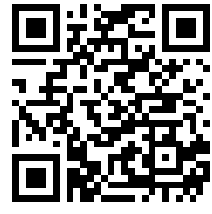

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The
FIGHTING FORCES

A QUARTERLY *for the* ROYAL NAVY, ARMY *and* ROYAL AIR FORCE

Edited by
LIEUT.-COL. F. E. WHITTON, C.M.G.

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THE CAMERONIAN REGIMENT AT BLENHEIM, AUGUST 2ND, 1704.

Joining the Duke of Marlborough's army in 1702, the Cameronian Regiment shared in all his famous battles and sieges. At Blenheim it was one of the regiments that suffered most having 5 officers killed and 14 wounded. Although Blenheim is the earliest honour borne on the appointments, the Cameronians had, before that battle, performed distinguished service at Dunkeld in 1689, at Steinkirk in 1691, and at Landen in 1693. Raised from the Covenanters of old the Cameronians always take their rifles to church parade in camp; a picquet is sent out and sentries posted, and not until the all clear is given does the service begin. This old custom has come down from the days of hill preaching and conventicles. This picture is reproduced by permission of Capt. J. L. Hill, M.C., and is taken from "A Short History of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)."

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. II MARCH, 1925 No. 1

THE NEAR EAST

"THREATENED men live long," and the Turk still remains encamped on the soil of Europe, from which his final expulsion has been so long and so confidently foretold. Little more than two centuries have elapsed since his victorious westward progress came to an end with the signal defeat of the host of the Grand Vizir Kara Mustafa under the walls of Vienna ; and, in the long war that followed, the armies of the Quadruple Alliance, formed by Russia, Poland, Germany and Venice, freed Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia and Dalmatia from the presence of the common enemy of Christendom, and confined the Crescent within the limits of the Balkan Peninsula, which continued to be long after known to our geographers as " Turkey in Europe."

There the Turk was maintained in possession for two centuries, more by the jealousies and rivalries of the Christian Powers than by his own strength. During the eighteenth century the policy of France was still influenced by the Vatican, and the continual efforts of Russia, " the Divine Figure from the North," to liberate the orthodox Slavs and Greeks from the yoke of Islam were always frustrated by the anxiety of the French statesmen for the integrity of Catholic Poland, the potential ally of France on the eastern flank of the German Empire. The Duc de Choiseul in 1769 stirred up the Porte to attack Russia in defence of the liberties of the Poles, and moreover induced Pitt to join him in checking the advance of Russia towards Constantinople, by representing the danger to which it exposed the future prospects of British commerce with the Levant. And, from the time of Choiseul

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and Pitt to that of Louis Napoleon and Disraeli, the policy of France and Great Britain, opposed in every other theatre of war and diplomacy, remained solidly united on what came to be familiarly known as the Eastern Question. More than once, when the hopes of Russia seemed near to fulfilment, they were frustrated by the action of the Western Powers, till at last they appeared certain of realization when the stupid Turks were persuaded to forsake their old defenders and supporters by the specious promises of Germany; and a secret treaty concluded between the Western Allied Powers gave the Tsar the promise of the Capital of the East. But just when the long coveted prize was within her grasp, her Revolution robbed Russia of the fruits of victory, and left the Turk still seated on the throne of the Cæsars, in possession of the gate between Europe and Asia.

Into whose hands will the prize eventually fall? Russia is for the moment out of the running, unarmed, and bankrupt in credit and prestige. Greece, under the guidance of Venizelos and the patronage of Lloyd George, made a bold bid for it, when she took advantage of Turkey's helplessness to seize on Smyrna and the coast of Asia Minor; but her strength was unequal to her pretensions, and the folly of her politicians wrecked her enterprise. Every Greek aspires to be a politician: but the intelligence and energy that make the Greeks so successful in business and commerce are in the political field wasted in faction and party strife, and their vacillation between Venizelos and Constantine deprived them of the support of their Western allies, and paralyzed the action of their armies in the field. The Turks, on the other hand, under the vigorous leadership of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, repudiated the ignominious Treaty of Sévres and forced the Allies to choose between coercing them by a renewal of hostilities or granting them more favourable terms and a fresh lease of life by the fresh arrangements under the Treaty of Lausanne.

These arrangements included that for the "Exchange of Populations," which provided that all Christians living under the Turkish rule should be transferred to the rule of their respective nationalities, and all Turks remaining under Christian rule to Turkish territory. Under this senseless and inhuman arrangement thousands of harmless and innocent families are turned out of house and home, and dumped down in a strange land without means of subsistence or

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support. The Greek population of Asia Minor has inhabited that country for upwards of 3,000 years, and now find themselves expatriated in the interests of the Turks, who are comparatively newcomers in the land. The motive of the Turks in concluding this arrangement appears to be their apprehension that what has so often happened before may happen again, and that Christian Powers may find a pretext for interference with them in the interest of their Christian subjects, as in the case of the late Greek attempt on Smyrna ; but it is a very short-sighted policy on their part, for in getting rid of the Greeks they are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, depriving themselves of the most industrious and the most thriving elements of their population. The arrangement is also a one-sided one, for the Mussulmans to be expatriated under it are comparatively few, and would in any case have most likely soon followed in the footsteps of their co-religionists ; for the Turk is too proud to remain as a subject on the soil where he so long has lorded it as master. It is difficult to conceive how any European statesmen could have acquiesced in an arrangement so impolitic and so unjust.

The Great War sounded the death-knell of many of the most famous and most ancient Royal Houses of Europe—Habsburgs, Hohenzollerns, Wittelsbachs and Romanoffs—and with them the unique example of the long survival of an Asiatic dynasty in the Imperial House of Ottoman, which had presided over the destinies of the Osmanli nation and the Islamite caliphate for seven hundred years, and has now been dethroned and exiled. The Turks have abandoned their Oriental traditions and have adopted Western ideals ; they attribute the strength and wealth of European nations to their political institutions, and imagine that by copying them they can raise their nation to the same level of power and prosperity : so while Italy and Spain are taking refuge from the defects and disorders of their parliamentary system in the dictatorships of Mussolini and Estella, we have the curious spectacle of a Mussulman people substituting nationality for religion as its guiding rule in politics, and an Asiatic nation replacing an autocracy by a republic as their form of government. The change does not inspire onlookers with much hope for the future. Japan is the singular instance of an Asiatic nation being able to assimilate European civilization and to profit by its methods ; and there the soil was prepared by the existence of an aristocratic class, a feudal system, and

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the natural intelligence of the people. Among all other Oriental peoples the introduction of reforms based on European models has only resulted in impairing the national strength. In China the attempt to establish parliamentary government instead of autocratic rule has only led to the substitution of twenty petty autocrats for one great one; the Tuchun or military commander in each district has used the armed force at his command to make himself the tyrant of his province, and the whole country has lapsed into a state of anarchy and internecine war. And in Turkey a republic will simply mean a dictatorship for the man who wields the power of the sword. But the financial prospect is the most unsatisfactory. For the last hundred years the government of the Turkish sultans has only been carried on by the aid of loans from European financiers, and with the restricted territory, diminished resources, and impaired credit of the Angora Republic, it will be found increasingly difficult to make both ends meet and at the same time to satisfy the claims of the European bondholders of the Ottoman public debt, and to raise fresh supplies of money in the European markets. The reluctance of the Turks to reoccupy Constantinople, so long identified with the Empire of the East, seems to indicate apprehension for their future; and indeed it is most probable that another war will have to be waged before the Turk is finally expelled from the soil of Europe.

But who will take his place on the throne of the Cæsars? Russia for the present is out of the running; recent events have shown that Greece is inadequate to the task; and Bulgaria is paralyzed by her recent misfortunes, and by the rivalry of her neighbours, Serbia and Rumania. The dream once entertained of a Greater Bulgaria stretching across the Balkan Peninsula, envisaged by the Treaty of San Stefano, was dispelled by Disraeli in the Congress of Berlin; and in the disposal of the spoils of the Balkan War of 1912, Bulgaria was cheated of her rightful share by Serbia and Greece, who overran and occupied the western half of Macedonia while the Bulgarians were bearing the brunt of the war against the Turks at Adrianople. At the cessation of hostilities Bulgaria claimed the districts of Macedonia allotted to her by agreement, but the Greeks and Serbians refused to relinquish them on various flimsy pretexts. The Emperor of Russia offered his good offices as mediator in the dispute, but the old fox Ferdinand of Coburg, the German King of

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Bulgaria, was pledged in the interest of Germany and Austria to discount Russian influence in the Balkan States, and he was anxious to create and foment discord between Bulgaria and her neighbours.

Though the Bulgarians are commonly reckoned as Slavs, they are not of Slavonic race, being Mongolian immigrants from Central Asia, and early Arab geographers place the land of Bulghar to the north of the Caspian Sea ; but after their migration into Europe they adopted the orthodox religion and the Slavonic language of the people among whom they found themselves. But there is racial antipathy surviving between them and their Greek and Serbian neighbours, and it was not difficult to persuade the Bulgarian, who is as stupid and as bellicose as his near kinsman the Turk, to reject the arbitration of the Tsar and to right his wrongs by force of arms. But his action not only brought the Turk into the field again, but gave the Rumanians an opportunity for enforcing their claims on the districts of the Dobrudja inhabited by Rumanians, so that the Bulgarians were attacked on four fronts at once, and were not only robbed of their expected gains, but of all that they had taken from the Turks during the war. So when the Great War broke out a year later, they were easily persuaded to revenge their wrongs and repair their losses by joining with the Germans and Turks, and again found themselves on the losing side and worse off than before, for they had made the Powers of the Entente their enemies. But their aspirations remain unsatisfied, and so long as the Bulgarians in Macedonia are prevented from joining their countrymen in the kingdom there will be no peace in the Balkans. An autonomous Macedonia would be no solution of the difficulty, for there is no Macedonian nation ; the Macedonians are all either Greeks, Serbs or Bulgarians, and only desire union with their own nationalities.

Another unsettled problem of the Near Eastern question is that of the possession by Italy of the twelve Greek islands called Dodecanese, Greek geographically and ethnologically, but conquered by the Italians from the Turks in the recent war of Tripoli. Their inhabitants desire union with the kingdom of Greece, but Italy retains them by right of conquest. Gladstone gave up Corfu to the Greeks, as a matter of sentiment ; and when Disraeli acquired Cyprus, it was by bargain with the Turks, and the Greek population of the island was satisfied with the change. But the project of

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making Cyprus into a second Malta, a military and naval place of arms to thwart the desires of Russia in the Near East, never came to anything; and the island now only serves as a summer resort for English officials in Egypt.

Little less than a hundred years ago the French Ministry of King Louis Philippe assured the British Government that their occupation of Algiers was only a temporary affair, but it has lasted to this day. And forty years ago the Government of Mr. Gladstone announced to the world that the British military occupation of Egypt was only temporary and provisional, and would cease as soon as the Egyptians were able and fit to manage their own affairs. Now the Egyptians have not managed their own affairs for the last 3,000 years. They have been ruled in succession by Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Kurds, Mamelukes and Turks, and their present ruler is the heir of the last Turkish Pasha of Cairo; but British statesmen have decided that, under their example and tuition, the Egyptians must by this time have learned to manage their own affairs, and are fit to be entrusted with the task of governing themselves. Whether this is so, time will show: meanwhile the pledge given by the Gladstone Government is to be redeemed, and the Egyptians are to be left free to manage or mismanage their own affairs. While the French are extending and consolidating their protectorate over Morocco, Great Britain renounces her protectorate over Egypt.

In Egypt, as in India, the mass of the population take no interest in politics beyond the local affairs of their village community, and are therefore the more easily duped by the lies of self-seeking politicians when it comes to larger issues. The Egyptian calls himself an Arab, as do the Syrians, Moors, and other nations who have adopted the Arabic language and customs along with the religion of the Arabian prophet; but he is by race a Copt and an agriculturist like his ancestors in the time of the Pharaohs; a son of the soil, docile and laborious, and free from the exalted fanaticism which is the moving spirit of the Semitic Arab. The small educated official class of pashas and effendis have a large intermixture of Turkish and Arab blood in their veins, and it is into their hands that we must commit the rule of the country and hope for the best. The chief danger lies in the prospect that history may repeat itself, and the revenues needed for the services of the administration may find their way into the pockets of the administrators.

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Unfortunately, the well-meant efforts of our doctrinaire politicians, Morley, Montagu, and others like them, to confer the blessings of popular representation and Parliamentary government upon people who neither understand nor appreciate them, are repaid only with the blackest ingratitude. These Western institutions evoke no sympathy in the mind of the Oriental whose ideals of government are theocracy or autocracy. In India the small section of " Intelligentsia " whom we have educated in our government and missionary schools and colleges in Western ways of thought, raise a clamour most disproportionate to their numbers, which is mistaken by many for the voice of the people of India. But instead of accepting our invitation to them to co-operate in governing their own country, their only political ideas and tactics are to obstruct the Government in every possible way, and to make the fulfilment of its functions impossible.

But there is no national sentiment behind them. The people of India are a congeries of some twenty different nationalities with diverse languages, creeds, and customs, and a Punjabi has no more affinity or sympathy with a Bengali or a Mahratta with a Tamil, than a Russian or a Swede has with a Neapolitan or a Portuguese. In Egypt the case is different, the Egyptians are one nation and profess one religion ; and the political agitator is on sure ground when he appeals to their patriotism or their faith to excite a prejudice against the foreigner and the unbeliever. The officials who were prevented by the Dual Control from dipping their fingers into the public purse were able to exploit these prejudices in fomenting the revolt of Arabi Pasha, which had as its ostensible object the liberation of Egypt from foreign control, and which only resulted in placing the country directly under the control of Great Britain.

Since then the Egyptians have been well governed, happy and contented, until during the war, an anti-English feeling was excited by German-Turkish propaganda, which has culminated in the Zaghlulist agitation, and now seeks its justification in making the retention of the Egyptian Sudan by the British administration a cause of grievance.

The Turks, during their occupation of Egypt made several attempts to conquer the Eastern Sudan, but were always foiled by the valour of the natives, and the difficulty of preserving their communications. The last notable attempt was made by Mehemed Ali Pasha early in the last century, when

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his son Ismail Pasha with his whole army perished under the spears of Malik Nimr (the Leopard King) and his Arabs in the attempt to escape from their blazing camp at Shendy. The Eastern Sudan was only known to the Western world through the narratives of English explorers like Bruce, who discovered the source of the Blue Nile, and Speke and Grant, who visited the sources of the White Nile. Finally, Sir Samuel Baker was employed by the Khedive Ismail to bring the country under Egyptian rule, and Chinese Gordon completed the task. The tribes of the Sudan quietly accepted the rule of these English pashas, but they soon became dissatisfied with the Egyptian rule which succeeded it; the Mahdist revolt soon severed the Sudan from Egypt, until it was again conquered by Kitchener at the head of an Anglo-Egyptian Army in 1899. Since that time it has prospered under an administration controlled by British officers, but there can be but little doubt that were the country to be again placed under Egyptian rule the story of the revolt of 1884 would be repeated once more. The dastardly murder of Sir Lee Stack has had the good result of awakening British Statesmen to the dangers arising from ignoring the activities of political extremists who seek to further their own ends by arousing the passions of an ignorant and credulous people.

In the thirteenth century of our era the Caliphate of Bagdad and the Empire of the Saracens were destroyed by the Mongol hordes of Changhiz Khan and his sons, and the temporal power of Islam passed from the hands of the Arabs into those of the Turks and Tartars. The only Arab state that survived was the Shereefian Kingdom of the uttermost west, Maghrab-al-Aksa, called by Europeans Morocco. One result of the Great War has been the freeing of Arab lands from Turkish rule, and the restoration to the Arab race of some share of political power. The Hejjaz and Iraq have been proclaimed Arab kingdoms, and an Arab state has been founded in Trans-Jordania, while the Arab lands of Syria and Palestine are mandated territories administered by France and Great Britain respectively. Some doubt appears to exist as to the style and title of these new Arab rulers. The British Press lately announced that Sultan Fuad had been proclaimed King of Egypt, but a sultan is already a king, and, in his own estimation, a superior kind of king. There are several Arab equivalents for king, among them Khedive and Malik, and our Mussulman fellow-subjects in India call King George V

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the Malik-i-Muazzam or Great King, ignoring the official but foreign title of Kaisar which Lord Beaconsfield was erroneously led to adopt as an Oriental equivalent for Emperor. It seems that the monarchs of the Hejjaz and Iraq are known by the style of Malik, but Ibn Saud, the redoubtable Wahabi ruler of Nejd, calls himself Sultan, and his raid on the Hejjaz and capture of the Holy Cities shows the instability of the present political situation in Arabia. The new states have no regular armies, and no organized system of government, and would probably again fall an easy prey to the Turk were it not for the protection afforded by the European Powers which occupy Syria and Palestine. Great Britain and France still find themselves united by a community of interests in this Eastern question.

Syria had long been earmarked in French political circles as a future sphere of interest. The Most Christian King had always aspired to be the Protector of the Latin shrines and Catholic Christians in the East, and when the massacres of the Christians at Damascus occurred in 1860 the Emperor Louis Napoleon sent a division of French troops to the coast of Syria to protect the Maronite community in the Lebanon from the attacks of the Druses and the Moslems. The adoption of the air " Partant pour la Syrie," as the French national anthem during the Second Empire inspired a sentimental feeling for a Syrian connection, and when the question of mandates arose after the war it appeared only natural that France should claim the mandate for Syria. The country and its people are far better off under French than under Turkish rule, but religious fanaticism precludes all other feeling in the Moslem mind, and the French find it advisable to maintain a garrison of 20,000 troops in Syria. The actual British occupation of Palestine, the vicinity of the territory to the Suez Canal, and the well-known love of fair play and impartial toleration of the British character all combined to support the claims of Great Britain to be the mandatory of the Holy Land of the three rival creeds of Judaism, Christendom and Islam, and the many jarring sects that depend upon them and derive from them. Among the civilized nations of Europe religion has almost ceased to be a factor in politics, but by the irony of fate British statesmen find themselves pledged to support claims based upon the authority of the predictions of Semitic prophets, and hopes cherished by the visionaries of an outworn Faith. Many

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nations have believed themselves to be special objects of divine favour, but the Hebrew nation has surpassed all in its claim to be the Chosen People and the especial favourite of the Almighty. The facts of history supply a sufficient refutation of the claim, but Christ and His Apostles were Jews, inherited the Jewish tradition, and passed it on to their disciples, with the result that their claim to be God's chosen people is now generally accepted in the Christian world.

After two thousand years of hope deferred the Jewish Zionist still expects to possess and to reign in the land of his fathers, and it seems like a return to the faith of the Middle Ages to find British statesmen planning and contriving to establish a national home in Palestine for the scattered nation that has known no home for the last two thousand years. Unfortunately, their benevolent intentions are incapable of realization without an exchange of populations more unjust and more inhuman than that so recently sanctioned by the Treaty of Lausanne, and they are placed in the awkward dilemma of having made promises to both Jews and Arabs which are contradictory and irreconcilable. However, Ministries are not durable in these days, and the Balfour declaration may be conveniently forgotten and ignored by Mr. Balfour's successors; and as the Zionists have been awaiting the Divine summons to return to their Promised Land for the space of some two thousand years, they can well afford to wait a little longer. The fortune of war has placed the guardianship of the historic shrines of Christendom, the objects of the jealous rivalry of Catholic and Orthodox claimants, in the hands of a Protestant Power, but fortunately religion is no longer the dominant factor in politics in these days, not even in the Near East. The rivalries and enmities of its populations are now more racial than religious, and the question of the possession of Constantinople is more an economic than a sentimental problem. But the Eastern question still exercises the minds of European statesmen: and, *pace* the League of Nations, it does not seem likely that it can ever be answered, except by another war.

F. H. TYRRELL.

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WAR AS IT WILL BE

THERE are several ways a writer can approach the subject of the progress and future of war. He can be purely dramatic, painting lurid pictures ; or he can be meticulously scientific, deducing effect from cause. I do not propose to follow either of these courses. I intend, instead, to make my base of action the human side of war, for war is a matter of men attempting to gain their end by violent action in place of by competition, compromise, or argument.

To understand the future of war we must understand not only its history but also its nature, and only when we do understand its nature can we attempt to devise scientifically an instrument of war which is likely to prove economical in the future. The average person looks upon war, and even on the idea of war, with horror, and never more so than after a great war has been fought. He cannot see that the forces of war and the forces of peace are the forces of life—the vitality of existence, running not in divergent directions, but, like a river, along one course, which in places has been banked up by peaceful artifices, whilst in others it has not. He does not understand that the weakness of the banks, just as much as the force of the water, is responsible for such floodings as may occur, and that if all the water is cut off the banks themselves become but monuments of wasted toil. Again, the average person looks upon war as an end in itself and not as a means to an end. I do not. I look upon war as I look upon fire or any other quantity man employs in order to live and progress, not as " good " or " evil " *per se*, but as " force " expressing itself benevolently or malevolently according to man's will.

Fire can preserve or destroy according to the manner in which it is used, and its use depends on our intelligence. It is not fire which is wrong, or war which is wrong, but intelligence which is faulty. Change the mind of man and the character of war will be changed ; it will never be changed by abolishing weapons or restricting their manufacture or by preaching the horror of their use. It was not until men abolished the devil that the world became a moral habitation, and in my opinion it will not be until we cease looking on war as horror that we shall moralize fighting. My starting-point,

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therefore, is that war is a good thing in good hands and a bad thing in bad.

On the statue of General Sherman at Washington the following words may be read :—" The legitimate object of war is a more perfect peace." These words form the keystone to my entire theory. If the state of peacefulness following a war is better than that preceding it, then the war waged is a righteous war ; if not, then it is an unrighteous one. The end sanctifies or damns the means. Discontent with a state of peacefulness is the cause of war. Discontent may be warranted or unwarranted ; this does not matter, for discontent remains discontent. A warranted discontent is, in my opinion, one arising out of a threat to national existence, and this threat may operate in one or all of three spheres. It may be a threat to liberty, or to prosperity, or to security. We thus obtain three forms of discontent—ethical, economic, or military in form. Combined, these constitute the political object of a war, the gaining of which is attempted by force.

The influence of modern democracy on war—and by modern I mean since the French and Industrial Revolutions—has not, so I feel, been generally grasped by soldiers. A hundred and fifty years ago practically every European nation was self-contained as regards supplies, and autocratic or semi-autocratic as regards government. Then came the French Revolution which, by overthrowing feudalism or the semi-feudal conditions then existing, placed liberty on a higher pedestal. Simultaneously, the unleashing of steam-power caused a rapid increase in population and, a little later a close interdependence of nations as regards their ideals and economic resources. We from agriculture turn to industry, and the French from a military nation becomes a political one. In a century and a half, amongst the greater nations, the means and outlook of civilization have completely changed, yet the means of war have changed little and the outlook on war still less, for even to-day it is much as it was in the age of Napoleon.

In wars of the past, violence was mainly directed against groups of armed men and punishment was meted out by death, robbery, and slavery. The result of this is that destruction, in one form or another, became the one aim and object of the soldier. He destroys his enemy's armed forces, his property, and his will. Even to-day he does not yet see that, however legitimate were these methods during the feudal

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era, and even to-day against feudal or tribal peoples, they are no longer legitimate when wars are waged between democratic nations, because these nations are so interwoven ethically and economically that to destroy life and property weakens the ultimate victor. Ethically it weakens him by rendering him barbarous and vindictive; economically it weakens him by loss of markets and the general dislocation of trade.

This is not the place for me to attempt to trace the evolution of those ethical and economic influences which have so vastly changed the social outloook of nations during the last century and a half. But the point I wish to accentuate is that our method of war remains what Napoleon called the absolute method—that is, war in which the destruction of the enemy is the object; it belongs to the age of absolute government. If an object-lesson is required to show how antiquated this method is, a survey of Europe is all that is required. The desire of every thinking man is the establishment of a contented and prosperous continent—that is to say, a better state of peacefulness than now exists. Yet the existing state is not only the result of a war which was controlled by the Napoleonic ideal, but more still the result of the international neurosis which this war induced amongst the contending nations. This condition, and not the will of any individual or group of men, fashioned the Treaty of Versailles—a treaty redolent with envy, selfishness, and vindictiveness. Morally, it was a throw-back to feudal times, and its appearance is rendered still more hideous by the fact that we see it reflected against a democratic background. It has not given us a more perfect peace, but a less perfect peace; consequently, the object gained by the recent war has proved an illegitimate one.

How are we to change this sorry state of affairs? What must we do to raise war out of the feudal cockpit and place it on a democratic footing? How are we going, not to abolish, but to civilize war? These are the supreme military problems which to-day confront all democratic nations, and if they are not solved before the next cataclysm engulfs Europe, Europe will once again be bled white ethically and economically, and we shall be no better off after the next peace treaty than we are to-day after the last.

The first tenet to which we must subscribe is that it is totally useless to attempt to convert the masses of mankind by logic, for the masses remain stably unintelligent, cowardly and brutal. Yet they have one great virtue. They are prone

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to imitate; and imitation, in the intellectual struggle for existence, is what adaptation is in the physical. From this comparison we can deduce an important fact—namely, that it is environment which will effect the change. Modern democracy dates from the French and the Industrial Revolutions. Each of these stupendous upheavals was caused not by the masses, but by ideas engendered by a handful of men —Voltaire, Condorcet, and Rousseau on the one hand; Watt, Fulton, and Stephenson on the other, to name just a few typical individuals. These two groups, representing spirit and steam, revolutionized the nineteenth century, they produced an environment which to-day has so saturated us that we can scarcely think a political thought or touch a tangible object the source of which is not traceable to the work and ideals of these illustrious few. Now, to turn to war. Napoleon, the Mahomet of modern military thought, was never the true child of the Revolution as he is so often proclaimed to be. True, up to the battle of Jena, he was the instrument of the Revolution; he played havoc with feudalism and ploughed Europe for the seed of democracy; but after Jena he threw back direct to the tyrants of antiquity, to Dionysius, Agathocles, and others, but his genius obliterated this fact. Accordingly, if we wish to change the nature of war and get rid of its barbarous and destructive tendencies, we must first set the ideal of absolute war aside. We must dethrone Napoleon the prophet, and his high priest Clausewitz, and must breathe into war the spirit of humanity and the energy of science, and militarily try and catch up, by a process of rapid transformation, with the position democracy has arrived at to-day. War must be democratized, and what does this mean? It means that it must be given a new discipline and a new instrument.

The military discipline of to-day is still largely the physical discipline of Frederick, toned down by the moral discipline of John Moore and others. It is still, in the main, the discipline of implicit obedience, and must remain so so long as hordes of men are moved into battle like droves of cattle. To attempt to maintain this existing instrument and change its discipline can only lead to anarchy. Consequently, the change of the instrument must precede any such attempt.

Turn to the last war, and we see armies even larger than the fabulous hordes of Xerxes and Darius. We see millions and millions of men; this is its main characteristic. We see

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the total impossibility of genius exerting control over these masses. We see the insuperable difficulties of supplying them. We see their enormous vulnerability to fire power, and we see that, like swarms of locusts, they not only destroy the enemy's country, but deplete the resources of their own. I cannot see how any nation, now or in the future, if faced by similar forces, can possibly attain the legitimate object of war with the present instrument of destruction. Turn back two thousand two hundred and fifty years and examine what happened to the hordes of those days. At Issus, Alexander, with 35,000 men routs Darius with 600,000; at Arbela with 47,000 men he again routs him, and this time Darius is reputed to have had 1,000,000; at the Hydaspes he destroys 45,000 Indians under Porus with 14,000 men. The small, scientifically organized, well-armoured, superbly disciplined, highly offensive, and wonderfully mobile little army invariably destroys the horde. Numbers and mass are worth nothing when pitted against genius and an instrument which genius *can* wield. What, then, is the lesson? It is this. If in the next great war a country of the size of Belgium can produce military genius and can provide this genius with an instrument as superior to the modern horde army as Alexander's army was superior to the Persian and Indian droves, Belgium might rout with ease an army similar to the army Germany possessed in 1914 or 1918 and drive it over the Urals. Is this possible? Let us look around and see. There are to-day four factors in war which hit us between the eyes, and hit us so hard that ninety out of every hundred fighting men can scarcely see them. These are—the aeroplane; gas; the tank; and the submarine.

Hitherto the sea has been the foundation of our strategy. The sea, so long as we held command of it, has protected us against invasion. The sea has enabled us to draw upon three-quarters of the world for supplies, but it has frequently prevented us landing our army on the shores of a hostile country. It is the sea which has given a protective complexion to our strategy and has forced our foreign policy to dominate our politics, for we must have some continental ally if only to enable us to land an army in Europe.

The submarine has undermined the economic if not the naval foundations of our sea wall. It has placed in the hands of our enemies a powerful economic weapon which can directly attack our overseas trade, and this in spite of our

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maritime command. If, in a war with France or the United States, either of these countries obtained submarine control of our trade routes for a few weeks, we should be starved into submission. With a similar means almost any of the Mediterranean countries—Spain, Italy, or Turkey—could make the Mediterranean so dangerous for our trade as to block this route as a commercial channel. A submarine combination of Italy and France, or Spain and the United States, might easily prove our ruin. Silently the submarine will exert even a greater influence on our foreign policy than surface craft have done in the past, for every year our overseas trade becomes more and more vital to our existence.

Granted surface command of the sea and protection to our overseas trade, the people in this country have nothing to fear, as regards invasion. As this security has been maintained for two hundred and fifty years, our military policy has during this period been weak and slothful. We have always realized that, even if we begin a great war without an army or with a weak one, so long as our command of the sea is assured we can build up a strong one either to assist in this command or to frustrate a foreign power obtaining resources which might undermine it. Curious as it may seem, in the last war our land operations against Germany and her Allies were not only rendered possible because we had command of the sea, but were carried out in order to retain it. It was the German fleet which brought us into the war, because it threatened our naval supremacy which was the shield of our liberty.

To-day we can be attacked from the air, and both our army and navy are next to useless as protective services since they are tied to sea and land. Here our main protection becomes our Air Force. If this force cannot obtain command of the air, the nerves of our people are laid bare to the enemy, and it is possible that intensive bombing of our great cities and industrial centres might bring the nation to its knees ; but far more probable is this eventuality should this attack follow on the heels of an economic blockade. A similar attack by us on France would not be so likely to succeed, because France is practically a self-supporting country, and though temperamentally her people are more excitable than our own, they are not so concentrated in towns and industrial areas. It is conceivable that an air attack alone might temporarily paralyze a nation, and that as regards ourselves the social chaos resulting might, for a period, deprive us of command

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of the sea and so lay us open to military invasion; for it must be remembered that, if the political object of a war is to be gained—that is, the forcing of one's will on the enemy—then his land must be occupied, for such occupation is the only certain and visible proof of victory. In our turn, we might paralyze France by air attack, but unless we can at once take advantage of the temporary demoralization resulting by landing a formidable army on French soil, France would rapidly recover. If a moral attack on ourselves might temporarily suspend our command of the sea, in the case of France it might equally suspend her command of the land, but no advantage can be taken of this suspension unless we are immediately ready to strike in force. This brings us to the land problem.

Suspend our naval command of the sea, and in a few days France could land a formidable army in this country. Suspend the present French military power, and we to-day could land only an insignificant army in France. Whichever side landed, it would almost certainly have first to deal with guerilla troops, and the only possibility of preventing these organizing themselves in regular formations is such rapidity of action as will prevent this solidification. If an army can move at a hundred miles a day, it has at least a chance of keeping an enemy's organization fluid. Further, it can gain the requisite time wherein a horde army can be raised to occupy and reinstate order in the conquered land. The horde still has its value, especially if it be looked upon as a police force.

We thus arrive at the following military conclusions. Our existing regular army possesses little offensive power against the similarly constituted larger conscript armies of the Continent. But if this army be mechanicalized, it at once becomes a formidable weapon, and we, being the leading industrial nation in the Old World, are better able than any other to effect this change. Continental armies may follow suit and raise large mechanicalized forces, but the size of these forces will depend not so much on population as on industrial potentialities and fuel supply, and though these forces may in size exceed our own, they are unlikely to do so in efficiency. More important still, the expense of creating and maintaining them will not permit of these countries simultaneously attempting to gain command of the sea or air. Our military policy should therefore be to mechanicalize, if only to force the other Great Powers to follow suit.

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In the past, our immunity against sea and, consequently, land attack has depended not only on the size and efficiency of our navy, but on the amount of money the Continental Powers were compelled to spend on their land forces. In the future this will hold good directly Germany can mechanicalize her army, for then the mutual jealousies between her and France will compel both to spend the major portion of their revenue on their land forces. When this healthy condition is re-established, we can once again hold the balance between the two competing parties. Nothing is more detrimental to the security of these islands than to forbid Germany the power to mechanicalize her army. Our only hope is that this clause of the Peace Treaty will by degrees become inoperative. We thus see that changes in the military instrument are pronouncedly influencing strategy, and, though the principles of war remain unchanged, the stupendous changes which are taking place in the conditions which will surround the next war demand an entire recasting of the methods of applying these principles.

From the strategical aspect of this subject we may turn to the tactical, which is equally immense and all-embracing. Our starting-point is that man lives on the land and that it is, consequently, there that he must be defeated. This rules out the navy save as an economic weapon, and leaves us with the army and the air force.

It is conceivable that an air force, especially if it uses gas as a weapon, may be able to demoralize a nation so completely as to force it to sue for peace. This aspect has been already dealt with, but, supposing the enemy to be strong in the air, such action will carry with it immense risks, for, within a month of the opening of hostilities, the casualties in aircraft will total something like 50 per cent. Unless the industrial resources of a country can make good this wastage as it occurs, should this form of attack fail, the result will be disastrous. Accepting this possibility and not wishing to risk its occurrence, we are left with a combined land and air attack. In this combination there are certain respective difficulties. The first is that aircraft can move at a speed of 150 miles an hour and existing armies at about three; the second is that aircraft are dependent for mobility on their landing grounds and ground organization. If land and air could move together at an equal speed, both these difficulties would be overcome. We cannot hope for so close a co-opera-

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tion, even if we mechanicalize our army, yet there is a saving clause. As the true mobility of an army is the rate of movement of its supply columns, so also is the true mobility of an air force, the rate of movement of its ground organization, and as this will have to be moved forward on wheels or tracks, there is no reason why a mechanically organized army should not attain a similar speed. Granted this mutual mobility, the question now arises, what will its influence be on tactics?

Before examining this problem, I will turn to war as it is to-day, for this will enable me to strike a comparison. On land we have three main arms—artillery, infantry, and cavalry. Artillery forms the base of infantry action, and infantry of cavalry action. Tactics are linear: that is to say, the enemy's offensive line, which like a shield protects his communications, has to be broken by a frontal, flank, or rear attack, and, until it is broken, there is little possibility of attacking his communications and his base. If a mechanical arm be added to this army—a tank or an aeroplane—its full powers are restricted, as its true mobility is limited to a few miles a day. It can co-operate with the old tactics, but it cannot use the old arms as an efficient base of action.

Now turn to the new instrument—a mechanicalized army and an air force. The army needs comparatively little protection from the air, as it is armoured and possibly its machines are also gas-proof—at least, temporarily so; it can protect the ground organization of the air force from land interference as well as attack the enemy's ground organization. It, in fact, can form a true base for aerial action, as efficient as an infantry base was to cavalry operations a hundred and fifty years ago. The land attack, to a large extent, will be delivered against the ground organization of the enemy's air force; consequently aerodromes, workshops, and aircraft manufactories will become the main centres of offensive attraction. In the past, communications, road and rail, were frequently the strategical objects of armies, but a mechanical army does not require roads and railways, or anyhow to a lesser extent than a present-day army; therefore the attack on aerial bases is likely during the initial phase of a war to replace attacks on communications. Once these bases have been captured by combined land and air action, then, and then only, will aircraft carry out the pursuit and attack the will and nerves of the enemy's people by bombing his cities. In such action as the above we find linear tactics replaced by area tactics, because

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aircraft can move in three dimensions. Yet aircraft must ultimately descend to earth; consequently we do not find a complete replacement of two dimensional tactics by three, but a combination of those two.

There are visibly scores of other points which will have to be examined before the tactics of the future can be outlined. The crucial factor is mobility, and this factor is being forced on armies by the speed of aircraft; further, mobility is not dependent on superiority of numbers, but of efficiency; consequently tactics will not so much depend on brute force as on intelligence. If I am right in these speculations, then there is no place for existing armies in the wars of the future, except in areas in which mechanical armies cannot operate, and except as police forces which will take over the conquered territories and administer them. Hordes of infantry cannot face tanks and gas attacks; hordes of infantry are dependent on railways and immense static supply depots; these are very vulnerable to aerial attack. Consequently, we may conclude that cavalry, infantry, and artillery as we know them to-day have entered the stage of obsolescence.

As for the influence of the instrument on discipline, the discipline of the feudal lord was simple and direct; he guaranteed to protect his subjects, and they in return rendered him allegiance. In theory his word was law, and in battle he was followed by a small band of knights who did the fighting and a horde of followers who pillaged the land when victory was won, or who, if it were lost, had their throats cut. Gunpowder turned this horde into an army in which implicit obedience to the leader was an essential to success, for the instrument was useless unless it obeyed the hand which wielded it.

With a mechanical army followed by an administrative police force we outwardly return to the organization of the feudal levy, but inwardly there is a great difference. The feudal knights were often very insubordinate, but in theory they fought under the leadership of one man. In the army of the future the knights will be represented by a number of machines operating at great speed over a wide and deep area. The slow and considered movements of to-day will no longer be possible, action will have to be immediate, and, consequently, initiative will have to be of a high order, not only on the part of the leader, but also of the led. To obey the letter of an order will frequently be impossible or disastrous,

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and yet to obey the idea underlying the plan is essential. Obedience will, consequently, depend more on the understanding of the commander's ideas than on carrying out his words; it will therefore have to be far more intelligent than it is to-day. What does this mean? It means that our present system of discipline, which aims at rendering a *group* of men subservient to one individual, will have to be recast and based on the idea of cultivating initiative in the individual and especially in the subordinate leaders.

I have already stated that the legitimate object of war is a more perfect peace; in the past, some wars have almost attained this ideal, but the majority have not. The Napoleonic ideal of absolute warfare has failed, yet with the weapons at our disposal which form our main instruments of war we have no alternative to offer, for these weapons are purely designed for destructive purposes. Therefore, if we wish to change this ideal, we must change our instrument, just as the ethical instrument of government, a hundred and thirty-five years ago, was changed by the philosophical and scientific changes typified by the works of Voltaire and James Watt. This change must be made in the direction of humanity and science, and, on first thought, it may be considered that such a change is impossible. If we will adhere to shot and shell, then I maintain that our behaviour is similar to that of a surgeon who refuses to administer an anæsthetic; but if we are willing to change, then impossibility vanishes.

Chemical science introduced not only humanity but efficiency and economy into surgery, and I believe that it can do the same in war. I believe that gas, as a weapon, is the instrument which will humanize war, and consequently democratize and civilize it. I do not believe that it will end all suffering and destruction, or that it will abolish war any more than chloroform and prophylactics have ended human suffering or abolished amputations or surgery. But I do believe that it will mitigate the horrors and destructive propensities of war. The immense superiority of gas as a weapon over lead and steel is that it can wound without killing, and soon, so I believe, will it be able to cause insensibility without wounding. The object of war demands the imposition of will on the enemy. The imposition of will does not necessarily demand the destruction of the enemy's body, yet this has been the consistent ideal of the soldier from the earliest ages until to-day. It is a curious fact that, whilst in so many

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qualities man has outgrown the animal stage of evolution, as regards war he still fights with his enemy on the battlefield, just as two dogs fight in the street. Yet it is still more bewildering to see those who pride themselves on being farthest removed from animals damning chemicals as weapons and persisting that, as war cannot be abolished, soldiers must continue to mutilate and slay each other with high explosives and bayonets.

To paralyze an army by chemical action is surely more beneficial to humanity than blowing it to pieces ; to send a city to sleep is surely preferable to bombarding it or starving it into surrender ; and even to burn a man's skin with mustard gas is surely more human than digging out his entrails with a bayonet. Yet these humane methods are not the ideals of the humanitarians ; to them, if war is to continue, then blowing to pieces, starving and mutilating are the rightful methods of war. That gas will be used in the next great war is all but a certainty, and that it will be used as a brutal lethal instrument is probable ; but that it possesses the power of being used as a humane instrument of war, this is its supreme virtue ; for, in spite of human stupidity, little by little the human brute will discover that it is more economical to impose his will on his enemy with the minimum of destruction in place of the maximum. The instrument will change him, if he will only change the instrument, because the instrument will create a new environment. Man is very largely the reflection of his surroundings. In the early stage of his evolution, before he became a rational animal, he was influenced by the material and physical things and forces which surrounded him. Though he can never shake these off entirely, by rational thought he can modify their influences. In all his activities, with the one exception of war, he has done so. He has conquered climate and distance, disease and discomfort—or rather he has modified their evils—and this we call progress. In war he has not done so ; he has stood still or nearly still, but when he does step forward intellectually—and one day he will—then the progress of war will recompense him in full.

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PAY, PARADISE, AND PRUDENCE.

THE second number of this Magazine contained four articles dealing with questions of outstanding interest to the Services. These were the question of a naval base in the Pacific; the ungenerous financial treatment of the Army in India; the shortage of officers for the Army, as bewailed by Lord Cavan in his Academy speech; and the cut in the pay, and retired pay, of the officers of the three Services. These four subjects were dealt with by contributors who had arrived at views which were entitled to respect, and who were able to set them forth with clarity and vigour. The necessity for a base at Singapore was buttressed by a comparison of our inaction as contrasted with the active and consistent policy of America as regards Hawaii; the hardships of officers in India, the discontent thus caused, and the inefficiency which was bound to ensue, were clearly shown; the disinclination of many young Britons to enter Sandhurst or the Shop was attributed in part to the unsettling effect of the petrol age, and as a remedy it was strongly urged that the age at which youngsters were at present licensed to drive should be raised; and finally the Cut in Pay was dealt with in an article of "reasoned argument and honest facts" which explored the whole subject, and by a detailed analysis of figures certainly conveyed the impression that injustice had been done. In the nine months which have elapsed since the appearance of those articles Government action has been taken on each subject dealt with. The completion of the base at Singapore is to be undertaken; the just and long-deferred claims of the Army in India are being met; the raising of the driving age will form a clause in a new transport Bill; and as regards the Cut in Pay, the financial authorities have been moved to issue an anæmic explanation in view of the fact that "there appears to be a general misunderstanding on the question of the 5½ per cent. reduction on pay, half pay and retired pay," and so on.

Although the Cut in Pay was dealt with at considerable length in the June number, we consider that no apologia is required for reverting to the subject once again. It is notorious that an unfortunate misconception existed as to the extent of the cut proposed. It will be remembered that in 1919 the pay of the officers of the three Services was

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increased, and such increase was brought about for two reasons. In the first place, it was essential to bring the iniquitous pre-war scale of pay into some semblance of parity with the emoluments of professional and business men and with those of the non-fighting servants of the State. Secondly, and over and above this, it was necessary to add a bonus, even if a temporary one, to meet the extra cost of living brought about by war and post-war conditions. It was distinctly admitted by the Admiralty—although the Finance Branch of the War Office breathed a baffling smoke screen over the question—that of the total rise " twenty per cent. of the rate of full pay is to be considered as due to the high cost of living." A clause was at the same time added providing for a revision of the rates at the end of five years, when the cost of living would be examined and additions to or reductions from the new rates of pay would be made.

Almost universally, and possibly without a single exception, the officers of the Fighting Services construed this to mean that the scaling down of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. would be confined entirely to the bonus and would leave the new basic rate of pay untouched. That this was the universal view is borne out by the fact that the Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty himself, when asked the direct question in the House, answered to the above effect. It turned out, however, that the Treasury officials had quite other views in mind, and, too late, officers woke up to the discovery that they were to lose not twenty-two shillings but five pounds ten shillings out of every hundred pounds. We protested against this cut last June, and we do so still. But our objection is based not upon what is the proper construction to be put upon a badly worded regulation of the Treasury, but upon the unsuitability of the standard by which officers' emoluments are gauged—the Index Figure of the Cost of Living.

We may pause for a moment to inquire how such figure is arrived at and whether it forms a legitimate basis for the revision of pay and retired pay which took place in 1919. The technical definition of the phrase " cost of living " is as follows : " The cost, in a defined region, to persons typical of a defined social or industrial class, of goods, of a kind usually purchased at frequent intervals, by the consumption of which a certain standard of economic welfare is reached." Note well the words " typical of a defined social class." Now let us inquire how the figure is ascertained. The index

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figure emerges from the calculations made in the *Ministry of Labour Gazette* which are based on a pre-war urban weekly household expenditure of 37s. 6d. a week. The figure 100 is then taken as representing the total weekly expenditure, and is arbitrarily subdivided into the following constituents :— Food 60 per cent, rent 16 per cent., clothing 12 per cent., fuel and light 8 per cent., and sundries 4 per cent. No one will deny that the officers of the Services, active or retired, constitute a " defined social class." Are the calculations above given applicable to such a class ? The reader must supply the answer himself, but to enable him to do so we may call attention to the following facts. The arbitrary proportions into which the figure 100 is split up contain no reference to income-tax ; and it is obviously impossible that the subdivision " sundries " is intended to include the extortions of the Inland Revenue. Again, the rent percentage is quite inapplicable. A married major or commander, for instance, will certainly have to pay more than 16 per cent. of his income for a furnished house, and in the case of a retired officer the situation is worse. Further, the *Labour Gazette* makes no mention whatever of that terrible item to the married officer—children's education. This is the tragedy of the officer class —to bring up his children " in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them." The cost of doing so is to-day enormous, and it represents a source of expenditure from which the class for whom the cost of living figures were drawn up is entirely immune. Nor is there any mention of doctors' and dentists' fees, and it is superfluous to point out that the style of living imposed by convention, regulation and custom upon commissioned officers of the Crown is radically different from that prevailing in an urban working-class population.

It may be urged that in this post-war world the officers of the Fighting Services must shoulder their share of tribulation. We agree. But we should first like to ascertain to what extent this white man's burden is borne by non-fighting folk. An initial difficulty to be surmounted is to decide upon a suitable " opposite number " in the Civil Service for the purpose of comparison with the Fighting Services in regard to emoluments, responsibilities, duties and attainments. Within the Fighting Services themselves no such difficulty exists, for there are extant tables of relative ranks which make comparison easy. No such table, however, exists to bring into line the

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members of the Fighting and Civil Services, and it will be necessary, therefore, to make a selection, even if an arbitrary one, and then to justify the selection by reasoned argument. We shall not go far wrong if we select the Home Office as a typically Civil Service establishment. Its very name defines its scope and duties and sharply differentiates it from the Fighting Forces of the Crown, whose duties are necessarily world-wide. The task is now narrowed down to discover in the hierarchy of the Home Office a rank, rating or grade which may be taken as roughly corresponding to the typical ranks of a captain commanding a ship of war in the Navy; a lieutenant-colonel commanding a brigade of artillery, a regiment of cavalry or a battalion of infantry in the Army; or a group captain in the Royal Air Force.

The higher grades of the Home Office are made up of the following: a Secretary of State; a Permanent Under-Secretary of State; a Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State; a Deputy Permanent Under-Secretary; an Under-Secretary of State Legal Assistant; a Principal Assistant Secretary; six Assistant Secretaries; and fourteen Principals. Here we may cease further enumeration, for the gradation quickly descends to ratings such as superintendents of registry and clerks in charge of accounts, who are obviously far below the Service grades we are taking for comparison. Our task is therefore to "place" the naval captain, the lieutenant-colonel and the group captain somewhere between the Secretary of State and the fourteen principals.

We can at once place these Service ranks above the last named, for the simple reason that in the Civil Service women can be principals, and even in the "Bab Ballads" we can remember no instance where a lady commanded a regiment or a ship of war. Similarly we may, perhaps, delete the first four civil ratings we have given, for these are doubtless to be assessed as comparing more or less with the gradations included between an Admiral of the Fleet and a Rear-Admiral on the one hand and a Field-Marshal and a Major-General on the other. We have now narrowed the field of comparison very considerably, and, in order to give force to the conclusions we shall eventually reach, we shall take a very humble view of the Fighting Services and a correspondingly exalted one of the Civilian. In other words, for the purpose of the financial comparison which follows, we shall assume that the duties, attainments, responsibilities and work of a naval

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captain, a military lieutenant-colonel and an air group captain are merely on a par with those of any of the six assistant secretaries in the Home Office, although it can hardly be maintained that these denizens of Whitehall can possibly be exposed to the risks, subjected to the hardships or faced with the responsibilities which confront their brethren in the Fighting Services. In peace the comparison is distinctly one-sided and in war it would be ridiculous. Let us for the moment, however, accept the comparison as a basis, reserving to ourselves the right to claim that, if the civilian scores financially, by so much, therefore, is the claim of the fighting man substantiated.

To turn now to the financial comparison, it will be necessary to adopt a similarity of language in describing the two systems of emoluments, and if for the moment we omit mention of the Air Force it is for the reason that the comparison which follows will gain by simplicity. If we can prove the case for the Navy and Army, then *a fortiori* the claim of the Air Force is made out. The emoluments of the Civil Servant consist to-day of two definite items, pay and bonus. By a clumsy circumlocution the emoluments of the officer of the Fighting Services are described as " full pay, of which 20 per cent. is to be considered as due to the high cost of living and to be subject to revision," etc. Let us cut out this verbiage and assume that the fighting man's emolument is also made up of basic pay and bonus, of which the former is 80 per cent. and the latter 20 per cent. of the whole. Now for a comparison first of *pay*. The basic pay of an assistant secretary at the Home Office is £1,000 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,200 ; and for the purposes of comparison we will take him as between the two limits and assess him at £1,080, or slightly lower than the average of his grade. The *total* emoluments of a captain (R.N.) and of a lieutenant-colonel were given in a comparative table in THE FIGHTING FORCES in June, 1924, and explanations were added in footnotes as to how some of the items, chiefly of naval allowances, were arrived at. These totals, before the " cut," were £1,405 and £1,256 respectively, and included both pay and bonus. Taking 80 per cent. as the *pay*, we find that the basic pay of a captain of the Navy is £1,124 and that of a lieutenant-colonel of the Army £1,004, and comparing these with the pay of an assistant secretary at the Home Office, we find that the naval captain receives slightly more

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than the average civilian—though substantially less than what the civilian reaches during his appointment—and that the lieutenant-colonel receives £76 a year less than an assistant secretary of quite junior standing, and nearly £200 a year less when each has reached the fourth year of his appointment. So much for basic pay.

It is here of interest to compare the lot of the Civil Servant with that of an officer of the Fighting Forces. The Civil Servant has no foreign service. He is immune from the risks of climate, which exact a heavy toll on the health or even upon the life of the fighting man. He is not liable to be placed on temporary half pay, as officers are. He is able, invariably, to carry on until the age of sixty-five, earning " big " money instead of being shelved in the early fifties, as is the case with hundreds of naval and military officers every year. He is subject but to the ordinary laws of the land, and is not brought under an additional and stringent code such as the Naval Discipline and Army Acts. He has not to bear heavy expenses for uniform. He is liable for no compulsory entertaining. He has his federations, guilds and societies, which are nothing but trade unions in disguise. He is never confronted with the frightful problem of " two establishments," a number which rises to three in the case of the Army officer on the Indian frontier with an ailing wife in the hills and children being educated at home. Compared with officers of the Fighting Services, these civilians live comfortable, sheltered lives entirely free from risk and practically immune from those financial worries which impose a strain often almost unbearable on the fighting man.

When we turn from the question of basic pay to that of bonus we shall find some stimulating food for thought. The pay *plus* bonus of the naval captain in 1919 amounted to £1,405, that of the lieutenant-colonel to £1,256. At that time the Index Figure of the Cost of Living stood at 205 ; in other words, the cost was 105 per cent. above 1914, or in simple language £205 was the equivalent of the pre-war hundred. In 1924 that figure had dropped to 173, and the threatened " revision " now took place, with the result that a cut of 5½ per cent. was made on these totals. This reduction brought the total emoluments of the naval captain and the lieutenant-colonel down to £1,328 and £1,187 respectively in round numbers. It will be instructive to see how the

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civilian assistant secretary was faring when the index figure had reached this figure of 173.

The system of arriving at the bonus of a civil servant is complicated but ingenious.* The bonus payable on ordinary remuneration exceeding £500 per annum is ascertained by an initial calculation at certain rates, the bonus so arrived at being reduced in accordance with a sliding scale, of which later. The rates for the initial calculation are as follows :— 130 per cent. on first 35s. a week (or £91 a year) ; 60 per cent. on the next £108 15s. ; and 45 per cent. on such amount of ordinary remuneration as is in excess of £200 per annum (in the case now under review this amount is £880). Working out the necessary calculations, we get the following result :—

	£	s.	d.
130% on £91	118	6	0
60% on £108 15s.	65	5	0
45% on £880	396	0	0
Total	£579	11	0

* The bonus payable on ordinary remuneration exceeding £500 per annum is ascertained by an initial calculation at the following rates' the bonus so arrived at being reduced in accordance with the scale shown below :—

Rates for initial calculation :—One hundred and thirty per cent. on first 35s. a week ; 60 per cent. on next £108 15s. per annum ; 45 per cent. on such amount of ordinary remuneration as is in excess of £200 per annum.

Ordinary Remuneration on which Bonus is calculated.				*Bonus arrived at on above Rates reduced by—*
Exceeding	£500, but less than	£700	per annum ...	10 per cent.
Not less than	£700	,, £800	,, ...	15 ,,
,,	£800	,, £900	,, ...	20 ,,
,,	£900	,, £1,000	,, ...	25 ,,
,,	£1,000	,, £1,100	,, ...	30 ,,
,,	£1,100	,, £1,200	,, ...	35 ,,
,,	£1,200	,, £1,300	,, ...	40 ,,
,,	£1,300	,, £1,400	,, ...	45 ,,
,,	£1,400	,, £1,500	,, ...	50 ,,
,,	£1,500	,, £1,600	,, ...	55 ,,
,,	£1,600	... ...	... ...	60 ,,

No bonus is payable on basic remuneration of £2,000 per annum or more, and bonus is not payable at a rate which will raise the total remuneration above the rate of £2,000 per annum

The bonus is subject to revision every six months, and will be increased or decreased by 1/26 (*i.e.*, 5/130) for every five full points by which the average of the official increased cost of living figures for the preceding six months rises above or falls below 130.—*Estimates for Civil Services, Class II*, 1914–1925, *p.* 7. *Footnote.*

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The " reducing " figure now to be applied is got from the following :—

Not less than £1,000, but less than £1,100 per annum ... 30 per cent.

To arrive at the true bonus we have therefore to reduce the sum of £579 11s. by 30 per cent., or in other words to take 70/100ths or 7/10ths of it as the real bonus, which gives us the sum of £405 13s. 8d., bringing the emolument up to £1,485 13s. 8d.

But wait a bit. Unlike the officers of the Fighting Services, who got no rise at all until the Index Figure of the Cost of Living was 205, these civil servants got a bonus based on an index figure of 130. Now the figure 173 is lower than 205 and higher than 130, and as the bonus was to be scaled up or down according to the rise or fall of the index figure *compared with the figure when the bonus was arranged*, it follows that in 1924 the emoluments of the Fighting Forces were cut, while the civilians got a rise on their original bonus. The Civil Service regulations lay down that the bonus is scaled up or down according as the index figure falls or rises above 130, the rate of revision being 5/130ths (1/26th) for every " five full points " either way. Now let us apply this rule. In 1924 the index figure was 173, which is 43 over 130, or eight " five full points " beyond it. Consequently the bonus of £405 13s. 8d. must be increased by eight times 5/130ths, or in other words 8/26ths. Eight twenty-sixths of £405 13s. 8d. is £123 5s. 9d., so we see that the position of the naval captain, the lieutenant-colonel and the civilian assistant secretary in July, 1924, was as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
Captain, Royal Navy, £1,405 *minus* £77 =	1,328	0	0
Lieut.-Colonel, Army, £1,256 *minus* £69 =	1,187	0	0
Assistant Secretary, Civil Service, £1,485 13s. 8d., *plus* £123 5s. 9d. ... ... =	1,608	19	5

We offer no comment on the above interesting figures except to quote the following story. A lady wrote to the Press in March, 1924, to say that she had read a published order to the effect that a cut of 5½ per cent. in officers' pay would take effect from July 1st, as the index figure in the cost of living had fallen since June, 1919. The same day she saw another order addressed to her husband, a functionary in the Civil Service, notifying him that " as the rates of Civil Service pay were regarded as related to the cost of living, the pay

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ADDENDA

1. Page 24, line 8 from foot of page, *for* 1919 *read* 1924.

2. While this article has been in the press the Index Figure of the Cost of Living has been officially announced as 180, and not 177 on which the calculations in the article have been based.

This alteration affects the calculation of the Civil Service bonus as given on page 30, *i.e.*, a further addition will be required. The figures given on page 30 are based on the index figure of 173, existing in July, 1924. The difference between 173 and 180 is two "five full points," *i.e.*, 175 and 180. Consequently, twice 5/130th, or 1/13th, should be added to the civilian's bonus.

The comparative calculation on page 30 can, therefore, be brought up to date as follows:—

"So we see that the position of the naval captain, the lieutenant-colonel and the civilian assistant secretary in February, 1925, are as follows:—

Captain, R.N., £1,405 *minus* £77 ...	=£1,328 0 0
Lt.-Colonel, Army, £1,256 *minus* £69	=£1,187 0 0
Assistant Secretary, Civil Service, £1,485 13s. 8d. *plus* £123 5s. 9d. *plus* £31 4s. 1d.	=£1,640 3 6"

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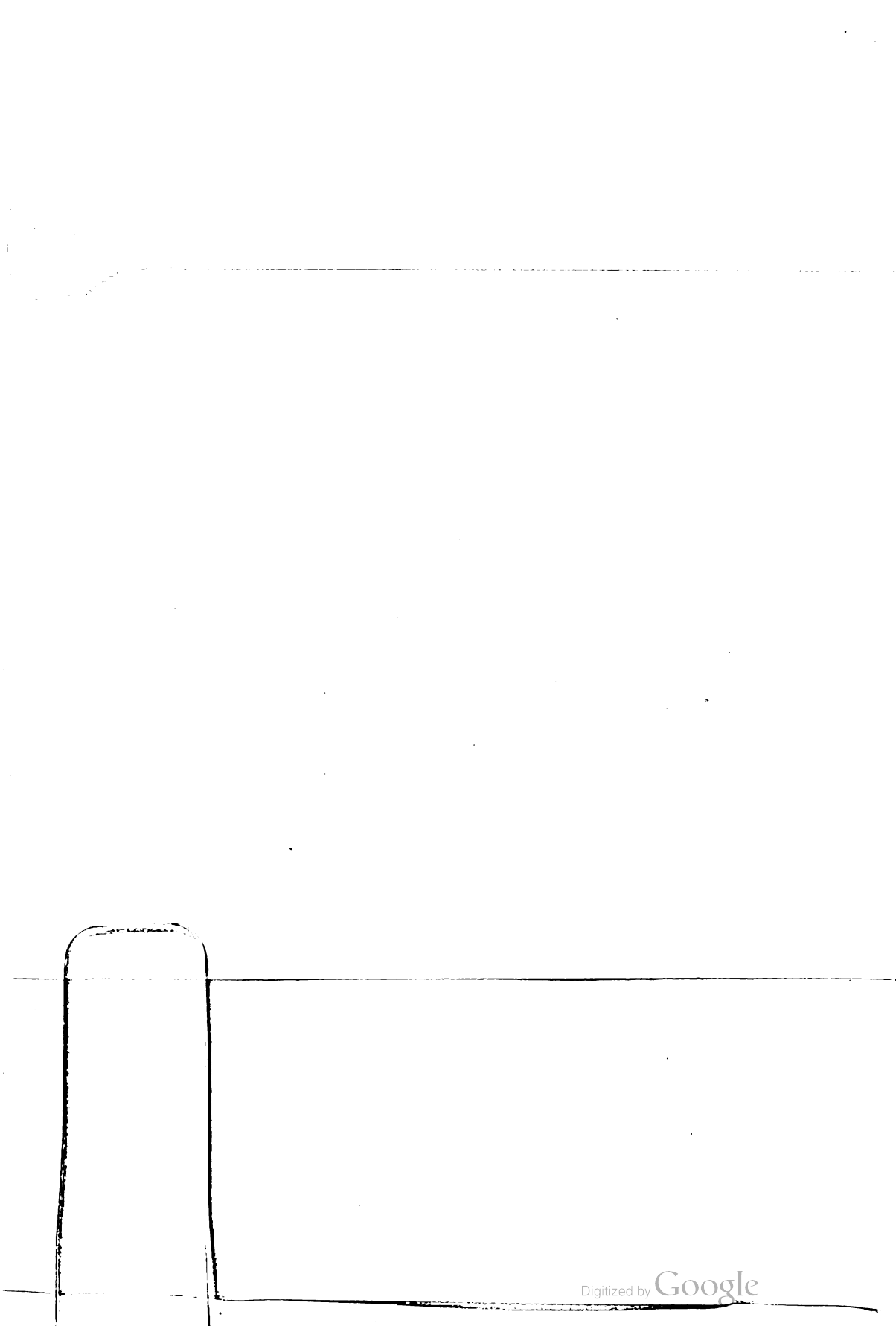
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would be increased as from April 1st, 1924, in view of the increased cost of living." The worst of the financial authorities is that they have no sense of humour.

Our investigations into this question of bonus led us to peep into another avenue which we think has as yet been unexplored. It will be remembered that, when the Fighting Services got their rise, the index figure was 205; but as we pointed out in the June article on "The Cut in Pay," this by no means represented the peak. On the contrary, the index figure continued to rise steeply until it reached 269 in December, 1920. Needless to say, the bonus of the Fighting Services was *not* scaled up to deal with this serious state of affairs. We amused ourselves, however, by depicting on a graph how the civilian system would work in this case. As the bonus, at the time the index figure was 130, was £405 13s. 8d., and as it rises 5/130ths for every five full points, it is easy to see that a further large sum would be added. We confess that when we saw the result we stood amazed. Then felt we "as some watcher of the skies, when a new planet swims into his ken." Perhaps the trope is too high-flown, but we certainly experienced the sensation of the American gentleman, confronted for the first time with a giraffe, who remarked tersely, "Hell! there ain't no such animal." For the curve upon the graph did not find a "ceiling" until it had pierced the clouds of £2,000 a year. It seems monstrous, incredible, boggling imagination. We can hardly believe it true, but this we can say: if this bonus assessment system was in force in 1920—and, so far as we know, it was so in force—then figures cannot lie, and the particular civil servant whose case we are taking as an illustration drew the sum given above. More he could not get, for even the Civil Service regulations impose a self-denying ordinance by which the total bonus-swollen emolument is limited to two thousand a year.

Our arguments against the cut in officers' pay, now given, are a repetition and an amplification of the views we expressed upon the subject in the issue of this magazine in last June. They are a repetition in so far that we maintained then, and still maintain, that the Index Figure of the Cost of Living is entirely inapplicable as a standard by which to assess the proper incomes of officers. A standard drawn up for people who pay no income tax, are under no expense for children's education, and are almost immune from doctors'

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bills, is not a fair one on which to base the incomes of officers of the Fighting Services of the Crown. The amplification of the argument is to be found in the comparison which we have just given of the different methods by which the emoluments of officers and civil servants are arranged. The manner in which the civilian's bonus always keeps ahead of the cost of living is in striking contradistinction to the treatment meted out to the Fighting Services. Why this should be we confess that we are at a loss to understand. Even omitting altogether the period of the war—when the civilian was raking in fat bonuses and the fighting man was carrying on with merely his iniquitous pre-war pay—we cannot see that post-war conditions have made the fighting man's lot as free from hardships, risk and danger as that of the civil servant. Since 1918 the bulk of the officers of the Navy, Army and Air Force have been on foreign service. Of the Army hundreds of officers were engaged in what was civil war in Ireland. Even where service was performed in stations where peace prevailed, we cannot see that the education of children of officers on the high seas, or stationed on the Indian frontier or in the Middle East, can be less expensive than that of officials who return nightly to Wimbledon or Ealing.

But if the cut in pay was a hardship to officers on the active list, the effect on those who had unbuckled their harness was far harder still. The increase of pay to the former in 1919 may have been insufficient, but at any rate the new emolument did approximate to the extra cost of living at the time. Such a happy result was, however, by no means in store for those who had to retire. To take two examples, typical of many other cases in the Navy, Army and Air Force, we may cite the case of the lieutenant-colonel and major of the Army. In pre-war days the maximum retired pay of these ranks was £420 and £300 per annum respectively. When the new rates were introduced in 1919 the cost of living was 105 per cent. over 1914, or in other words the index figure was 205, and the most elementary principles of justice would seem to require that both rates of retired pay should be scaled up by 105 per cent. But the new rates turned out to be £600 and £450, or an increase of but 43 per cent. for a lieutenant-colonel and 50 per cent. for a major. Few will deny that this was a severe hardship for men, compulsorily retired at a comparatively early age, many of them in indifferent health from wounds or sickness contracted in

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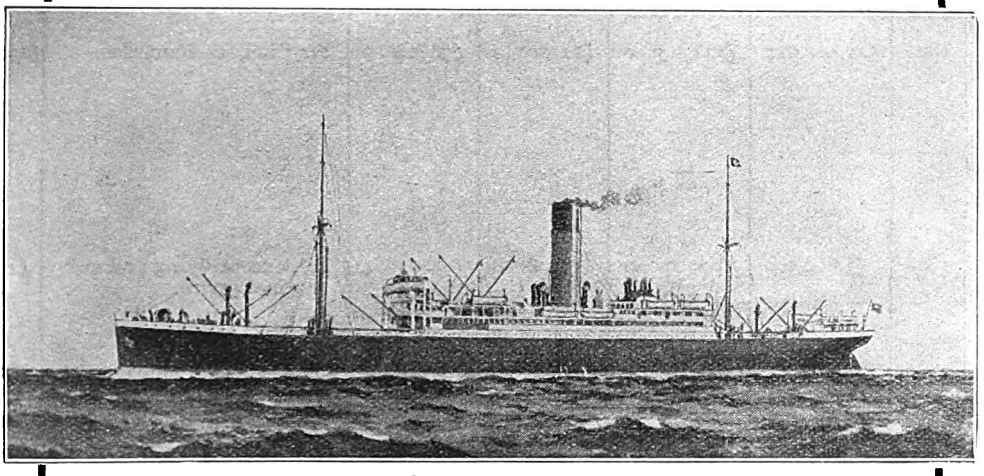

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July 25	T.S.S. "ASCANIUS"	10,048 tons	To Las Palmas, South Africa and Australia
Aug. 15	T.S.S. "HECTOR"	11,192 tons	To Port Said, Singapore, Hong-Kong and Shanghai
Aug. 29	T.S.S. "NESTOR"	14,547 tons	To South Africa and Australia
Sept. 12	T.S.S. "SARPEDON"	11,321 tons	To Singapore, Hong-Kong and Shanghai

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COMPARATIVE

Showing Annual Premium, to be paid by a Naval or Military Office
while covered to the extent of £2,000 in cas

Name of Company.	Established.	Funds.	Gross Annual Premium.	Rebate of Income Tax at 2/3 in the £.	Nett Annual Premium.	Does this Premium "cover" War and Professional Risks? Yes. No.	Total of Net Premiums paid in 20 years.
Alliance	1824	£27,862,027	£111 5 0	£12 10 3	£98 14 9	Yes; but see Remarks.	£1,974 15
Atlas ...	1808	£3,862,300	£110 10 0	£12 8 8	£98 1 4	Yes, except flying and submarine service.	£1,961 6 8
Britannic	1866	£9,500,000	£102 6 8	£11 10 3	£90 16 5	No. War and climate risk can be covered for a permanent extra premium of £10 p.a. on £2,000.	£1,816 8 4
Caledonian	1805	£6,839,869	£105 10 0* £109 5 0† £97 10 0‡	£11 17 5* £12 5 10† £10 19 5‡	£93 12 7* £96 19 2† £86 10 7‡	These Gross Annual Premiums do not cover war risks.	£1,872 11 8* £1,939 3 4† £1,730 11 8‡
Edinburgh	1823	(1)	£114 13 4* £119 10 0†	£12 18 0 £13 8 10	£101 15 4 £106 1 2	Yes.	£2,035 6 8 with Profits £2,121 3 4 with Guaranteed Bonus
Equitable	1762	£5,750,000	£105 0 0 (Army) £103 10 0 (Navy)	£11 16 0 £11 13 0	£93 4 0 £91 17 0	Yes.	£1,864 £1,837
Friends' Provident & Century	1832	£5,500,000	£110 5 0	£12 8 0	£97 17 0	Yes, during term of service, provided Proposer has no immediate expectation of proceeding abroad. (Air Force excluded — considered on their merits.)	£1,957

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TABLE

age 30 next birthday, to secure £2,000 (plus profits) at age of 50, of death at any time within that period.

Total paid to Insurer at end of 20 years.	Is the surplus in last column over £2,000 "Estimated" or "Guaranteed"?		Options which may be exercised by Insurer on completion of 20 years.	Remarks.
	Estimated.	Guaranteed.		
£2,770	Estimated on basis of last declared rate.	—	No particular options specified.	Premium applies only in case Army officer is in this country when policy is effected, and not under orders to proceed abroad; or in the case of a Naval officer who had no immediate prospect of proceeding to an unhealthy climate or of engaging in submarine work. The premium is also based on the assumption that the officer in question would have no expectation of being transferred to the Air Force or of engaging in aviation.
£2,840	£840	—	The Sum Assured and Bonuses will be available at maturity like any other capital sum to purchase an Assurance or an Annuity on the life of the Assured, but it is not the practice of the Company to incorporate such an option in the contract.	
£2,800	Estimated on basis of 1924 Bonus declaration, *i.e.*, 40/- % p.a.		If a "Deferred Advance" Form is signed when the proposal is completed, the Policy will be available throughout its duration in connection with the purchase of a house. (See special booklet, "To Abolish Rents.")	A Bonus was declared in respect of each of the War years. Annual Valuations are made, and since the War the rate of Bonus declared has been increased on five occasions.
£2,800	Guaranteed Bonus.			* £2 % Guaranteed Bonus on survivance of the 20 years only.
£2,800	Guaranteed Bonus.			† £2 % Guaranteed Bonus at death or maturity.
£2,654	Estimated Bonus 33s. % p.a. for 18 years (declared quinquennially—first 1927) and Interim at 30s. % p.a. for 2 years.			‡ With Ordinary Profits at death or maturity, but not guaranteed.
£2,900 (approximately)	Estimated in accordance with results of last Valuation.	—	(1) The Sum Assured and Bonuses may be left with the Company for a definite period to be mutually agreed upon, or during the existence of a specified life, interest in meantime being paid by the Company. The rate of interest at present allowed is 3% per annum (net). (2) A larger annual payment than that represented by 3% interest may be secured in exchange for a reduction in the Sum Assured and Bonuses. (3) The Sum Assured and Bonuses may be paid by equal Instalments of principal and interest spread over any agreed number of years—*e.g.*, if spread over 10 years, the annual payment in respect of each £100 of Sum Assured and Bonus would be £11 7s. 7d., and if spread over 20 years £6 10s. 6d. Thus, instead of the payment of £2,900 there would be made 10 annual payments of £330 or 20 annual payments of £189 4s. 6d. (1) The Sum Assured and Bonuses may be applied to purchase an Annuity payable to the Policyholder himself, or to him and his wife, or to the Policyholder and until a son attains age 21.	* With profits system. † Guaranteed Bonus system. In the event of the Assured permanently retiring from the Service, these would be reduced to £104 13s. 4d. and £109 10s. respectively. Special terms are quoted for officers who *at the time of proposing* are actually engaged in (or under orders for) foreign service, service in submarines, or flying. (1) All contracts of the Company are now guaranteed by the Commercial Union Assurance Co., Ltd., whose Life Funds at December 31st, 1923, amounted to £10,752,082.
£2,800	—	Guaranteed		
£2,771	Estimated on basis of last distribution in 1921.	—		
£2,771				
£2,824	Estimated	—	Annuity of £181 18s. 2d. payable half-yearly (first payment 6 months after age 50); or Deposit the policy moneys at maturity of policy, the rate of interest being 10s. per cent. less than average gross rate of interest earned by Company in the previous financial year.	

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Name of Company.	Established.	Funds.	Gross Annual Premium.	Rebate of Income Tax at 2/3 in the £.	Nett Annual Premium.	Does this Premium "cover" War and Professional Risks? Yes. No.	Total of Nett Premiums paid in 20 years.
General	1885	Over £6,000,000	£104 6 8	£11 14 9	£92 11 11	Yes, except in special cases.	£1852
Gresham	1848	£6,787,475	Civilian—				
			£96 6 8	£10 16 9	£85 9 11	No.	£1,709 18
			Naval—				
			£106 6 8	£11 19 3	£94 7 5	Yes.	£1,887 8
		Assets—	Military—				
		£7,039,451	£108 16 8	£12 4 10	£96 11 10	Yes.	£1,931 16
London Assurance	1720	£9,083,675	£109 0 0 Until re	£12 5 3 tirement	£96 14 9	Yes.*	£1,934 15 if not re-retired
			£99 0 0 There	£11 2 9 after	£87 17 3		
Liverpool & London & Globe	1836	Exceed £21,000,000	£111 16 8*	£12 11 7	£99 5 1	Yes.‡	£1,985 1 8
			£118 15 0	£13 7 2	£105 7 10	Yes.‡	£2,107 16 8
The National Mutual of Australasia	1869	£20,000,000	£95 16 8	£2 15 8	£93 1 0	Yes.	£1,861
North British & Mercantile	1809	£29,522,050	£103 6 8	£11 12 6	£91 14 2	Yes. Any part of the world in present or subsequent professions.	£1,834 3
Pearl ...	1864	£33,000,000	£102 16 8	£11 11 4	£91 5 4	No.*	£1,825 6
Phœnix	1782	£30,000,000	£110 1 8	£12 7 8	£97 14 0	Yes, provided no immediate prospect of submarine, aviation or foreign service. Gross Annual Premium reduced to £100 1s. 8d. in event of permanent retirement from service.	£1,954

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Total paid to Insured at end of 20 years.	Is the surplus in last column over £2,000 "Estimated" or "Guaranteed"?		Options which may be exercised by Insurer on completion of 20 years.	Remarks.
	Estimated.	Guaranteed.		
£2690	Estimated	—	A number of valuable options would be allowed, if desired. (See special prospectus.)	
£2,000 *plus Bonuses*	It has always been the rule of this Company not to give estimates of future profits.			Civilian rate charged after retirement. Proposals on lives of officers in R.A.F. not accepted.
£2,670	£670 is estimated only, on the assumption that Bonus would be declared throughout at 30s. % p.a., which was the rate declared at our valuation of 1915. No Guarantee whatever can be given.		There are no Special Options, but the sum received could be applied to purchase an Annuity, or subject to medical examination to purchase a fresh Life Assurance Policy if so desired at the time.	* If not on Active or Foreign Service at the time the Policy is taken out, or under orders for such Service.
£2,700	Yes	—	(1) Fully Paid-up Policy payable at death of £5,262. (2) Fully Paid-up Assurance payable at 65 or earlier death would be £4,132. Both these subject to medical examination of the Life Assured at the time.	(*) Ordinary Endowment Policy with Profits. (†) Endowment Policy with Guaranteed Bonus. (‡) Provided not residing in, or under orders to proceed to unhealthy climate at time of effecting assurance.
£2,800	—	Yes		
£2,830	Estimated on the basis of the last two distributions of surplus.		No Special Options provided, but the Assured can reinvest the whole or part of the maturing value either in purchase of a Fully Paid-up Policy or an Annuity if he so desires.	
£2,670	Estimated (assuming pre-war Bonus to be consistently repeated).		Options can be given, in which case the Policy would be written in different form, giving same cover at same premium.	
£2,800	Estimated		Nil.	* Except for flying risks, no extra premium is charged on account of occupation in time of peace, nor for Foreign Residence, except for the West Coast of Africa. In time of war an extra premium is charged adequate to the increased risk and varying in amount according to circumstances. Except in time of war, this risk may be covered during the existence of the policy by a payment of an additional premium of 10s. % p.a. on the amount assured.
£2,680	Estimated on basis of last pre-war Bonus.	No.	In lieu of Sum Assured in cash :— (1) Income for life of £100 p.a. and a cash payment at death of £1,104; or (2) Income for life of £140 p.a.; or (3) Paid-up Policy for £3,860 payable at death, subject to satisfactory evidence of health. The Bonuses will be payable in cash on maturity *in addition to the above options, or can be used to increase them proportionately.* Thus option (1) could be (on the assumption that the estimated bonuses were reached) (*a*) £680 cash down; (*b*) income for life of £100 a year; (*c*) cash payment at death of £1,104.	

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Name of Company.	Established.	Funds.	Gross Annual Premium.	Rebate of Income Tax at 2/3 in the £.	Nett Annual Premium.	Does this Premium "cover" War and Professional Risks? Yes. No.	Total of Nett Premiums paid in 20 years.
Prudential	1848	£160,000,000	£105 5 0	£11 16 10	£93 8 2	No.*	£1,868 3 4
Refuge Assce.	1864	£26,589,083	£102 18 4	£11 11 8 provided the premium is not more than one-sixth of income.	£91 6 8	No.*	£1,826 13 4
Royal	1845	Over £30,000,000	£110 0 0	£12 7 6	£97 12 6	Yes.*	£1,952 10 0
Royal Exchange	1720	£11,800,000	£107 18 4	£12 2 9	£95 15 7	Yes.	£1,915 11 8
Scottish Amicable LifeAssce. Society	1826	Exceed £8,000,000	£111 10 0	£12 10 10	£98 19 2	Yes.	£1,979 3 4

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Total paid to Insured at end of 20 years.	Is the surplus in last column over £2,000 "Estimated" or "Guaranteed"?		Options which may be exercised by Insurer on completion of 20 years.	Remarks.
	Estimated.	Guaranteed.		
£2,800	Estimated on basis of last declaration, viz., £2 % p.a.	—	On maturity an Annuity for a term of years certain or a Life Annuity may be taken in lieu of the cash sum.	* Officers and men in the British Navy or Army may go to or reside at any naval or military station in any part of the world in time of peace. Permission may be obtained on payment of an extra premium to take part in any naval or military operations during actual warfare, or in any insurrection or any expedition or operation of a warlike character, either as a combatant or non-combatant. If preferred, an additional premium (if paid annually) of 10s. % on the sum assured can be paid when the policy is effected in time of peace and continued throughout the duration of the policy, to cover the risks mentioned in the preceding paragraph, and aviation in time of war. An extra premium is required in respect of persons engaged or employed in aviation as members of the Forces of the Crown. The rate of extra premium required will be quoted on application.
£2,760	Estimated	No	(1) Take Cash as previously shown; or (2) Effect an Annuity of £173 6s. p.a. payable half-yearly during the lifetime of the Life assured; or (3) Effect a Whole Life Single Premium policy subject to satisfactory evidence of health, of £4,043 and profits.	* Additional premium required as Directors may determine.
£2 600	Estimated—the rate assumed being the same as that actually declared for the past unbroken period of 55 years (including the period of the War and since).		(1) Take Cash £2600 (2) (*a*) Take bonuses in cash=£600; and (*b*) Take annuity for life £143 6s. 8d. assuming that the present rates of annuity are then in force. (3) (*a*) Take bonuses in cash=£600; and (*b*) Take annuity of £100 for life (assuming present annuity rates); and (*c*) Take a FREE PAID UP Policy payable at his death for the sum of £1163 (without profits) or the sum of £989 (with profits)—(subject to being medically examined and found in good health at age 50). It is assumed that he will have definitely retired from the Naval or Military Service at age 50, if he accepts option (*c*) otherwise the needful extra premiums will be required. (4) In lieu of any of the above options, an annuity for his life of £186 19s. 8d., in place of £2600 (assuming present annuity rates are then in force).	If the Assured should so desire, he can obtain an annuity of £100 a year, guaranteed to be payable for 10 years *certain*, to his wife, from the date of his death, and to continue for so long after the 10 years as she may live. If she should die before him, or during the 10 years after his death, the annuity is nevertheless still payable for 10 years. Taking age of husband as 30 and age of wife as 25 (next birthdays), the annual premium would be £28 14s. 0d. and the first half yearly instalment of annuity of £100 would fall due 6 months after death of the Assured (the husband). In event of death of wife, during husband's life-time, the annual premium would be reduced to £15 7s. 0d. and the annuity at his death would be £100 a year for 10 years to his representative as above explained. Proposals for Assurances of Officers in the Royal Air Force will be considered upon their merits, and the rates quoted to suit the individual risk in each case. *At present resident in this country and not "under orders" to proceed abroad.
£2,764	Estimated	—	(1) Be credited with Whole Life Non-profit Paid-up Policy (subject to proof of good health) payable death. (2) Receive an annual income for life.	
£2,800	Estimated	—	The payment is in Cash at the end of the 20 years. The assured could apply it in whole or in part as a single premium for a new assurance (subject to medical examination), or as the price of an Annuity to himself or wife, or both, and so forth.	

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Name of Company.	Established.	Funds.	Gross Annual Premium.	Rebate of Income Tax at 2/3 in the £.	Nett Annual Premium.	Does this Premium "cover" War and Professional Risks? Yes. No.	Total of Net Premiums paid in 20 years.
Scottish Equitable	1831	£7,030,180	£100 0 0	£11 5 0	£88 15 0	No.*	£1775
Scottish Provident Institution	1837	£18,000,000	£102 13 4	£11 11 0	£91 2 4	See Remarks column.	£1,822 6 8
Scottish Widows' Fund LifeAssce. Society	1815	£24,231,186	£111 0 0	£12 9 9	£98 10 3	Yes. See p. 10 of Society's Prospectus.	£1,970 5 0
Sun Life Assurance Soc.	1810	£16,500,000	£99 8 4	£11 3 8	£88 4 8	Yes.*	£1,764 13 4
United Kingdom Provident Institution	1840	£13,276,501	£107 6 8† £116 3 4‡	£12 1 6 £13 1 4	£95 5 2 £103 2 0	Yes. Yes.	£1,905 3 4 £2,062 0 0

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Total paid to Insured at end of 20 years.	Is the surplus in last column over £2,000 "Estimated" or "Guaranteed"?		Options which may be exercised by Insurer on completion of 20 years.	Remarks.
	Estimated.	Guaranteed.		
£2,671	Estimated	—	(1) On survivance to the end of 20 years :— (*a*) Cash Sum payable with estimated Bonus additions, £2,671. or (*b*) Life Assurance free of further payments sharing in Profits (subject to evidence of health) £4,330. or (*c*) Pension at age 60 on male lives,† £322. or (*d*) Pension at age 65 on male lives,† £488. (2) At Death :— Sum payable with Bonuses 1st year, £2,030. ,, ,, ,, 5th year, £2,150. ,, ,, ,, 10th year, £2,310. ,, ,, ,, 15th year, £2,484. ,, ,, ,, 20th year, £2,670. (3) If yearly payments are discontinued :— Take proportionate Paid-up Policy as follows :— For example :— Annual payments made, 5; proportionate Policy and Bonuses, £650. Annual payments made, 10; proportionate Policy and Bonuses, £1,310. Annual payments made, 15; proportionate Policy and Bonuses, £1,984. The above amounts are payable at age 50 or earlier death, and they will rank for further Bonus additions.	* Naval or military officers may in times of peace secure policy free from all restriction. Premiums will be quoted on receipt of particulars of services engaged in. † £2,671 being payable in event of death before Pension age.
£2,875	Based on last declared Bonus rate.	No	An Annuity may be taken, or a fresh assurance (subject to health.)	The extra premium in the case of a naval or military officer in times of peace and where there is no immediate prospect of foreign service is 10s. per cent. per annum, ceasing after 10 payments or on permanent retirement.
£2,796*	Estimated	—	(1) Take the whole sum assured and Bonus in Cash. (2) Apply the amount to purchase an Annuity for life. (3) Receive payment by a definite number of annual instalments not exceeding 20 which would continue for 20 years (or other term selected) *certain*. (4) Withdraw the Bonus in Cash and purchase with original sum assured an Annuity payable for the remainder of life. (5) Leave the whole sum assured or any part not less than £100 on deposit with the Society at interest, using the balance in any way desired. (6) Apply half the sum assured in purchasing an Annuity and the other half in purchasing an Assurance, with right to future profits, payable at death. (7) Apply the whole sum assured to purchase an Assurance with profits payable at death (subject to medical examination). (8) Continue payment of the premium and take an Assurance payable at death (subject to medical examination).	* This amount is given as an illustration of what the amount payable at maturity will be on the assumption that during the whole term of the policy the Society continuously declares a Quinquennial Bonus at the compound rate of 35s. per cent. per annum (being the rate of Intermediate Bonus at present allowed in respect of claims arising during the current Quinquennium). The Society does not give estimates of the amounts payable at maturity under its Policies.
£2,640	Based on the assumption that the normal rate of profit declared and the system of distribution used remain the same as in 1922.		Not stated in the Policy.	* Provided assured is not under orders for active service or for service in certain unhealthy localities, and has no intention of engaging in flying.
£2,812 £2,800	Yes —	— Yes	(1) Take amount in Cash; or *(2) An Assurance on which no further premiums are payable, for each £100 cash, of— (*a*) £160 with profits payable at death; or (*b*) £194 without profits payable at death; or (*c*) £133 with profits payable at end of further 15 years, or previous death; or (*d*) £153 without profits payable at end of further 15 years, or previous death; or (3) Annuity of £6 15s. 10d. p.a. for each £100 due. The Annuity would be payable by equal half-yearly instalments, first instalment due 6 months after completion of 20 years, and would cease with the instalment immediately preceding death. * The options under (2) depend upon the assured having permanently retired from the Service, and are subject to medical examination.	*Officers in Indian Army*— † £112 6 8; £12 12 9; £99 13 11 Ordinary Endowment Policy with Profits. ‡ £121 3 4; £13 12 7; £107 10 9 Endowment Policy with Guaranteed Bonus.

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the war. But if this was a hardship, what term is fit to describe the action of the Government in mulcting these unfortunates last year of £5 10s. of every hundred pounds of their threadbare retired pay? To-day the cost of living is 77 per cent. higher than that which prevailed before the war, and to meet this a lieutenant-colonel is forced to live on an emolument but 37½ per cent. above what he obtained or could have obtained in 1914.

The main grievance under which officers labour is that their rates of pay, and the regulations for the revision of the same, are the work of a civilian service which is apt to regard the members of the Fighting Forces as of another and lower plane. Some five years ago a distinguished naval officer ventured to remonstrate to the Admiralty on the unfair financial treatment of certain officers of rank. He was informed that his proposal could not be considered because "the Civil Service officials would not hear of it." He was told to remember that these were university men, and he was asked whether he really ventured to compare naval officers with such demi-gods. This attitude of mind on the part of the Civil Service is the chief obstacle to the proper treatment of officers, and it is the duty of both Press and Parliament to see that the case of the Fighting Services is presented to the public. The Press, however, can never usurp the powers of Parliament, and it is to the members of that House that the fighting men must necessarily look. When the cut in pay came before Parliament last year it received, we regret to say, but scant attention from the Service members of the House. It is true that, with a new Government in power and with the necessity of getting the Estimates through at a fixed date, the question of the cut was necessarily hurried through. Over and above this there was the confusion existing as to the meaning and scope of the threatened revision, a confusion which caused the Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty to fall from a terminological precipice. Nevertheless, when all is said and done, in a House which included more than a hundred members with naval and military rank, it would be affectation to pretend that the subject received the attention it deserved. Scarcely a single member seemed to have mastered the facts and figures of the case. In the present House the number of Service members exceeds that even of the last, and we venture to hope that amongst them there may be found even a leaven to present

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the case of their comrades. The officers of the Fighting Services do not expect that their views are necessarily to be adopted without question by the legislators of the nation, but they do feel that they have a right to have their case presented and discussed.

Of the heading prefixed to this article—"Pay, Paradise, and Prudence"—we have now dealt with the subject of Pay. The next heading to discuss is "Paradise," a state which we shall qualify later by a depreciatory epithet. A feature of the present system of Service emoluments is the difference in the relation between retired pay and pay whilst serving, as compared with pre-war days. This is a feature which so far has evoked but little comment, and is doubtless one which has escaped the notice of those whose service goes back but a decade. The point we wish to bring out will be best understood from a concrete instance. Twenty years ago a captain in the Army received £211 a year, a miserable—nay, a scandalous—stipend. But its gross inadequacy was to some extent relieved by the prospect which the unfortunate officer enjoyed of being able possibly to retire eventually as a lieutenant-colonel on £420 per annum. In other words, there was always the hope that when he eventually left the Service he would be nearly 100 per cent. better off than when serving in it in the prime of life. Quite a different state of affairs prevails to-day. A married captain now draws about £645; but the maximum he can secure on retirement as a lieutenant-colonel, say twenty years later, is but £567. In other words, twenty years ago an officer might look forward to a retired pay, in due time, of twice his serving stipend. Nowadays he should remember that in twenty years' time he will be substantially poorer than he is at the present moment, although his family responsibilities may have enormously increased. And not only is there now an enormous "drop" on retirement (*i.e.*, in the case of a lieutenant-colonel from £1,187 to £567), but the maximum retired pay of £567 is actually of much less value than the £420 of twenty years ago. To-day the Index Figure of the Cost of Living is 177, and a simple calculation by the rule of three shows painfully that the present worth of £567 is not £420, but a hundred pounds less. Reducing all the figures to the common denominator of pre-war values, we find that twenty years ago a captain on £211 a year could look forward to an ultimate pension of £420. To-day a married captain on £360 (the "real worth," so to

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speak, of £645) can look to nothing better in twenty years' time than £320 a year of pre-war value.

For the sake of simplicity we have given but one concrete and typical instance, but it cannot be too strongly insisted that the same state of affairs prevails in other ranks of the Army and, *mutatis mutandis*, in the other Services as well. We are inclined to think that the depressing outlook has not been visualized by many officers now in their thirties. Doubtless the reason for this is to be found in the fact that twenty years ago the miserable rates of pay, particularly in the Army, restricted the holding of the Sovereign's commission entirely to men with private means. The amount of such private means was unconsciously assumed to be the sum necessary to bring £211 up to the amount on which, with strict economy, a captain might indulge in matrimony while somewhere in the thirties. And if this amount of private means was sufficient to turn £211 a year into a living wage, *a fortiori* it would be enough to bring £420 a year up to a reasonable income when the sword became a ploughshare. To-day, however, it is possible that the higher initial rates of pay in the Services have induced many to accept the King's commission who do not enjoy the private incomes essential for their predecessors. For such we will frankly say that the outlook is alarming. A very great number of naval and military officers now serving must, in the natural order of things, be shelved while in the early fifties, and if there is one financial fact, so obvious as to be taken as an axiom, it is that the retired pay which they will ultimately draw will be entirely insufficient to support them with wife and children. This is probably not realized by the prospective victims at the moment. Their progeny is yet unborn or in the cradle. Able, perhaps, just to carry on, and with a couple of more steps in the ladder of promotion still climbable, they are in Paradise. But it is a Fool's Paradise at that.

In a profession like the Services there is naturally a proportion of officers to whom inheritances, settlements and expectations afford such financial security as to render them immune from any great inconvenience at the time of retirement. But the number of these is, after all, relatively inconsiderable, and we shall probably not err if we consider that the bulk of the officers of the Fighting Services are dependent very largely or almost entirely on their pay. The

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lean years which must some day come are naturally not dreaded or even thought of by the young entry during the early, glorious and irresponsible years of their service. But there comes to nearly every one a time when even the most light-hearted is forced soberly to look ahead, the time when the officer has made his choice and decided to marry. To such a one the first natural and laudable impulse is to insure his life. His first anxiety is naturally to provide for his wife should she be left a widow; to leave to her such a sum as, added to the small widow's pension, will at any rate keep her from privation. Such an impulse is laudable in the extreme, but it is possible that in yielding to it the fact may be overlooked that, in the normal course of events, the officer and his wife may reasonably expect a period of some twenty years of existence together when the harness has been unbuckled, and a period in which the emolument received from the State will be insufficient.

For such a period a whole life insurance policy can make but little difference. The essence of it is that the payer of the premiums can never enjoy the fruits of his thrift; the maximum satisfaction he can extract is the contemplation, from beyond the tomb, of the settlement with his widow of the policy for which he has subscribed. Life insurance is, of course, always essential, but it is not sufficient. In the peculiar circumstances in which officers are placed—*i.e.*, condemned in very many cases to forego the possibility of being able to earn "big money" between the ages of fifty and sixty-five—it is clear that some provision must be made for the long lean years which must in so many cases follow enforced retirement in middle life. Put briefly, what the officer, entering into the married state at about thirty, should consider is the necessity of "averaging" his pay and retired pay, or making a reduction in the former to bring the latter up to something like a living wage.

He must therefore save money. But saving *per se* will be insufficient. He must invest his savings with security, and, further, he must in addition have his life so covered that should his demise unfortunately occur during the first week of his married life his wife will at once receive the whole sum which he had hoped to accumulate in two decades. To combine these three factors is beyond the scope of an individual, but by dealing in cases in bulk and by a refinement of actuarial calculations, it can be put upon a

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stable and scientific basis. This has been done by the great insurance companies, which by means of the control of enormous capital—that of the Prudential exceeds £160,000,000—by handling tens of thousands of individual cases, and by the experience gained of averages and contingencies, are enabled to take the rough with the smooth, and to give each individual the protection and security which it would be impossible for him to achieve for himself.

Unfortunately, the very excellence of the system has tended, to some extent, to over-reach itself. So capable is the system of extension, and so many are the ramifications to which it can lead, that there is a tendency for the whole matter to become " over-figured " ; by which we mean that the many schemes and sub-schemes, when presented with the necessary columns and tables of figures and described in technical language, have sometimes a bewildering influence on the ordinary man. We have therefore thought that assistance might be rendered to officers if we took a concrete and typical case and a concrete and useful sum of money as data and then proceeded to ascertain the necessary saving which would be imposed upon the officer concerned. It seemed to us that a suitable case to consider is that of an officer marrying at the age of thirty ; and as the husband is almost invariably older than his wife, we have assumed that the lady linking her fortunes with his is twenty-five. This combination is, we think, a typical Service one. As for the sum to be received on retirement, we thought it wise to fix this at an amount which would have a marked effect on retired pay—*i.e.*, such a sum as would represent an increase of at least £100 a year, and not as a transient annuity, but as a permanent return. The result as obtained from the leading insurance companies is now given in a " form at a glance " manner in the pages inserted in this article.

The first feature to which attention may be called is that the total eventually received by the officer, should he survive the twenty years, is considerably in excess of the total premiums paid in. Naturally, of course, this would be so, for each annual premium, if not so employed, might have been placed out at interest, and theoretically at compound interest, which process would also have swelled the total saved considerably. But though this argument is sound, it entirely loses sight of the fact that the officer who has been paying the premiums has been enjoying all the

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twenty years a benefit he could not possibly have secured by a mere process of saving and investing: his life has been covered every day of the twenty years to the sum of £2,000, at least, quite irrespective of locality or climate or whether he is serving in a period of peace or is on active service. This benefit is so enormous that it quite dwarfs another substantial asset peculiar to insurance as compared with ordinary saving *plus* investment—namely, the rebate of income tax allowed on premiums. All premiums on policies of assurance effected on a person's own life—as is technically the case in these policies now considered—are exempt by statute from liability to income tax to the extent of one-sixth of the total income.

It will be seen that the hypothetical newly-wedded officer would, to secure these benefits, be required to pay annually a sum of £95, taking a very general average of the premiums as shown on the accompanying Comparative Table. This is a stiff sum to extract from the emoluments of a lieutenant-commander in the Navy or a captain in the Army, especially when the said emoluments have recently been cut to the extent of 5½ per cent. It is, of course, possible to divide everything by two, reducing the annual premium to an average of £47 10s. and the ultimate benefit to £1,000 nominal, or, say, £1,300 with profits; but against this it must be remembered that, although the fraction to be set aside is at first almost as high as a sixth of the income, this proportion diminishes steeply as the officer rises in his Service until it becomes in, say, the case of a captain in the Navy less than one-fourteenth. It might, therefore, be well worth while to live a little close during the first years of the policy in order to secure the maximum benefits possible. The stiff premium of the early years has, however, been designedly introduced into this article in order to call attention to a feature which deserves attention. It is clear that the premium for an endowment policy taken out for a man of twenty-one, to mature in twenty-nine years, will necessarily be less than the premium if taken out at the age of thirty to mature in twenty years, although in both cases the sum due is paid the officer at the age of fifty. Without going into shillings and pence, it may be said that the former premium is about seven-tenths of the latter, or, in other words, if the latter is assumed to be £95, the former premium would be, throughout the continuance of the policy, some £65 a year,

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a figure perhaps not beyond what the lieutenant-commander or Army captain could afford. Here is a case where parental prudence has fine scope for development. In the old days a sire was expected to allow his Army son £100 a year while the latter was a subaltern, and be it noted that such sum was the equivalent of £177 to-day. This being so, is it too much to expect a father to-day, instead of £177, to disburse £65 for nine years? Surely we can, without excess of imagination, conceive a father of these times speaking as follows: "These are hard times. I have many responsibilities. I must think of your mother and sisters. This infernal Government," etc.; and then, this steam having been released into the atmosphere, might he not go on: "My father allowed me £100 a year while I was a subaltern. I cannot do the same for you, but in order that you may have an endowment policy maturing at the age of fifty for £2,000 with profits, and your life covered all that time, at the lowest annual cost, I tell you what I shall do. I'll pay the premiums till you are thirty, and then you can carry on paying £65 a year instead of the £95." We think every midshipman and cadet would be morally justified in "bringing up father" on these altruistic lines; and they could point out that by a system of Deferred Endowments the premium would have been a mere £25 had he taken out the policy while they were in their cradles.

When we advance the midshipman or the cadet to marriageable age and conditions, we find that another father comes into the picture. His daughter is about to follow the drum or join the "King's Navee," and surely this particular progenitor might thus give tongue: "These are hard times. I have many responsibilities. I must think of her mother and sisters. This infernal Government," and so forth. Then, having emitted his blast of fatherly steam, surely this greybeard might remark: "I cannot do for my daughter what I had once hoped. This infernal Government," etc., etc. "But what little I can afford shall be done. I intend to provide for her in middle life and old age. I've been going into these things, and have decided to buy her a Deferred Annuity of £200 a year, beginning at the age of fifty, which will cost me just under £1,200 down. I'll make it all over to her, and should she die before that age then all the premiums will go to you with 3½ per cent. compound interest, which will come in handy for any children. I have talked it over with the company concerned, and I'll

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take it out to-morrow." And so this sire comes nobly up to the scratch.

Now let us see the advantages to be secured by these happy domestic arrangements, and the costs to the persons concerned. As regards the newly married officer, first of all he knows that if he meets his end, even next week, his wife will get £2,000 *plus* the profits which have accrued ; secondly, when he is fifty he will get probably £2,600, and certainly no less than £2,000, or, in other words, a probable £600 to go towards that "cottage in the country," plus £100 a year for all time ; thirdly, five years after that date, his wife's deferred annuity will roll up, and the family income will be increased by another £200 a year. The officer himself will even now be only fifty-five, and with many probable years before him, but his anxiety for his wife's future is now a thing of the past. Even if he glides into Abraham's bosom forthwith, she is provided for. She has her own £200 a year for life ; she has, and her children will have after her, the £100 a year from her husband's endowment policy ; and she will probably be living rent free, for £600 went towards the cottage and in the five subsequent years let us hope the balance was paid off. And there is, of course, the widow's pension which she is entitled to as well.

Now what has all this cost ? To go back to the beginning, the officer's father paid some £65 a year for nine years, not a very alarming extortion, especially as, in the unfortunate event of his son's demise during that time, at least £2,000 would come back to him for "your mother and sisters." Then the officer himself paid £65 a year for twenty years ; in other words, he set aside a fraction of his income, never more than one-tenth (approximately), and diminishing to a twentieth or less. Thirdly, the wife's father came down with just under £1,200 as a *dot*—surely not an extravagant sum for a man who chooses to have daughters and allows them to mix in Service circles. And so by a little foresight, a little mutual help and a little thrift, a Service couple has been enabled to live quietly but enjoyably ; to bring up one or two children, if not in luxury, at any rate without privation ; and to start these offspring just before their own shelving time occurs. And then, when the enforced conversion of the sword into a ploughshare in the early fifties became an accomplished fact, they bought a cottage, picked up a second-hand two-seater, kept hens and lived happily ever after.

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We must apologize for what is perhaps a digression, and will admit that when we started this article on the Cut in Pay we had no idea that we would be led into an exposition of the advantages of assurance. But, after all, it is the obvious corollary. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the feature which differentiates the Fighting Services from civilian appointments or the professions—namely, the fact that age is a handicap in the Services, and that in order to insure a front line of men still under middle age, it follows that an immense number of naval and military officers must be compulsorily scrapped long before they are really unfit. A civil servant may carry on his administrative duties, a lawyer may plead, a judge may sit on the bench, a physician may prescribe, long after each has passed his sixth decade ; but the captain of a battleship or the commander of a battalion is exposed to far severer mental and physical strain. The work he could do at sixty-three in these positions could be done better by a man still under fifty, and the younger officers of the Navy and Army of to-day must realize that many are fated never to be employed much beyond fifty years of age.

And so we return now to what is the real *motif* of this article, a protest against the recent Cut in Pay. When we compared the treatment meted out to the Fighting Forces with that accorded to the Civil Service, we have been inspired with no animosity against the latter. The Civil Service has a noble record of loyal and efficient service, and is permeated with high and lofty traditions. But though we admit so much, it would be sheer affectation to ignore the fact that the Navy, Army and Air Force are loyal Services too, and we cannot but think that traditions sprung from Malplaquet and Trafalgar, from the Nile and the Peninsula, are no less inspiring than those born of the administration of prisons and the surveillance of night clubs. All that the fighting officer asks for is a fair deal. He gives his whole life to the State, and submits himself to a severe and additional code of law. He enters a life where the hardships are severe and the expenses are considerable. All he asks is that, when his emoluments are considered, an end may once for all be put to that anomalous system by which he is considered as a being on a plane different from, and lower than, that of his civilian brother.

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THE NAVY AND THE CAPTURE OF SAINT LUCIA, 1778

AT the beginning of 1778, when France definitely intervened in the War of American Independence, one of the first acts of the British Government was to divert a large part of the ships and troops in North America to an attack upon the island of St. Lucia, which was then in French hands. On March 13th the French Ambassador informed the British Government that a " Treaty of amity and commerce " had been concluded between the King of France and the rebellious colonists. The British Ambassador was forthwith recalled from Paris ; and on the 21st, the very day on which the agents of Congress were publicly received by Louis XVI, instructions were sent off to our commanders in America, Vice-Admiral Lord Howe and General Sir Henry Clinton, to detach a force upon this service.

In these instructions, which were in the nature of an order for reprisals against France, it was provided that Clinton should detach 5,000 troops and that Howe should form a squadron under Commodore William Hotham to escort the expedition to the West Indies. Clinton was also ordered to send 3,000 troops to Florida ; to evacuate Philadelphia, which had recently been taken ; and to retire to New York and Rhode Island with the rest of his force, some 6,000 in number. The effect of this plan, therefore, was to give up the fruits of the hard fighting of the past two years—and not only this, for while the colonists were making their treaty with France the British Government had been deliberating upon the possibility of making peace with the colonists. A commission had been appointed with considerable powers to treat, and the commissioners sailed for America in April. They reached the Delaware at the end of May only to find themselves in the middle of the preparations for the evacuation of Philadelphia. The commissioners had not been informed of the new plan, though it had been decided upon a month before they left England, and they fully realized that its effect was to make their task a hopeless one. However, to quote the supplementary instructions to Lord Howe, dated March 22nd : " The object of the war being now changed, and the contest in America being a secondary consideration, the principal object must be the distressing France and the defending

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and securing his Majesty's own possessions . . ." This being so, it is necessary to consider how the attack upon what the Earl of Carlisle, who was one of the commissioners, called " an insignificant West India Island " became an operation of such urgency.

Of the islands situated on what was then known to the Navy as the Leeward Islands Station the following were in British possession at the beginning of 1778 :—Barbados, Tobago, Grenada, the Grenadines, St. Vincent, Dominica, Antigua, Montserrat, St. Kitts, Nevis, and some of the Virgin Islands. Barbados was the headquarters of the station, and its strategical importance lay in the fact that it was considerably to windward of all the others ; Antigua held the dockyard and storehouse of the station. The West India trade was still an extremely important part of the whole commerce of both England and France, and the requirements of commerce had as great an influence upon the conduct of war in the eighteenth century as it has to-day. To England, indeed, its importance cannot then have been vital, for our imports consisted of luxuries rather than of essentials as they do now ; but in any case we depended on our trade for the " sinews of war," and so, in an almost equal degree, did France. Therefore, in all our wars with that Power the control of the communications in the West Indies was one of the principal objects of our world-wide strategy ; and for the same reason the rich sugar islands were considered important objects of capture. St. Lucia was not yet much developed commercially, but it was just to windward of the very prosperous French islands, Martinique and Guadaloupe. The importance of this fact had long been recognized by both countries, and the island had several times changed hands ; it had been captured by Sir George Rodney towards the end of the last war, but it had been given up at the peace, in 1763, after bitter wrangling and with much misgiving. It was therefore of the first importance, now that the situation had become immeasurably graver owing to the intervention of France, that we should seize St. Lucia and consolidate our position in the Leeward Islands, even though we sacrificed our position in America and our hopes of peace with the colonies. And this must be done as quickly and as secretly as possible, as was pointed out in the instructions to Lord Howe ; for, apart from the fact that its strategical position made the capture of St. Lucia a necessary preliminary to an attack upon the

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commercially more valuable islands to leeward, the garrisons of these latter had recently been greatly strengthened, and the French must be expected to send out further reinforcements now that war was a certainty. As it happened, immediately after the concentration on New York and before the expedition could be dispatched, the Comte d'Estaing appeared on the American coast with a squadron much stronger than Howe's ; it was not until November that Hotham was able to get away ; and even then it was only his superior seamanship which enabled him to reach the West Indies before the French.

The officer to whom the Admiralty entrusted the naval side of the operation was the Hon. Samuel Barrington, Rear-Admiral of the Red. He was a younger brother of the gallant soldier who, with Commodore Moore, had captured Guadaloupe in 1759 and failed at Martinique, largely because we were not then in possession of St. Lucia. Samuel Barrington had commanded ships of the line during the greater part of the Seven Years' War, and was Rodney's flag-captain at the attack upon Havre which took place in the year that his brother captured Guadaloupe. He was appointed to be commander-in-chief at Barbados and the Leeward Islands on January 30th, 1778, and went to the Admiralty next day to work at the plan for his campaign. It was intended that he should take the trade out to the West Indies about the end of May, so he left the Admiralty for Spithead on April 22nd and hoisted his flag on board the *Prince of Wales*. However, on May 3rd he was ordered to proceed independently to Barbados. By his instructions he was told that Hotham, with four 64's, three 50's, and some frigates and bombs, had been detailed to escort the expeditionary force to Barbados and join him there ; Barrington was to collect at Barbados as many of his own squadron as he might think necessary for the attack ; and, on Hotham's approach, he was to go out and join him and proceed with the whole force to St. Lucia. Hotham had also been directed that if he should not meet Barrington off Carlisle Bay, Barbados, he was to proceed himself to St. Lucia and begin the attack ; while Barrington was to follow him there, as soon as he should hear that Hotham had passed by Barbados, and take charge of the operations. Accordingly Barrington left Spithead on May 10th and arrived at Barbados on June 20th ; his predecessor, Vice-Admiral Young, left Antigua for England on July 20th without

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meeting his successor. The squadron on the station consisted of the following :—*Prince of Wales* 74, flag ; *Boyne* 70, which had arrived with the trade in the middle of July ; *Ariadne*, *Aurora*, and *Boreas* frigates ; *Ceres*, *Favorite*, and *Snake*, sloops ; *Antigua* and *Pelican*, armed vessels. The two line-of-battle ships were kept concentrated upon Barbados, in accordance with the Admiralty instructions, while the smaller vessels were employed cruising for the protection of trade. Barrington also, by order of the Admiralty, bought four sloops for trade protection and reconnaissance duties.

On August 30th intelligence arrived from the governor of St. Vincent to the effect that the governor of Martinique had received orders, in the middle of the month, to commence hostilities against Great Britain. This was confirmed a week later by a letter from the lieutenant-governor of Dominica, who said that his dispatch vessel had been seized by the French and carried into Martinique. Barrington at once sent the *Pelican* to warn Tobago, Grenada, and St. Vincent, and ordered his ships to take or destroy all the French ships they met. Five days after this, on September 12th, a schooner from Dominica brought a letter from Lieutenant-Governor Stuart to say that Dominica had been attacked on the 7th by ships of the line, supposed to be from Toulon. The admiral ordered his two line-of-battle ships to complete to four months provisions " that they might be ready to act as any sudden occasion might require." Three days later there came another schooner, this time from Antigua, " signifying their apprehensions for the safety of that island." With this letter, however, there was a later account from Stuart with the reassuring news that the enemy had not, after all, any ships of the line with him. In fact, they were only frigates, carrying 2,500 men of the garrison of Martinique ; and, as Barrington pointed out to the Admiralty, it was unfortunate that he should have been confined by his orders to Barbados. Dominica surrendered the same day that it was attacked, but if the admiral had been free to act as he wished the attack would probably not have taken place.

Now that his enemy had made a move Barrington decided that his orders must be disregarded, and he consulted his captains—the *Boyne* and *Aurora* were in company with him—as to the next step. They agreed with him that the dockyard at Antigua was the most important place to guard, and, besides, from there he could cover St. Kitts ; accordingly he

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sailed the same afternoon, the 15th, for English Harbour (the dockyard) with his three ships of war, three victuallers and some tenders, leaving orders with the governor for the rest of the squadron to follow him. The admiral entered English Harbour on the evening of September 18th, learnt the fate of Dominica, and found there the storeship *Supply* with a message from Howe that the presence of the Toulon Squadron prevented Hotham from leaving America. On October 7th orders, dated July 27th, arrived from the Admiralty to " act as if war had been declared," and by others, dated August 14th, Barrington was told to co-operate with Major-General Grant, who had been chosen to command the expeditionary force.

Four days afterwards the squadron proceeded to sea, strengthened by the *Ariadne*, *Boreas*, and two sloops. With Howe's letter in his pocket and " The hurricane Season being over, and the apprehensions of the People of this Island a little subsided," the admiral determined to cruise off Martinique " as the most probable means of preventing the French from getting possession of any other islands . . ." For the next week he cruised off Deseada, a little island just eastward of Guadaloupe ; he then went south to a position some thirty miles to windward of Martinique, finally returning to Carlisle Bay on November 18th. During the cruise Barrington fell in with a government brig from Grenada which informed him of the governor's fears for the safety of that very valuable island. " Whereupon I made a signal for the captains, and they agreeing with me in opinion that the most probable means of preventing the French from doing any farther mischief would be to continue cruising off Martinique, from whence I could follow their squadron, should it get out ; I transmitted the Governour an account of my determination in consequence, with a duplicate of the rendez-vous I had before sent by the *Pelican*." Later on the squadron spoke a flag of truce with Stuart on board, from whom the admiral learnt that his cruise was having the good effect of deterring the enemy privateers from putting to sea. Stuart also reported that d'Estaing was hourly expected at Martinique and that six more line-of-battle ships were expected from Toulon.

The arrival of the Comte d'Estaing at the beginning of July with a squadron nearly twice as strong as that under Lord Howe completely altered the situation in North America. Howe carried out a magnificent defensive operation and

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completely baffled his opponent, who finally retired to Boston at the end of August, having accomplished nothing. Meanwhile a squadron under Vice-Admiral the Hon. John Byron, approximately equal in force to d'Estaing's squadron from Toulon, left England to reinforce the North American Station during the second week in June. With his notorious ill-luck, " Foul weather Jack " Byron met heavy weather and did not reach the coast of America until the end of August, with his squadron scattered and disabled. Leaving Sandy Hook in the middle of October to look for the French, he again met bad weather and was forced into Rhode Island. Hotham left Rhode Island on November 3rd and reached Barbados on December 10th. D'Estaing sailed from Boston on November 4th, but, though not encumbered with transports like Hotham, he only reached Martinique one day before the British expedition arrived in Carlisle Bay. The latter's secret had been well kept, for although d'Estaing had heard rumours of a British reinforcement for the West Indies before he left Boston, it was not until he captured three of the convoy, which had got separated from Hotham in a storm, that he definitely learnt of its departure. Byron got touch with the French shortly after they left Boston, but he once more suffered from bad weather and had several ships dismasted. Having made certain that they had left the coast of America, he finally sailed from Rhode Island in pursuit towards the end of November.

In the meanwhile, having been forced to return to Barbados for water and provisions on November 18th, Barrington set-to at once to get ready for sea again. A convoy from Cork had arrived the day before he returned, but no storeship had come with it ; the admiral had already complained of the shortage of stores at Antigua, and now he told the Admiralty that if a supply were not sent out soon he would have to lay up some of his ships. There were no masts available, and several ships, including the *Prince of Wales*, had had to fish their lower masts—a bad start to an operation of such importance ! For the great moment had come at last. Five days after the squadron got back to Barbados the frigate *Venus* arrived with the news that Hotham was on his way, adding the melancholy rider that his ships were " very bare of stores and short of complement." On December 10th Hotham himself entered harbour in the *Preston* 50 ; with him came the *Nonsuch* and *St. Albans* 64, the *Centurion* and *Isis* 50, the *Carcass* bomb, and fifty-nine transports carrying 5,000 troops under Grant.

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So soon as the expeditionary force anchored in Carlisle Bay Barrington held conference with Grant and Hotham. It was decided to attack St. Lucia at once ; that Hotham should lead the fleet with the " landing division " ; and that, in order to avoid confusion, the signals arranged by that officer should remain in force. The fleet* set out on its mission at 9 a.m. on the 12th, and arrived off the Grand Cul de Sac a little before noon next day ; the *Isis*, *Venus*, and *Aurora*, which were to cover the landing, were ordered to place themselves ; and the signal was made to prepare to anchor. At three that afternoon, Sunday, December 13th, the *Prince of Wales* came to an anchor " as did the rest of the squadron in the course of the afternoon ; the ships hereafter mentioned excepted which I had stationed along the coast to intercept any vessels attempting to escape from the Island, vizt. the *Ariadne* and *Pelican* off the Carenage, the *Ceres* off the Pt. of Gros Piton, the *Barbadoes* a league to the Northward of her, and the *Snake* a league to the northd. of the *Barbadoes*. A battery of four guns on the north side of the Bay fired several shot at the ships, but was soon silenced. Having when I came to anchor made the signal for the flat boats to be hoisted out and the troops to prepare to land, at ½ past 3, at Gen. Grant's desire, I made the signal for their being landed, and the boats were accordingly employed on that service under the direction of Com. Hotham, assisted by the Capts. Griffith [*Nonsuch*], Braithwaite [*Centurion*], and Onslow [*St. Albans*], till 7 . . ." The first troops to be landed were the 3rd Brigade under Brigadier-General Medows, who seized the heights on the north side of the bay without much difficulty. This brigade was followed by the 1st (Brigadier-General Prescott), and at daybreak next morning the 2nd, under Sir H. Calder, completed the tale.

Immediately upon the arrival of the British the governor, the Chevalier de Micoud, retired to Morne Fortuné, the heights above the southern arm of the Carenage. On the Morne Fortuné were the principal barracks and Government House. These were stormed by Medows and Prescott early on the 14th ; the governor retired farther inland ; and, about midday, the British got possession of the Carenage after but

* *Prince of Wales*, 74 (flag) ; *Boyne*, 70 ; *Nonsuch* and *St. Albans*, 64s ; *Centurion*, *Preston* (Hotham) and *Isis*, 50s ; *Venus*, *Aurora* and *Ariadne*, frigates ; *Ceres*, *Snake*, *Weazle*, *Barbadoes*, *Carcass* and *Pelican*, small craft.

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little opposition and with no loss. The Carenage is the principal harbour in the island. It is rather more than a mile long and about half a mile broad, with a very narrow entrance, guarded by the fortified Vigie promontory on the north and the Morne Fortuné on the south; the entrance is further protected by a spit which lies west-north-west of the southern arm. The prompt capture of this stronghold was obviously of the greatest importance. Whilst the fight for its possession was going on, news reached the admiral that d'Estaing had arrived at Martinique a week before with four sail of the line, having been separated from the rest of his squadron in a gale. There was therefore no time to lose, and as soon as Barrington heard that the Carenage was in our hands he ordered the transports to be warped inside. But at five o'clock the same evening the *Ariadne* reported having seen an enemy fleet, of eleven or twelve large ships, standing for the island.

This was d'Estaing.* According to French prisoners taken during the operations, the French admiral originally intended to seize Barbados, where he expected to find only the *Prince of Wales*, *Boyne*, and some frigates. However, on the 13th he heard that St. Lucia was being attacked, so, having embarked 3,000 troops from the garrison of Martinique, he sailed next day to relieve the former. There was no time to get the transports into the Carenage, so Barrington decided to moor the squadron across the entrance of the Cul de Sac and to place the transports inside the men-of-war. This occupied all the night of the 14th-15th and most of the following morning. Meanwhile, during the evening of the 14th, the welcome news was received that Byron had intended to leave Rhode Island for Barbados on November 19th with sixteen sail of the line. At daylight on the 15th the enemy came in sight and " By ½ past 11, almost all the transports had fortunately got within the ships of war, which were anchored in the following order, being the best the time would admit of; vizt. the *Isis* to windward rather inclining into the Bay, the *St. Albans* astern of her, then the *Boyne*, *Nonsuch*, *Centurion*, and *Preston*, and the *Prince of Wales*, being the most powerful ship, the outermost and to leeward; and the *Venus*, *Aurora*, and *Ariadne*, flanking the space between the *Isis* and the shore, to prevent the enemy's forcing a passage that way.

* *Languedoc* (flag) and *Tonnant*, 80s; *César*, *Zélé*, *Hector*, *Guerrier*, *Marseillais* and *Protecteur*, 74s; *Vaillant*, *Provence* and *Fantasque*, 64s; *Sagittaire*, 50; and a large number of frigates and small craft.

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At which time (½ past 11) ten French ships of two decks (formed in a line and the headmost, in which I afterward understood the Count D'Estaing was, wearing a flag at the fore and two others at the mizen topmasthead) bore down and passing along our line cannonaded us at about a mile's distance, which we returned." About 20 minutes after noon " the cannonading ceased without any loss on our side, and the enemy's ships, having wore in succession immediately after they had passed the *Prince of Wales* and hauled to the wind on the other tack, stood off to sea—and being there joined by two other ships of two decks, they again formed a line and, at 4, bore down and cannonaded us a second time at about three quarters of a mile's distance, which we again returned, and at ¼ past 5 the cannonading ceased, the enemy wearing as before and standing off to sea. In this action two men were killed and seven wounded on board the *Prince of Wales*, one wounded on board the *Ariadne*, and two killed and one wounded on board the transports. The manœuvres of the enemy, however, betrayed great confusion, and several of their ships having lowered their topsail yards on the cap, gave us reason to believe they had received considerable damage. The headmost ship on this attack wore a long broad white pendant, and the Flag ship which before led was the third in the line. During both actions, several French frigates and rebel privateers paraded at a distance . . . ." During the night a tender was dispatched to Barbados to apprise Byron of the situation.

Next day the enemy were observed to the southward, plying to windward, and one of their ships appeared to be disabled aloft. At 10 a.m. they formed line and made as if to attack the British rear ; but on the approach of a frigate with signals flying they altered their plans and again plied to windward. D'Estaing's next move was to attack the British positions on shore. For this purpose, after the empty parade of the morning, he anchored his squadron in the Anse du Choc—just north of the Carenage—at 5.30 p.m. The troops were landed during the night of the 16th and the following morning ; but the attack did not take place until the 18th. Then, dividing his force into three columns led by Lowendal, de Bouillé (the governor of Martinique) and himself, d'Estaing made a furious assault on the Carenage which was held by Medows with the light infantry and grenadiers of the 3rd Brigade. After repeated attacks the enemy gave

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up their attempt and withdrew to their ships, having suffered over 800 casualties, of which 400 were left dead on the field. On his return to the *Languedoc*, d'Estaing received a letter from Suffren, then commanding the *Fantasque*, urging the admiral that the only way to relieve the island was to destroy the British squadron. Whether the advice of his distinguished subordinate had any influence on the soldier-admiral we cannot say, but the disastrous attack of the 18th was the only attempt that the enemy made to defeat us on land.

Meanwhile the British admiral had not been idle. While the French squadron was threatening him on the 16th he pointed out to Grant that the enemy might try to capture the southern point of the Cul de Sac, so Grant sent a party of troops to occupy it. Again, while the French were landing their troops in the Anse du Choc, the *Pelican* intercepted a sloop and captured a small detachment of soldiers which was bound for Soufrière in the south of the island. As the enemy were engaged elsewhere on the 17th, Barrington took the opportunity to strengthen his position. The ships warped farther into the bay and the frigate *Venus* anchored between the *Prince of Wales* and the shore, in order to fill the gap at the end of the line; moreover, large parties of seamen were landed to erect batteries of guns from the squadron on each arm of the bay. The same day the transport *Admiral Shuldham* was taken by the French; this was the only transport we lost, and she had nothing on board but a few women and a small quantity of officers' baggage. During the enemy's great attack on shore two line-of-battle ships and a frigate unsuccessfully engaged a British battery on the southern arm of the Carenage, and on the 19th some frigates captured the sloop *Ceres*: except for this, the French squadron did practically nothing until the 24th. Early that morning a fine American privateer, carrying eighteen 6-pounders, was captured by boats, covered by the fire of the squadron, under the nose of the French. This seems to have stirred them to action. D'Estaing made sail and approached within a league of the British line; then, however, he thought better of his temerity, tacked out to sea and anchored at sunset in the Anse du Choc. Two days later the same procedure was carried out, but it was the last effort.

On Sunday, the 27th, a ship joined the French, possibly with news of Byron; at 8 a.m. on the 29th, having re-embarked the troops during the previous night, the whole

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French fleet got under weigh and returned to Martinique. At 9 the governor capitulated and—in the words of the French historian, Lacour Gayet—the island became English.

To Barrington this unexpected termination of the struggle was a tremendous relief. So early as the 18th he had been compelled to cut down the victuals of his ships' companies to two-thirds allowance. A week afterwards, when the inactivity of the enemy made the plan seem feasible, he recommended the general to ask the governors of the neighbouring islands if they would send food in small vessels which could steal in at night without much risk of capture. The day before the French returned to Martinique the *Little Sally*, tender, was ordered to Barbados to instruct the contractor to collect a supply and be ready to send it off at a moment's notice. This shortage of food was all the more serious because, besides rowing guard at night and performing other duties natural to their calling, the seamen were largely employed on shore. Strong parties from the squadron were employed by the army throughout the siege; they built batteries, mounted guns, transported provisions and ammunition, and even cut down trees. Now, however, the strain was at an end. On the 30th, the day after the surrender, the admiral notes in his Journal: "Aired hammocks and bedding, with which the ship had been barricaded from the first appearance of the French fleet, the ship's company having lain at their respective quarters during the Enemy's continuance here. . . ." On January 1st, 1779, the *Ariadne* was detached to bring provisions from Antigua; the next day the *Venus* was sent to Barbados for the same purpose; and the *Aurora* followed her on the 5th. Meanwhile Barrington had written to the governor of Antigua and to Sir Peter Parker at Jamaica that they might be on their guard since the enemy had disappeared so completely; and at the same time he requested the general to send the seamen and soldiers (acting as marines) back to their ships "that they might be able to act when Vice-Admiral Byron arrived." This long-awaited reinforcement eventually came on the 6th—nine ships of the line, three frigates and several provision ships. A few days later it was ascertained that d'Estaing was still at Martinique.

There is no doubt that the capture of this most important island was very largely due to the energy and foresight—as well as the steadfast courage—of the admiral. Shortly before

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the arrival of the *Venus* in Carlisle Bay on November 23rd a French "flag of truce" arrived there from Dominica. Barrington detained her lest she should carry intelligence of his movements. On the arrival of the *Venus*, he sent her away so that she might not hear of Hotham's approach—a precaution which gained him several days. Again, when the expedition at last reached Barbados, on December 10th, Barrington wanted to sail for St. Lucia next day, and it was only because the soldiers were not ready that the departure was delayed until the 12th. Another day might have made all the difference to the security of the squadron in the Cul de Sac, even though all precautions might seem superfluous when dealing with d'Estaing. At the same time it must be admitted that there was reason in the Admiralty order that Barrington should concentrate his ships of force at Barbados and wait for the expeditionary force there. The measure certainly caused grave risk to our possessions in the Leeward Islands, and lost us Dominica ; but it tended to gain time for the main operation, and time, as ever, was all-important.

The highest praise is due to the courage and endurance of the seamen and soldiers who captured the island. The squadron was overwhelmingly outmatched in material strength. Moreover, our ships were short of complement apart from the soldiers and seamen who were employed on shore ; and to this must be added a lack of food and a want of facilities for the sick and wounded. The soldiers were fighting in a tropical climate, on rough and hilly ground amongst tropical vegetation ; they also were short of food ; and, most important of all, whereas our troops had been over a month on board ship and had come straight to the tropics from a northern winter, their opponents were seasoned men who knew the country. For although the newcomer will stand the climate better for the first few months than later on, the French garrisons had been on the station long enough to have become properly acclimatized. The news of the capture of St. Lucia reached Paris late in February. It caused great disappointment to the government and, according to the French ambassador at Madrid, it "re-awakened the insolence of the English." But apparently it did not receive much attention from the public ; the politicians in the capital were content to say that if ever d'Estaing were to be made Marshal of France, his baton would not be made of the wood of St. Lucia. The situation, however, was fully appreciated by the

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French in the West Indies, who realized that from henceforth the British ships would be established a few hours from Fort Royal, Martinique. The loss of the island led to an estrangement between de Bouillé and d'Estaing.

Barrington ended his dispatch of December 23rd by claiming that " in all probability our operations here have hitherto saved the Islands of St. Vincent and Grenada ; which we understand . . . were the object of Count D'Estaing's Expedition, when a sloop that had escaped from this Island, falling in with him and giving him notice of our being here, directed his attention towards us." The two islands above-mentioned were lost to England a few months after this letter was written. But Barrington's great success did much more than that. And though during the course of the war the enemy had several opportunities and made several attempts to retake St. Lucia, it remained in our hands, a magnificent advanced base for the Leeward Islands Squadron. From Gros Islet Bay, at the northern end of the island, Sir George Rodney neutralized the superior force under the Comte de Guichen in 1780. Had it not been for his infatuation for St. Eustatius, the same officer might undoubtedly, from his base at St. Lucia, have destroyed de Grasse when he came out from France in 1781, with enormous consequences for the United States. And from the same base he went forth to win the victory of April 12th in 1782.

Soon after his arrival Byron took command of the combined squadrons ; and he remained at St. Lucia all the spring. Barrington served under him as second-in-command until July, 1779, returning to England just after the unfortunate battle of Grenada, in which he played a distinguished part. He was second-in-command of the Grand Fleet for part of 1780 and in 1782, in the next war he was not employed, and he died in 1800. In the " Dictionary of National Biography" Sir J. K. Laughton writes of him : " His conduct during the time he was in independent command speaks of talents and energy which might have placed him amongst the most distinguished of our admirals. Nor was the kindliness of his disposition less conspicuous . . ." This kindliness of disposition is well shown in Barrington's official Journal, which abounds in references to the welfare of his men, for whom, like Vernon, Jervis, and Nelson, he laboured incessantly.

J. H. Owen.

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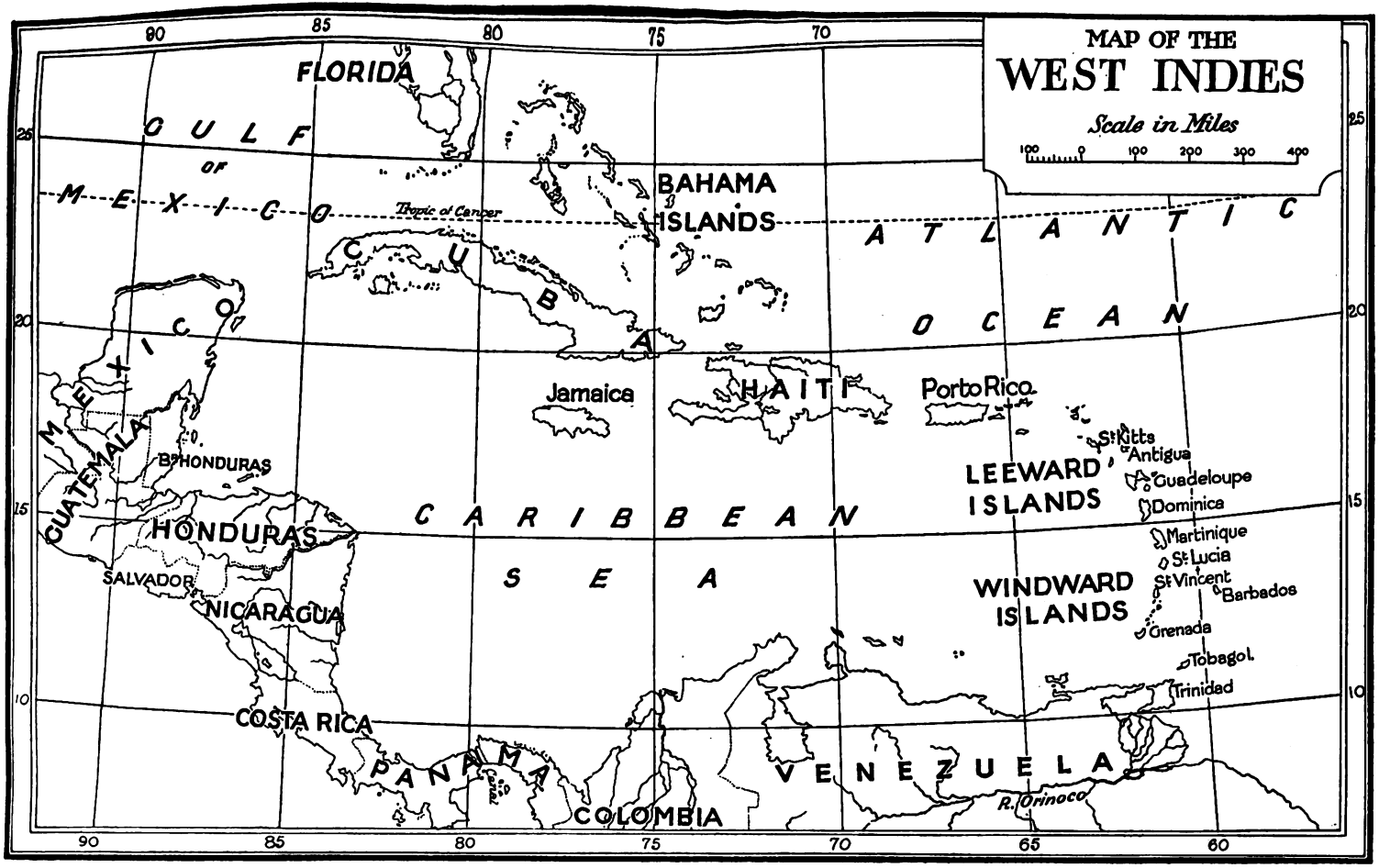

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THE HOUSE-FLY INTERVENES.

IN a fully-equipped flying-boat not only have the crew a vehicle that can stand the buffetings of a fairly large sea in the event of a forced descent but, by means of the telescopic mast carried for the purpose, W./T. messages can be sent for assistance; and the supply of emergency rations and drinking water carried will keep body and soul together for many days.

Like many other things, however, these precautions are the results of experience.

* * * * *

Lee laid back in the observer's seat and stretched himself. Already he and Williams, the pilot, had been flying for some three hours in the *Seabird*, the aeroplane specially fitted for long-distance flying, and the return journey would take another three provided they encountered no adverse winds. The special purpose of the flight entailed proceeding many miles out to sea in an unfrequented area, and because of this a flying-boat accompanied them.

With the exception of this escort, there was nothing in sight as far as the eye could reach: the vast blue expanse above was flecked with faint wisps of cirrus, and the sea below looked like some never-ending blue-green sheet of glass. Lee stifled a yawn, for, in spite of the cold crisp air at this height, he felt an increasing difficulty in keeping awake. The feeling of lethargy, however, was soon disturbed, for presently the pilot pointed to an instrument on the dashboard which recorded the temperature of the water in the radiator. It stood at boiling point, and all his efforts to nurse the engine by throttling down proved unavailing. Already the aircraft had lost some six thousand feet in these endeavours, and though the altimeter needle still pointed at ten thousand, Williams did not wish to lose any further height if it could possibly be avoided. This boiling temperature of the radiator water worried him intensely, for it could only mean one thing now that all the remedies he had tried proved useless—a leak in one of the water connections. A few minutes later the worst fears were realized, for the propeller slowed up, executed a few spasmodic jerks, and then came to rest. The engine had seized.

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A hundred miles from the nearest point of land, a forced descent into the sea, with no signs of any surface vessel on the horizon, was the cheerless prospect that faced them.

With the stopping of the engine, a sense of unreality came over Lee : until now the whirr of the propeller, the noise and vibration of the two hundred horses in front of his companion, the terrific slip stream his head encountered whenever he raised his body out of the cockpit, all gave proof of present Reality. Now these proofs were gone. Only the whistling of the wires disturbed the silence as the vehicle descended on its glide ; there was no perceptible motion, for neither the sea below nor the limitless void above moved or approached any closer. The aeroplane appeared to be suspended motionless by some invisible cord.

Suddenly Lee awoke from the stupor as the flying-boat came racing up to them, now level, now far above, and, seizing the signalling lamp, he transmitted a series of S.O.S. calls to the escort. For an awful moment fear clutched at his heart : supposing the boat did not read the calls or witness the approaching forced landing, the *Seabird* would quickly sink and he and Williams left to drift.

With the decreasing height, the sea changed its aspect : gradually the little white hairs that appeared across the surface turned into well-defined foam-crested waves, rushing madly towards them.

The observer unfastened his belt and gave a slight shudder. " Stick it, old man," he said, turning to his companion. " Perhaps a slow, flat landing and . . ."

As the tail of the aeroplane touched the water, the whole machine was flung violently forward, nose first into the sea, and Lee left his seat in a graceful curve. For a few seconds he was somewhat dazed—it was cold, everything was blue, and his legs automatically kicked. His head coming to the surface, he gratefully drew in deep breaths of air, and then, fumbling for the mouthpiece, essayed to inflate his life-saving waistcoat. It was not an easy task, and entailed several duckings before it was completed. When eventually the waistcoat gave sufficient buoyancy, Lee looked round for the *Seabird*, but, being in the trough of the waves, could see nothing but angry green water flecked with spume, until, rising to the crest, he beheld the remains of the aeroplane sticking out of the water some thirty feet away. With a determined effort he struck out towards the wreckage.

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Williams was seated on the tip of the wing above the water and looked deathly pale, for when the machine hit the sea he was carried down in his seat, unable for some moments to release the belt that fastened him into the seat. On bobbing to the surface, he clambered to the wing tip and fainted. It was just as he regained consciousness that Lee joined him.

" Good Heavens ! they are not going to leave us—perhaps they have not seen ?" Williams gasped as the flying-boat passed overhead.

The flying-boat's pilot, however, had seen the crash, and in order to get down quickly put the boat into a steep side slip, resulting in a somewhat heavy landing.

" Look here, old man," said Lee to his companion when the craft taxied up to them, " we cannot both be hauled aboard at the same time ; better seize your opportunity now—quick !"

Williams let go his hold and swam over to the boat, which, now that its engines were stopped, started to drift away from them, and directly he reached the craft and had been hauled aboard, Pope, the pilot, gave hurried orders for the engines to be restarted. At the same time Lee, seeing that his companion had reached safety, struck out from the wreck. Exhausted with the recent swimming and half crazy with fear, he saw the flying-boat moving away, for the port engine refused to restart, and consequently the craft, propelled by her starboard engine only, swung round on a wide circle. At last it came round almost on top of him. He bumped up against its smooth hull and his outstretched arm slid down its wet side. As it passed by him, he made a frantic effort to seize one of the stern wires. The tips of his fingers just touched, but, sinking in the trough of a wave, he lost hold, and the machine continued on its erratic course.

Mad fear gripped him. If he floated away any distance he would never be found—only his head would be seen above the water, and he would never be seen in the troughs ; the sea was rapidly getting worse, and he would be left to float about at the mercy of the wind and waves. Half dead from cold and exhaustion, he was fast losing control of his mind. Shrieking and battling against the broken crests, he swallowed a large quantity of water. It had a steadying effect, and he determined not to dissipate his remaining strength in useless struggles, but to wait until, rising on each crest, he could hold

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up his hand and give one loud cry before sinking back into the hollows. Thus, for what seemed an eternity, until the port engine was successfully started and again the craft taxied up to him, when he was hauled aboard.

The flying-boat ploughed heroically through the waves, but the additional weight of the two survivors proved too much, and the vehicle failed to attain air speed. Throughout the remainder of the afternoon Pope tried to coax the boat into the air, until at length the attempts had to be abandoned owing to lack of petrol.

The sinking of the blood-red sun beneath the horizon emphasized the gravity of the situation, and Pope fostered no illusions.

" Send off the two pigeons," he said, turning to Ryder, the second pilot. " Probably it will take some time before the Base can get a destroyer out to us, and we may as well expect to make a night of it. Those two still asleep ?"—jerking his head towards Lee and Williams, who were stretched at full length on the floor of the hull.

The other nodded.

* * * * *

Four days later two passing seagulls came down to inspect a motionless object on the water. As they lazily rode the tumbling rollers, they watched with curiosity this peculiar object, one of whose wings was partially submerged with all the fabric in shreds, whilst at the extremity of the other two humans lay at full length as though endeavouring to compensate the balance. Inside the hull two red-eyed exhausted forms baled the water out of the bilge with petrol cans, for the hull had sprung a leak when the flying-boat side-slipped down to the assistance of the crashed aeroplane. Their movements were almost mechanical, and the men were dazed with exposure and privation. Another form hung limply over the steering wheel, and but for a few slow movements might have been inanimate. The gulls flapped their wings and sailed round the object : yes, perhaps if they were patient, another day would suffice—they would consult with their brethren.

By the afternoon there were hundreds of seagulls sitting on the water watching the derelict ; one of their number, a little bolder than the rest, alighted, after a preliminary circle, near the recumbent figure at the wheel.

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" See that blighter, Williams ?" giggled Lee hysterically as he kicked the bird into the water. " Another day of this, and it will be their innings : it is the beginning of the end. I cannot stand this thirst much longer, and after to-morrow the little water that remains in the radiators will be finished. Did you hear what Ryder said when I woke him up for his turn of baling ? He just stared and asked me when tea would be ready."

" I feel pretty near that myself," replied the other. " Last night I could have sworn the whole of the hull was fitted with taps of running water. This morning Pope cursed me for interrupting him—he was dreaming the steward had brought him a trayful of long drinks. I don't know, I'm sure . . ."

They had just completed their spell of baling and crawled along to the end of the wing-tip to relieve their companions, whose turn it was for rest. The sea was covered with " white horses," and the motion of the craft made the position on the wing-tip somewhat precarious. For a long time they sat in silence clutching the bracing wires for security.

Lee staring meditatively at the leaden sky and occasional misty blurr of the watery noon-high sun, wondered how much longer the agony was to be endured. The small tot of water they allowed themselves every twelve hours burnt his throat and stomach like liquid fire, and, in the absence of any food, caused intense agony. Long since, the pangs of hunger had died away and caused him little pain now, but the ever-increasing thirst was insufferable. After the next ration of water was shared out—the last few drops contained in the radiators—would he go mad before dying or would his reason hold out until the very end ? There was even a worse thing that might happen and which so far he had kept to himself. The wings would not stand the buffetings of the waves much longer, and the sea was freshening considerably : at any moment the craft might break up and they would be thrown into the water. The life-saving waistcoats would not let them sink for days : they would simply float about separated from each other, exposed and without hopes of being picked up—the seagulls—the tales he had heard . . .

In agony he turned to his companion. " Williams, old man," he whispered hoarsely ; but the other was too exhausted to reply, and sat on unheeding the salt spray that swept over them.

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Then a wild look crept into Lee's eyes. Yes, he remembered there were a few rounds still left in his revolver down in the hull of the boat. Just one brief moment, and then no more suffering, thirst, or cold: only sleep—long, long sleep.

"Think of it, sleep, forgetful sleep," he croaked to his comatose companion.

Rising to his feet, he staggered along the main spar of the wing and stumbled into the hull. His strength was almost gone. For a moment he lay huddled where he fell. Something was crawling upon his face and, as he put up his hand to brush it off, the something flew off and settled on the woodwork beside him.

Lee gazed at it in incredible astonishment. An ordinary house-fly!

A revulsion of feeling seized him. The reminder of land gave him a fresh access of strength. Renewed desire for life irresistibly surged through him. Overhead one of the seagulls sailed past so low that he could almost touch it. Its cold, calculating eyes and cruel, quivering beak maddened him.

"No, I'm damned if I will," he shrieked, getting to his feet. Something cold was in his hand. Then, looking down, he saw it was the revolver. For a moment he hesitated. Then the passing gull gave a mocking squawk.

"Curse you!" he shouted, emptying the remainder of the magazine at the feathered flock on the water.

* * * * *

The skipper of the *Falcon* stood at the table in his after-cabin, a pair of dividers between his fingers pointing to pencil markings on a chart. The vibration of the propellers shook his hand, and his body swayed to the motion of the vessel. The noise of the howling wind and the buffetings of the waves as they broke over the ship's side, racing aft with irresistible fury, rendered conversation somewhat difficult, for the weather had steadily freshened since the morning, and now the night sky promised a full-sized gale.

"You see," he explained to the officers around him, "these were the only three possible areas, and it all depended whether the original position contained in the carrier pigeon's message was correct, and whether the wind would carry the craft into the current just where it sets to the westward. We searched the first two localities, but saw nothing whatever,

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and yesterday proceeded to the third with the same result. This morning, although we had given up all hope of finding the flying-boat, even supposing that it had survived last night's sea, the navigator and I ran through all our calculations again. As a final resort he suggested that we should take a more northerly course home, and it was on this course that we sighted the derelict flying-boat. She was fast breaking up, and all you fellows were about finished when we got you aboard. . . ."

"It was this morning that you altered to the northward, sir?" queried Lee.

"Yes, at about noon."

"Good Lord!" murmured Lee under his breath, as he thought of the house-fly. And he thinks of it now as he writes these lines.

GEORGE STANLEY.

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THE SPANISH-MOROCCAN FORCES

BEFORE proceeding to any description of what I saw during a visit to the Spanish zones of Morocco in the summer of 1924, it may be well for me to outline briefly the nature of the country and the rebel tribesmen, because on these factors depends, as will be seen, to a considerable extent the composition and character of the Spanish forces.

The Spanish Protectorate in Northern Morocco is roughly 200 miles long from east to west, and 60 miles wide from the sea to the border of French Algeria. The territory of the Rif is in the centre and east, a wild mountainous area inhabited by tribes which from time immemorial have been warlike and rebellious against any authority. There is a curious similarity between the people and country of the Rif and of Afghanistan. There are some twenty-five rebel Moorish tribes, and when these are not united against a common foe they bicker and fight amongst themselves ; and when there is no tribal warfare, blood-feuds between families provide an outlet for warlike spirits. The men fight under the direction of their own chiefs in rather individualistic fashion, the ideal method of the tribesmen apparently being to secure a snug little corner on a high hill from which he can take leisurely pot shots at a convoy or column. I have heard lately, however, from officers who were engaged in the fighting of the evacuation period at the end of the year, that the tribesmen appear to have adopted more European methods of war, and showed both in attack and defence distinct indications that they were being instructed and led by foreigners. Certainly the Rifian (like the Afghan) knows and takes full advantage of the principles of cover, using either natural features of the ground, or making shallow trenches, sangars, and rifle pits. In the last year or so they have improved on their former primitive methods and construct continuous trenches deep and steep-sided enough to give good protection against shrapnel fire. Their only arms are the rifle and, usually, a short heavy knife, and with no impedimenta beyond a cloak-like garment and slippers, a bag of cartridges, a scanty ration of food in the hood of the cloak, they have an extreme mobility in the rocky fastnesses of which every foot is familiar to them.

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The Rifian—again like his Afghan " opposite number "—is not hampered by an over-tender regard for wounded and prisoners, or for a need to keep his word in matters of war. It will be a long day before the Spanish army forgets the 1921 affair of Mont Arruit, where a beleaguered garrison, without food or water, made terms, capitulated and laid down their arms on the condition that when they marched out unarmed they would be given safe escort to Melilla. As soon as they were safely outside the fortress, the 2,000 to 3,000 were butchered almost to the last man, woman, and child. The few prisoners taken were held to ransom, and were released on payment of a huge sum more than a year later.

A first problem that will occur to the military mind is how do the rebels get their arms and ammunition, shut in as they are by the sea along one side, the French-Algerian border on the south, the Spanish lines on the east and west. They have plenty of modern rifles, almost entirely Mauser and Lebel, and since they use no other arms require only cartridges and moderate renewal of lost or damaged rifles. There may be a trifling proportion of gun-running by sea, but the coast is constantly patrolled by Spanish war vessels ; and without any sort of harbours or hardly even any landing places except at the foot of precipitous cliffs and hills, such gun-running must be too risky to be attractive, especially when the much safer alternative offers of the French-Algerian border.

The mountainous country extends from the Spanish into the French zone, and with the best will in the world the French would find it difficult to stop the carrying of rifles and cartridges over the border. From the international Tangier zone, too, it is possible (if less easy) to convey mule-packs into the tribal hills, especially when tribes adjacent to the border are in revolt, as the Anjera tribe were recently. At the same time, it may be wondered why, even if munitions cannot be stopped from crossing the French-Spanish border, they could not be stopped at the seaports if the French-Algerian and Tangier authorities were really keen to do this. Why this is not done is a question I heard unceasingly in Morocco both from Spaniards and friendly Moorish chiefs. I have no answer to it.

It is difficult to get at any exact figure of the rebel forces, but it has been computed by competent authorities that the whole of the Rif tribes could put about 50,000 riflemen in the field. It is also possible—or so it has been suggested to me—

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that some of the tribesmen in the French territory when they are " feeling good," and especially when they think there is a prospect of any loot going at the end of the fighting, may slip over the border and join up for a holiday outing with the men of Abd-el-Krim. It must be remembered that the tribesmen are born fighters, actually like fighting for fighting's sake, and regard it as a pleasant break when freed from the monotony of work, sowing the crops, or gathering and threshing the harvest.

The old-fashioned individual methods of fighting and of firing only aimed shots is the least heavy in ammunition expenditure, and I know that as a scout in South Africa I have spent a long day getting off twenty to twenty-five rounds in this fashion. But the Rifians have for some time been changing from this method to that of heavy firing, of keeping a target, a hillside or a post plastered with bullets, and, as we all know, this is heavy in ammunition expenditure. I mention this because I have more than once heard it argued that the Rifians still have plenty of the munitions they captured from Spain in the disasters of 1921. This will be so obviously absurd to my readers that it will require no arguing, especially when it is remembered that the Spanish forces in Morocco in 1921 were not plentifully or even what we might call reasonably well provided with ammunition. I believe it may be taken that the Rifians have plenty of rifles and cartridges, and so long as they continue to receive funds in subscriptions from India, Egypt, South America, and Europe, Abd-el-Krim's men will be able to carry on a prolonged warfare without any risk of running short of cartridges—unless seaport debarkation is prevented.

I turn now with some relief from this semi-political explanation to the more purely military description of what I saw of the Spanish-Moroccan forces in the field. I may say first that from the time I landed in Morocco to the moment I left I was given the most cordial and even eager assistance by the military authorities to see everything I wanted. I was allowed to visit barracks and camps at the bases, the large permanent camps up towards the line, the " temporary " camps which act as feeders and supports for the front lines, and some of the outposts and blockhouses in touch with the enemy. I was not, in any sense of having facts concealed, " shepherded " round. A programme was drawn up, the morning I arrived, of items which it was thought would

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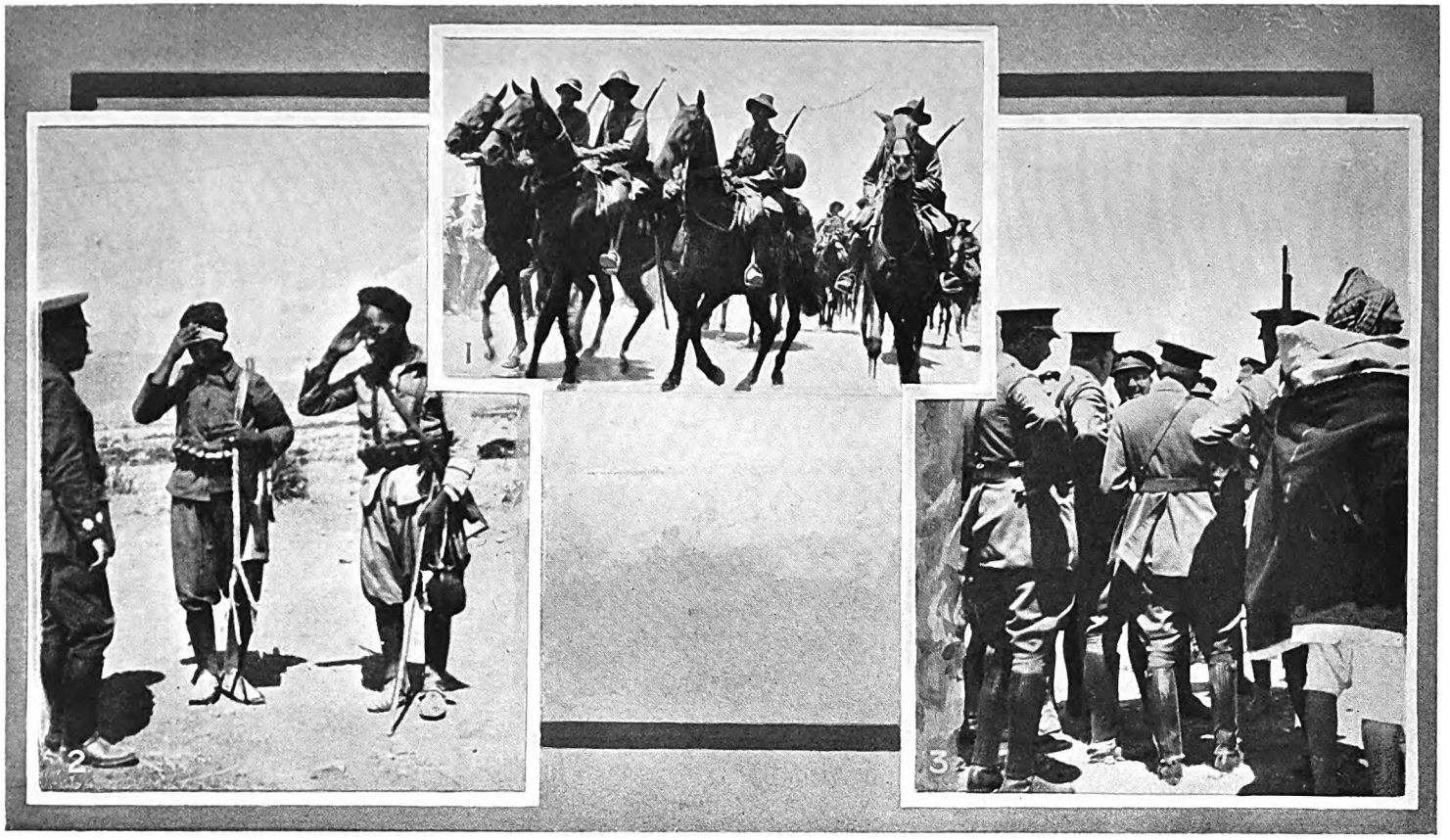

1.—SPANISH CAVALRYMEN ON THE MARCH.
Men and Horses alike are fit and hard.

2.—WALKING WOUNDED.
Spanish Staff Officer and Native Infantrymen.

3.—A CONFERENCE.
The Spanish Officers' Uniform is exactly like the British.
(A Native Irregular.)

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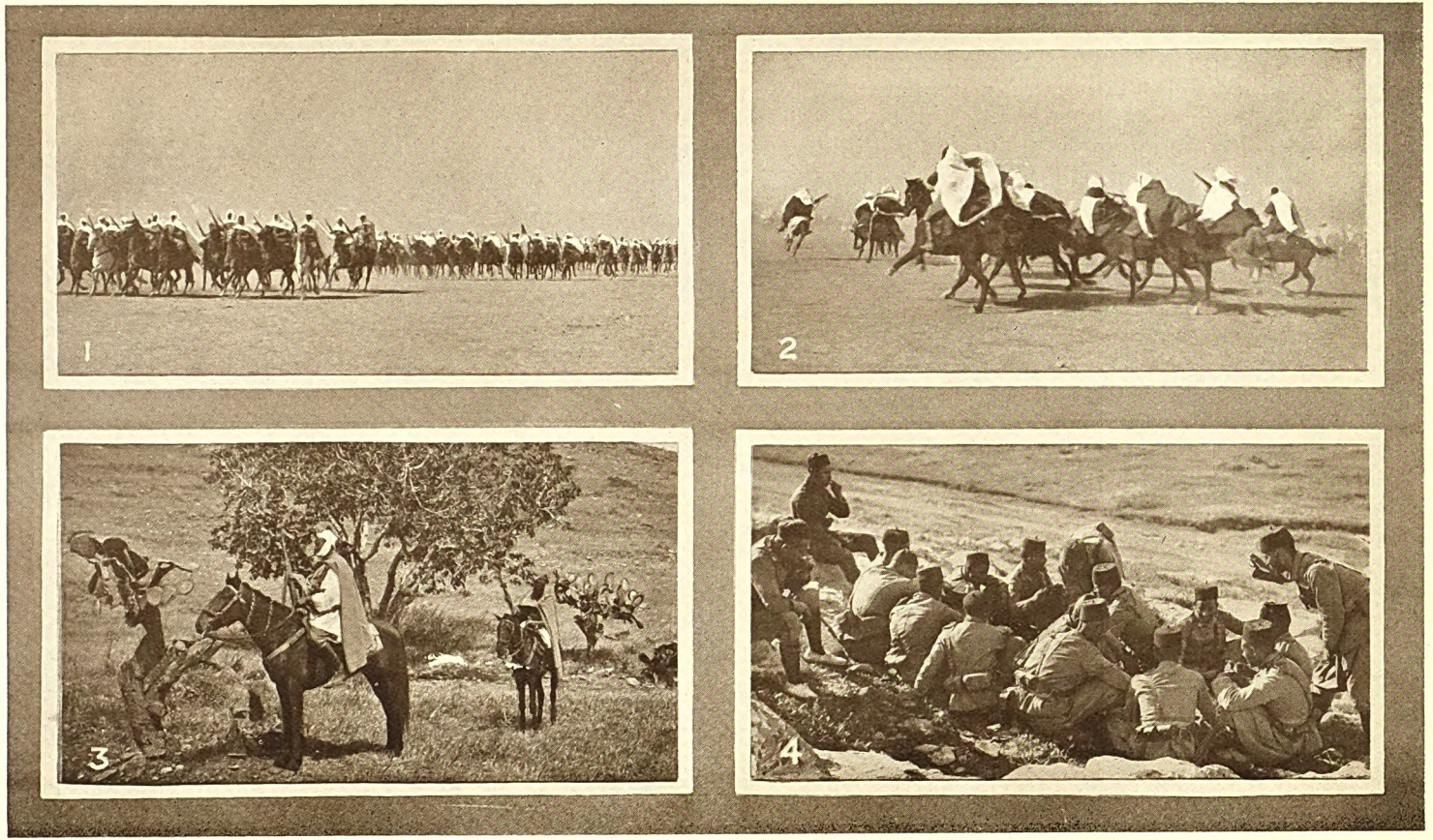

1.—CAVALRY SQUADRON OF NATIVE REGIMENT.
3.—NATIVE CAVALRY SCOUTS.

2.—NATIVE CAVALRY.
4.—NATIVE INFANTRY AT WAYSIDE MEAL.

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interest me, and the tour of inspection began that day. I moved freely wherever I wished ; I had only to mention some matter on which I required information to have it givenme ; there was nothing anywhere which I asked to see which was not immediately shown me. In the following notes I shall describe what I actually saw much more than what I was told, and I might even say that I include nothing I was told that was not corroborated by my own observation. I stress the point because I know well the possibility of putting a pretty gloss for a visitor's inspection on a lump of inefficiency, and how to well-shepherded visitors even Russia can be made to look a land of prosperity and well-being.

Aviation is an important branch of the forces in view of the nature of the ground and the enemy. Regular patrols are kept constantly flying on reconnaissance and bombing operations, and in " ground-strafing " with machine-gun fire during any active operations. The machines I saw were mostly of two-seater type, ex-British Bristol Fighters with British-built Hispano-Suiza engines of about 300 horse-power, and ex-French Breguets. The forward firing gun had been dispensed with, the expensive and complicated synchronizing gear allowing them to fire between the blades of the air-screw not being needed where no air-enemy had to be encountered. The Bristols received the more favourable comment from the flying men in comparison with the Breguets, but this may have been Spanish politeness to a British visitor. There was no doubt, however, about the enthusiasm for a Bristol fitted with a British Napier " Lion " 450 horse-power engine. The engine was declared to be ideal, with such a reserve of power and such freedom from trouble that " once off the ground you forget there is an engine and fly like a bird, without thinking."

There were some rumours in England a few months ago of Abd-el-Krim's intention to purchase and import a number of aeroplanes, and, in fact, there were some reports published that he had done so and was carrying out bombing operations. I do not see the slightest possibility of such an air arm existing for more than a day or two in face of the air force in Morocco and the much greater force no more than a few hours' flight away in Spain. To begin with, the Rif country is so rough and mountainous that there are few possible sites for aerodromes ; these are easily marked from the air, and bombers and fighters in almost unlimited quantities would make short

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work of any Rif 'planes. The Rifs might carry out some night-flying, but even if they had means of hiding the machines during the day they would have to land with flares during the night, and this would give away the position to night-scouting Spaniards, who would be sent up as soon as an enemy engine was heard and would stay up until they saw the bomber's return. Our night-fliers in France will remember how effectively that could be and was done, on both sides.

I do not know the number of machines stationed in Morocco, but I saw about thirty engaged during one operation. Only patrol forces would be required there normally, since reinforcements are always quickly available at any time from Spain. Sea-planes and flying boats are also used, mostly for coastal patrol work. The sea-planes were of German and Italian types, but were rather ancient and worn out, and I heard were soon to be replaced by others from Spain. I was surprised to find the boats were also of Italian or German make. When I mentioned this, however, and remarked that we had always supposed ourselves pre-eminent in the manufacture, design, and use of these aircraft, I was met with a very polite surprise and curiosity as to how this could be, since the Schneider Cup race, the outstanding international event for sea aircraft, had not been won by us, and I had to listen to the year-by-year list of wins by nations other than Britain. It gave me a new respect for the possible commercial value of such races and trophies.

I was very much struck by the number of officers I saw in the zones wearing the double wings which with us mark a pilot, and it seemed to me that the air arm was in altogether disproportionate strength. I found, however, that a practice is made of encouraging officers from other arms to volunteer for a course of air training, and that, having passed this, they return to their duty wearing the wings. Their pilots, observers, and ground officers alike wear double wings, the only distinction being in the small disc between the wings. The system has perhaps advantages and disadvantages. In any circumstances causing heavy officer depletion, as in a European war for instance, I should say the air arm could hardly draw on infantry, cavalry, or artillery, since I believe it is easier to convert the raw material into sufficiently efficient flying officers than equally efficient regimental officers. But there is an undoubted gain from this system, in the understanding of each other's work and the liaison between the line and the air officers.

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The ground-strafing is done by the observer of the two-seaters by machine-gun firing overside from a turn-table mounting similar to our own. I saw several machines return from a raid with numerous bullet-holes in the fabric, and saw one wounded observer. I also saw an action where three Spanish machines were crashed in one day, and I could not help wondering why some sort of steel plate armour is not fitted to protect the men and vitals of the machine. It would knock off a few miles per hour from speed, but this would be quite unimportant compared with the moral effect on the enemy of seeing a machine crashed. The Rifians are said to be good shots, and certainly to bring down three machines in a day's fighting supports their claim. In this case, it is true, the machines were flying over a besieged outpost, and I was told the Rifians put up a " straight-into-the-air " barrage of rifle fire for the machines to fly through.

The attacks on outposts and on the convoys carrying food and water to them has for years been the regular and popular system of warfare enjoyed by the Rifs. The Spanish system of occupation has been to hold bases on the sea, permanent camps inland on the road and railway system, more advanced " temporary " camps which might almost be called permanent and were also connected with the system by good roads and light railways, and in the " firing line " and possibly hostile areas a chain of outposts consisting sometimes of a well-constructed covered-in blockhouse, and sometimes of no more than a mud-and-stone wall enclosing an officer's tent and surrounded by a few strands of barbed wire—two circles of chest-high stakes with an intermediate one of pegs. Similar outposts are scattered about the zones of the occupied territories, and with a garrison of anything between a dozen and fifty men offered continually tempting targets to the enemy, the mule convoys and escorts providing an even more pleasant target to marauding tribesmen squatting in carefully selected positions on the hillsides. The larger camps with garrisons of thousands of horse, foot, and artillery, inside a strong loop-holed wall, bristling with machine guns, and with plenty of light and heavy guns and tanks, were rarely molested, but troops and convoys moving to and from them were again liable to frequent and irritating snipers' attacks.

The ground of the eastern or Melilla zone is flat in wide patches usually surrounded by rings and chains of mountains, and this is not only more easily adaptable to defence, but is

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the most valuable ground for Spain to hold, since it is more suitable for raising agricultural crops. The western or Tetuan zone, and especially that part of it which has recently been evacuated, is a hopeless tangle of broken ground and precipitous mountains, and the number of men required to garrison it in camps and outposts, and the constant drain in men and money required to occupy it, no doubt led to the decision to withdraw to a line nearer the base and leave the tribesmen to their bare and inhospitable hills for the time being.

The forces in Morocco consist of purely Spanish or " Peninsula " troops, native regiments, and irregulars. The two former are run on much the same lines as our army in India or Egypt. The irregulars are tribesmen fighting under their own chiefs, returning to their homes and their normal lives when there is no fighting. I cannot give numbers of such irregulars, but, being native tribesmen of exactly the same stamp as the enemy and having modern Mauser rifles, they are a valuable addition to the fighting force. The fighting tribes acknowledging the leadership of the famous Raisuni or " Raisuli " have proved a great acquisition to Spain. Raisuni sent a force under his young son to parade before the President, Primo de Rivera, while I was in Morocco, and the lad led past some 10,000 well-mounted and armed horsemen for inspection.

The native regiments are recruited as far as possible from their own localities and tribes, but unlike the irregulars, who are clothed in the native cloak and slippers, the " Regulares " are uniformed, drilled, and trained on European lines. A regiment is divided into four infantry " *tabors* " and one cavalry (or rather mounted infantry). An infantry *tabor* consists of four companies, three rifle and one machine guns, and there is one platoon of mortars or " explosives " to each two *tabors*. The machine-gunners and mortar-men are all European, volunteers from the conscript Peninsula regiments. It struck me as curious that there appears to be no lack of such volunteers, although the men must join for the full three years of the native service and the duty is admittedly more dangerous. The four platoons in each rifle company are commanded by three Spanish officers and one native ; the two sections of a platoon have a Spanish sergeant to one and native to the other, and half the corporals are Spanish and half native.

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The mounted *tabor* has three squadrons armed with short rifle, and one machine-gun and " explosives " squadron with two light machine-guns and light mortars. The machine-gun squadron, again, is all Spanish, and the rifle squadrons of eighty to ninety men have a Spanish captain and three subalterns and one native subaltern. Each regiment has a native *faquir* or Mohammedan priest.

I saw a number of these native regiments on parade and in barracks and field, and was most favourably impressed with their drill, marching order and discipline. The officers appear to be on excellent terms with the men, and to take a most laudable pride in the smartness, efficiency and discipline of their unit. Recruitment is voluntary for a three-year period, and the pay is two pesetas a day for bachelors, three pesetas for married men, and increased for non-commissioned officer ranks up to five pesetas for sergeant. I went over some of the barracks and married quarters, and while the latter especially were built to conform to native customs, all were scrupulously clean, airy and sanitary (which is not exactly pure native custom). Plenty of food, unlimited water, comfortable dwellings, doctors and dispensaries and schools for the children—what more could the married native woman want ? And for the men, the same standard of life, plus a uniform to wear, a rifle and plenty of ammunition to use (the Moors seem to worship a rifle), and a very full share of any fighting that goes, is evidently somewhere near the ideal.

The Peninsula infantry regiment contains three battalions, each with a full strength of 1,010 men. The battalion is divided into six companies—four rifle, one machine-gun, and one mortar or " explosives." A rifle company (about 200 strong) has three platoons, each commanded by a subaltern, carries two " quick-firing rifles," and has all men trained in grenade throwing. The machine-gun company has four heavy and two light machine-guns, for which about 35,000 rounds are carried. The men are armed with the short rifle, and the gunners have a pistol and 25 rounds, and, instead of a bayonet, a short, heavy knife. The company of fifty men is officered by a captain and two subalterns. The mortar company has four mortars and two quick-firing rifles. The standard range-finder is Zeiss.

In addition to the three main descriptions of troops there is a fourth, comparatively small in numbers but not

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least in fighting value—the Foreign Legion, recruited, like the famous French Legion, from men of all nationalities, but officered by Spaniards. The Legion consists of six *banderas* (literally, " flags "), each of three rifle and one machine-gun company, the latter having eight heavy and two light machine-guns. Enlistment in the Legion is for four or five years, with a bonus of 300 and 400 pesetas respectively for the periods.

The Peninsula cavalry regiment has six squadrons commanded by captains, each with four platoons under subalterns. The men are armed with short rifle, bayonet and sword. There are a number of machine-gun and " explosives " squadrons on the same lines as in the infantry. Full weight of mounted outfit was given me as about 100 kilos, plus saddle.

I saw tanks of two patterns, the heavy being similar to those we used in the war, the light being more of the French pattern, carrying two or three men, and with machine guns shooting from small turret on top.

Transport is mainly by rail and motor, pack mules being employed for food, water and ammunition supply in the mountains or to the firing line. I was struck by the excellent condition of all the animals I saw, artillery, cavalry and infantry horses and mules. They were well fed, but in good hard condition, scrupulously clean and well groomed. This I confess was as new and agreeable a feature to me in a Spanish army as it was unexpected, since we do not as a rule credit the Spaniards with either the knowledge of or inclination to the horse-mastership we claim for ourselves. The whole organization, equipment and care of men and animals I can only describe as most excellent. There were some items which one would expect in any well-conducted European army ; there were others I have never seen so well done. For example, I saw sanitary and " de-verminizing " stations not only at the bases and in permanent camps, but in some of the advanced temporary camps within a few miles of the outposts. These places contain a series of large chambers, taking batches of about fifty men at a time, with baths and sprays of hot and cold water and chemical mixtures. The men strip and hand their clothes over in the first chamber, and as they emerge into the last their bundles of clothes are handed them, baked, chemicaled, and thoroughly cleansed.

I made a very special point of examining the quantity and quality of the rations served to the men. Both were

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first-rate. Even up in the forward camps bread was being made by machinery and baked daily. The two loaves (rather more than one pound in all, I estimated) were in not one instance below the quality we had in France, and more often were better baked. I ate heartily or tasted of this bread all over the country, and only once found it very slightly heavy. I also made a point of asking to see the men's rations either cooking or being served to them and of being allowed to taste them. Usually they were oily and oniony for my British palate, but this, as I know, is no fault to a Spaniard. The cooking everywhere was first rate, and infinitely better than the average army cook's " stoo " we had so much of in the war. The Spanish cook seems to get into even a stew a variety of spicings and flavours that we so sadly lacked. I found this even up in a small twenty-men outpost with no utensils beyond a pot and a frying-pan.

Khaki is the normal wear for Spanish and native troops, the officers' uniform being so closely modelled on the British that you might take any Spanish officer for British but for badges. A weatherproof canvas hat with wide brim is worn on service. The infantry wear a sort of sandal shoe of plaited rope, apparently suitable and comfortable for marching. Kit in full marching order consists of rifle, bayonet, 150 rounds in three pouches (two in front, one at back), felt-covered aluminium water-bottle, tin pannikin, knapsack with two complete changes of underclothing, khaki uniform, two towels, two handkerchiefs, pair of boots, and hold-all with brushes, etc. ; haversack for the loaves and other rations ; rolled blanket carried bandolier fashion over left shoulder. A sort of " poncho " with cowl is being substituted for the blanket. This full kit is never carried by the soldier, practically all of it, except the arms, ammunition, haversack and rations, being carried on regimental wagons.

The hand of the engineers is plain on the face of Spanish Morocco. They make the roads and the railways—and very creditable engineering feats these often are in difficult mountainous country—they sink wells, instal pumping and lighting plant (electric light is everywhere), run the Signals branch, and do all the other innumerable odd jobs our own Royal Engineers do. The radio branch of their work is specially remarkable. There is a high-power station at Tetuan and Melilla headquarters with continuous wave system for telephony (1 kilowat on the aerial) and spark system (1½ kilowats) for ships. These

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stations have a telephone range of 500 to 600 kilometres, converse easily with Madrid by day, and receive from anywhere in Europe up to 2,500 kilometres. Units in the field have portable Marconi sets, some transported on motors, some on horsed carts, some on pack mules. The field receiving stations have five-valve sets (English Marconi), and everywhere I went these were pointed out to me with pride, and I was assured they were excellent. All sets are working continuously receiving and sending on different wave lengths, unless Headquarters " wants the air," when an order is broadcast for all other stations to close down until word is given to resume. Even the field sets receive our British Broadcasting Company concerts, and the chimes of Big Ben and the strains of the Savoy bands are as familiar throughout the Spanish Moroccan army as they are in England.

The war in Spanish Morocco has entered on a new phase since the withdrawal from the bare mountainous region of the western zone. That withdrawal was only carried out with heavy fighting, but although the Spaniards are said to have suffered heavy casualties, I have the word of some officers who were through it all that they were a trifle compared to the Rif losses. One can hardly doubt the truth or probability of this, knowing that the Spanish forces were executing a carefully planned and unhurried retirement on and by selected positions, and that they had all the weight of infantry and cavalry, artillery, tanks, air force, machine guns, grenades and mortars against nothing but rifles and a few grenades.

My description of the organization and efficiency of the Spanish Moroccan forces may raise a natural question as to why Spain has made any retirement—why she does not use such a fine and well-equipped army to push straight through the Rif and finish the fighting once and for all. I can only give my unhesitating opinion that the Spanish Moroccan army is quite capable of doing this just whenever it wishes. I can only imagine the retirement to a shortened line and the intention to stand fast on it as a matter of State rather than military policy. A complete campaign of conquest must be an expensive one in cash (we have our own little bills for side shows in Afghanistan to give us the measure of the millions such warfare swallows), and it is notorious that cash is the very item in which Spain must economize until the new Government, free from the corruption and " graft " which for generations has made Spain's military arm impotent, can

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reorganize finances and present a decently balanced budget. When that day comes I have not the slightest doubt the Spanish Moroccan forces will make a clean sweep of the country, open it up to develop its mineral and trading wealth, pacify it, and bring it finally to an era of peace and prosperity.

Since writing the above, news has been received of the capture of Raisuni by Abd-el-Krim. It is difficult to predict with any certainty what effect this may have on the military position. The tribesmen under his son may join Abd-el-Krim or may fight the more bitterly against him. Raisuni may be held to ransom or may die. His power over the tribes is so great and rivalry to Abd-el-Krim so serious that I should expect to hear of his death rather than release. If he dies Spain will lose a powerful ally and may have again, as she has had in the past, to fight his tribesmen. This might mean the retention of a regiment or two in Morocco out of the 20,000 or 30,000 Spaniards now being sent home from the shortened line. Ruthless and even cruel as Raisuni may have been in his methods of governorship, warfare, and brigandage of the past one cannot but pity an old man (whose courage and contempt of death in actual fighting is proverbial in Morocco) as a captive in the hands of a man more merciless than ever he knew how to be.

BOYD CABLE.

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THE NAVAL SECRETARY

FORTY years ago the Royal Navy was composed of turret ships, ironclads, corvettes, gun vessels, gunboats, and sloops, and a few brigs (for the training of boys in seamanship). A ship of the first class was manned by a captain, commander, lieutenants, staff commander, major and subalterns of marines, chaplain, fleet surgeon, paymaster, chief engineer, naval instructor, sub-lieutenant, surgeons, assistant paymasters, engineers and assistant engineers, gunner, boatswain, carpenter, midshipmen, naval cadets, clerks and assistant clerks. The only specialists were the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants. Then there were chief quartermasters, chief boatswains' mates, chief captain of the forecastle, chief engine-room artificers, chief gunner's mate, chief torpedo artificer, coxswain, master-at-arms, armourer, bandmaster, with their lower grades in each class, and painters, plumbers, blacksmiths, caulkers, coopers, lamp trimmers, cooks, stewards, butchers, barbers, leading seamen, able seamen, ordinary seamen, boys, writers, domestics, stokers, tailors, tinsmiths, sick berth stewards, signalmen, ship's corporals, shipwrights, schoolmasters, ropemakers, and sail-makers. A flagship would have, in addition, an admiral, with his staff, namely, a secretary, flag lieutenant, and secretary's clerks, and his retinue of stewards and domestics.

To-day, such a flagship is a battleship, and for the rest, the old nomenclature is changed into battle cruisers, light cruisers, cruisers, monitors, destroyers, submarines, patrol boats, minesweepers, aircraft carriers, repair ships, hospital ships, oil fuel carriers, and other fleet auxiliaries, and the personnel have changed with the times. An admiral, commander-in-chief, now has a staff of specialists. His personal staff still consists of his secretary and flag lieutenant, but, in addition, he has a general staff, i.e., chief of staff (who also has his secretary), captain of the fleet (with his secretary), maintenance captain, fleet torpedo officer, fleet gunnery officer, war staff commander, fleet signal officer, wireless telegraph officer, fleet engineer officer, intelligence officer, fleet medical, accountant, and Royal Marine officers, and the secretary's clerks. Similarly, the ship's company are known by more up-to-date and better classified titles. The lower deck ratings of a modern battleship are highly educated men of

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science, qualified in their respective callings in all the specialist subjects of the day.

A youngster going to sea for the first time in the old days was somewhat bewildered, and he had no one to teach him his job in a systematic way. He had to pick it up as best he could. To-day, in spite of the greater complications in ship life, a boy joining either as a cadet or boy 1st class, has thorough tuition, and every facility given him for learning, and he has more choice as to specializing in any particular branch of naval science. The assistant clerk or, as he is now called, the paymaster cadet, is the fledgling from whom the naval secretary emerges after years of training. His career begins in a ship's office, where he is taught to keep a ledger with the accounts of every officer and man, and to learn the various regulations governing pay, punishments, and discipline. He attends the captain when defaulters and request men are fallen in, and, as captain's clerk, he is responsible for the correctness of the scale of punishments awarded for specified offences, such as leave breaking and minor offences, as well as for the award of good conduct badges and the rating of men qualified by age and service. He also conducts the correspondence of the ship. Thus, in a little world of a few hundred persons, with their varied duties and claims, the young paymaster cadet gains his first experience in naval administration, on a small scale, and he learns that mistakes are unforgiveable and that it is his duty to know everything. "I don't know, sir," is not permitted in the Royal Navy. After one year, the youngster is examined by a board of three senior officers, and if qualified, he is rated paymaster midshipman (or, in the old days, clerk). At the end of a further period of eighteen months, he is again examined, and finally, on his twenty-first birthday, he is examined for fitness to carry out the duties of a paymaster, in the keeping of cash accounts, rates of exchange, keeping and rendering ship's books and returns, entry and discharge of men, calculation and payment of wages, allotments, remittances, warrant officers' accounts, scale and allowance of provisions, and mode of issuing the same, precautions for safe custody of provisions and clothing to prevent deterioration, knowledge of the King's Regulations, including all the latest admiralty orders, duties of judge advocate of the fleet, and ability to write a letter on a given subject, and acquaintance with a foreign language.

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The candidate is given a certificate, showing whether he passed a first, second, or third class examination. On passing this examination, he is promoted to commissioned rank, as assistant paymaster (now known as paymaster sub-lieutenant). Not that it made the least difference to his career. If he only obtained a third, he could not avoid promotion in his turn, by seniority, provided he escaped court-martial. Such was the lack of incentive to young officers of the paymaster branch in those days. There was one saving clause, however. It was from the paymaster branch that flag officers selected secretaries, and such wider employment was eagerly sought by young officers, for it brought them better pay and brighter prospects. Secretaries were not always selected for their professional attainments, but, from family or other personal reasons. This was a matter of no importance in the days that are gone, for we all lived in watertight compartments in those days, but, with the development of naval science, a process of weeding took place. It is a necessary process in all spheres of human life. As in a garden we pull up the weeds and non-productive occupants of the soil, so, in human life must we eradicate the mere hangers-on, who take little heed of the debts they owe to those who went before them, and who gave their bodies and their spirit, not to further their own mundane interests, but for the everlasting benefit of mankind. So it came about that admirals were obliged to neglect the claims of protégés, and to select their secretaries from those whose professional capabilities had stood the test. For the secretary had become a very important unit of administration. His training from youth, his knowledge of every little detail of the service requirements of all classes of officers and ratings in a fleet, of naval law, and international law, and his experience gained under the immediate command of the older officers of the Royal Navy, in admirals' offices, tended to make him a faithful and loyal imitator of the honoured sea kings of the past as well as an ardent aspirant to infuse those inherited ideas into the navy of the future.

One of the results of the Thursby Committee's report on the accountant (paymaster) branch of the Royal Navy, was the establishment of a secretary's course, at Portsmouth, with an experienced secretary to direct it. This necessary development is entirely due to the initiative of secretaries themselves, and is not due to any administrative forethought of their many masters at the Admiralty; for, the personnel

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of the paymaster branch, until about seven years ago, were under the Second Sea Lord assisted by a civilian secretary, as regards appointments and promotion, under the Accountant General of the Navy for accounts of pay, the Director of Stores for store-keeping accounts, the Director of Victualling for the victualling and clothing duties in the fleet; so that, as no man can serve many masters, the average paymaster had to temper his zeal and loyalty with philosophy. Under such conditions it was little to be wondered at that officers selected from the paymaster branch for the responsible duties of secretary to a flag officer, while glad to transfer their whole-hearted allegiance to one chief instead of being messed about by several out-of-sight masters, neither of whom knew or cared what effect his orders had on the Service as a whole, had to make the best use possible of the experience they had been able to pick up, without any co-ordinated system. On a change of command of a fleet or station, the new secretary would introduce his own views, and upset all the system of his predecessor.

Leaving this part of the subject for the moment, it is of interest to trace the education of the secretary under the old regime. As a clerk or young assistant paymaster, appointments in admirals' offices were open to him. Such billets were much sought after, because they carried with them a certain prestige, and the work was more interesting than ship work. Young officers could only obtain those appointments by special recommendation from senior officers, or personal influence of admirals or secretaries. Once appointed, however, they generally passed from one admiral's office to another, the blue ribbon being appointment as senior secretary's clerk in one of the offices of the commanders-in-chief at Portsmouth, Plymouth, or The Nore, for which an assistant paymaster of about ten years' seniority was generally selected after perhaps about twelve years' experience in admirals' offices in fleets abroad and sea-going commands. After experience in a home office, added to such previous sea-going experience, an assistant paymaster would be eligible for a secretaryship to a commodore or junior flag officer. As secretary to a commodore—taking the old training squadron, for example—he was the only staff officer, and consequently the commodore relied on him for everything, from administrative duties in the squadron to entertaining his guests and attending him on paying official visits. In a squadron such as

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the training squadron, which cruised mostly under sail, until its officers and crews were transferred to modern cruisers, at the time of the South African War, in 1899, the young secretary entered on a new field of experience, meeting the most interesting and historic personages of the day in all parts of the world, and after three years' close association with his chief, the commodore commanding, he had become a sort of understudy and indispensable. Therefore, if his chief were a rising man, he would accompany him to his next command, and so on through various commands, such as rear admiral Home Fleet, then in command of the cruiser squadron, then as commander-in-chief East Indies, commander-in-chief at the Cape of Good Hope, finally ending his career in the most sought after commands in the world, namely, the Mediterranean, usually followed by Portsmouth.

In the intervals between one command and another, the secretary would revert to his duties as a paymaster of a ship. Thus, the writer, served three years as paymaster of the third class cruiser *Pallas* in the West Indies, and for two years as paymaster of the battleship *Hibernia* in the Home Fleet, during the intervals that his chief was on half-pay waiting for his next command. So that, in the training of the secretary there was no interruption. He went on from one sphere of activity to another, no two alike, amassing fresh knowledge, learning all the time how best to adapt himself to the ever-changing conditions of naval service, and once more returning to his administrative work up to date, and efficient. Naval administrative work is more exacting than any in life, and this is to be expected when one considers the conditions under which it has to be carried out. Take the North American and West Indian station for example, forty years ago. The commander-in-chief would embark in his flagship in Halifax harbour early in November. Working parties of bluejackets would be sent ashore to Admiralty House, and soon those on board would be busy hoisting in horses and carriage, cattle, sheep, poultry, and household effects, besides all the office records and working plant packed in long boxes we used to call coffins. The admiral's ducks escaped on one occasion and swam about Halifax Harbour, so that the flagship had to pipe " away first cutter to capture admiral's ducks." After a stormy passage to Bermuda, all the live stock would be landed from the ship lying in Grassy Bay at a little cove at the foot of Admiralty House grounds at Clarence Hill, and

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all the office gear would be unpacked at the admiral's office in a picturesque cottage in the grounds, until, six weeks later everything except the live stock would be again embarked for the West Indian cruise, and this would be repeated on return to Bermuda and again on arrival at Halifax in the following spring. But this was nothing in comparison with embarking and disembarking the admiral's office of the commander-in-chief, Mediterranean. In 1910, no sooner had the new commander-in-chief arrived at Malta from England, than he was ordered to return to England with his whole fleet to take command of the Blue Fleet of 100 ships in the annual strategical exercises off the coast of Ireland and Scotland. This entailed embarking the office, and so, whenever the commander-in-chief went off on a cruise, the office had to be transferred from Admiralty House, Strada Mezzodi, to the ship, and landed again on return, the work continuing all the time. The business of disembarking at Malta was a lengthy one, involving the use of about twenty carts to make repeated trips between house and wharf, where gear was landed by tug. To ensure that the Service suffered no delay at such times of upheaval, an officer from the secretary's staff would be landed with a ready rack of office material, typewriters, telegraph codes, etc., to meet the immediate requirements of the admiral.

A ship is like a town, with all its local government machinery, its inhabitants of perhaps 1,100 people, and its various services and powerful machinery and weapons and dangerous explosives all comprised within the compass of a very small compact area, all ready to move to any part of the world at instant notice—to go anywhere and to do anything. Therefore, the highest degree of excellence is absolutely necessary not only for the sake of efficient organization, but for the very safety of the lives of all on board. Consequently those who are called upon to administer, in their respective spheres, must always be looking ahead, prepared for the unforeseen. It is impossible for those with responsibility in the Royal Navy to take life easy, and dismiss their work from their minds. But the officer who is in a responsible position, and who shows to the world an apparently care-free attitude, is generally one who has organized his ship or his fleet so well, that every contingency has been thought out to ensure that the organization works itself. Even then there are the sudden changes to which the modern navy is so subject, for which preparations have to be made.

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The continuous training and experience of the secretary from youth up, his intimate acquaintance with all naval needs, his personal knowledge of the officers and ratings, his expertness in laws, whether naval, civil, international, or those relating to mercantile marine, make him peculiarly fit to be the commander-in-chief's principal adviser, and the adviser of the other officers on the staff, as well as the friend to whom the captains of ships in the fleet can go when in any doubt or difficulty. There have been cases where the secretary has acquired too much power, when, in days gone by, the admiral has left him to act in his absence. The writer was warned against such arrogation of power, in parting advice from Admiral Sir Hilary Andoe, senior officer at Chatham, on giving up the post of secretary there to go to sea as secretary to Commodore Edmund S. Poë, in the training squadron in 1897. The advice was simply this—"It is the duty of the admiral to find fault. It is the duty of the secretary to pour oil on troubled waters. Also, the secretary should never give an order in his own name, or sign memos to captains, 'By Order,' but should issue all orders in the name of the admiral." Another useful bit of advice from Admiral Andoe was:—"Rules are made for the guidance of fools. There is no rule without an exception, and that is where the brains come in."

Twice it fell to the lot of the writer to administer a fleet and station for a considerable period in the absence of the commander-in-chief. First, in the East Indies, where the commander-in-chief had to be left at Kandy, Ceylon, recovering from malarial fever. The flagship proceeded by his orders to Bombay, and the secretary was told to open Admiralty House, disembark his office, and carry on. This continued for two months, with correspondence with the high government officers in India, the Admiralty at home, and the various governors, agents, and the captains of the ships of the squadron without the least friction or anything other than cordial co-operation. The secretary knew the mind of the commander-in-chief as if it had been his own, and was able to interpret what would have been the commander-in-chief's wishes to the senior officers in such a way that, in their loyalty to him, they were glad to comply. The next occasion was in the Mediterranean, when, at Trieste, the commander-in-chief, with Admiralty approval, left the fleet to go to Bad-Gaten in the Austrian Tyrol, to restore his health and avoid

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the possibility of being invalided. Again the administration was left to the secretary, and all went well until one of the rear admirals proposed to depart from the itinerary of the cruise, and to visit some ports in the Adriatic. However, it was only necessary for the secretary to ask the chief of staff to explain to that sporting admiral that the commander-in-chief had confidence that all would go on in his absence as if he were present, and that any sudden alteration of cruise entailing visits to foreign ports would give rise to questions between our Foreign Office and the foreign governments concerned, because such visits could not now be arranged in time, and the other admiral at once saw the point and abandoned his personal wishes, and the commander-in-chief afterwards thanked his secretary for the action taken.

As secretary to the commander-in-chief Mediterranean, after five years' service in such a capacity, the secretary wore the four stripes of a post captain's rank, but, on the commander-in-chief hauling down his flag, in 1912, the secretary reverted to his paymaster rank, with three stripes, ranking with commander, and so served for the remaining eight years, until promoted to the newly-instituted rank of paymaster captain. Even after the recommendations of the Thursby Committee, and those of the Grand Fleet Committee on pay, where it was advocated by the officers of all branches who sat on the latter committee that the accountant (paymaster) branch should be put on a level with other branches, this has not been done, for the paymaster captain, on promotion. receives £90 a year less pay than his equals in rank (on promotion) in the executive and engineer branches, and £180 a year less than a surgeon captain. This is not due to any admiral, engineer, or doctor, but is merely the outcome of the influence of certain civil servants in high places, who, having well feathered their own nests, and never having gone to sea, have made their sense of honour and justice take rank with but after their pose as economists.

Under the new system, the secretary, in a big command, is the head of the secretariat, which comprises the secretaries to chief of staff, captain of fleet, the officers appointed for duty in the admiral's office, writers, officers detailed for cyphering and coding, the printers, and at home ports, the office keeper, messengers, and telephone operators, as well as seamen and marine orderlies and messengers. The superintendent of the secretary's course, Paymaster Captain Eldon

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Manisty, C.B., C.M.G., has published a book for use in H.M. Service only, defining the duties of the secretariat, and formulating common methods which may lead to standardization, and as a guide to young officers who may be attempting secretarial work for the first time. It is hoped that, by standardizing the work, a secretary succeeding another will find an organization in force to which he has been accustomed, instead of one based on old tradition and custom with which he may not agree. The main object of the secretariat is to adapt itself to the requirements of the command to such an extent as to enable the command to carry out its work with the minimum of delay and the maximum of efficiency and ease. The secretary himself has a triple duty, namely :—

(*a*) Personal secretary to the commander-in-chief.
(*b*) Adviser to the flag officer and staff on legal, commercial, and diplomatic questions.
(*c*) Head of the secretariat.

As adviser, he must be fully acquainted with naval and criminal law, military, Air Force, and other kinds of law. He must be able to interpret rules of international law, and draw up documents such as declaration of a blockade, and other documents in connection with prize law or the Merchant Shipping Act. He must have a business knowledge of commercial procedure under which the world's seaborne trade is carried on—the functions of the diplomatic personnel with whom he may have to deal, and a good working knowledge of Foreign Office and Colonial Office organization and procedure, treaties, League of Nations, legal, and international status of the Dominions, Colonies, and Protectorates, and of their warships, merchant ships, dependencies and waters. He should equip his office with all books of reference, and with documents such as parliamentary and other papers giving the views of the British and other governments as a belligerent or as a neutral in the great war and in previous wars, and he should work in close liaison with the intelligence officer. It is most important that the secretary should keep in closest touch with all that is going on, for, only by doing so can he be of the maximum assistance to the admiral and to the staff. Perhaps the reader may gather from the foregoing an idea as to the high degree of organization that is absolutely necessary to ensure efficiency in a high naval command, and there is no doubt that the soul of such an organization is the secretary.

W. E. R. MARTIN.

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THE DIVISIONAL SUPPLY PROBLEM.

"Unless administrative arrangements in peace time receive adequate thought, they may claim too much attention in war."

Field-Marshal Sir W. R. Robertson.

THE tactics of infantry and cavalry, and their assistance by artillery and support by engineers, have given rise to much literature and to considerable debate between various schools of thought. The question of Supply—the dominant factor in military administration—has given rise to but few books and fewer articles. English military literature is singularly deficient in treatises on administrative problems, and they but rarely form the subjects for essays, or motions in debates. Perhaps it has been in the past that the problems have been comparatively straightforward, but it is plain that the intricacies of modern warfare have considerably complicated the Supply problem and that the methods of the past may not be adequate in the future. The conditions under which past campaigns were fought resemble but faintly those under which future wars will be conducted.

The division being the administrative unit of the army, the divisional supply problem is foremost for consideration by administrative officers, and its solution forms the core of military administration. Military regulations, experience, and custom provide certain data which can be conveniently summarized. A division leaving a concentration area consists mainly of :—

1. Three infantry brigades, which march.
2. Four artillery brigades, which may be partly mechanicalized.
3. One divisional ammunition column, which may be mechanicalized.
4. Three field companies and a field park company R.E., which may be mechanicalized.
5. One divisional train, partly mechanicalized.
6. Three field ambulances, partly mechanicalized.

There are other units, and also a mechanical transport company affiliated to the division.

The division is capable of being split into brigade groups, each consisting of a brigade of infantry with a prescribed

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proportion of other arms and services; they can be easily and rapidly detached.

Units mobilize with certain transport, under direct control of the unit commanders, without which they are not tactically efficient. This is first-line transport: some of it is mechanical and some horsed. A further quantity of transport is mobilized with the unit, but withdrawn to the divisional train: its object is to increase the radius of action of the troops. It is in part mechanical and in part horsed, and is called the second-line transport.

The Supply problem is three-fold :—

1. To provide transport échelons that are able once daily to carry food, forage, mails, and stores to the units.
2. To provide transport échelons capable of :—
   (*a*) At least daily,
   (*b*) Occasionally, continuously day and night for several days,
   (*c*) Chiefly at frequent and uncertain intervals, supplying units with :—
      (i) Baggage.
      (ii) Greatcoats.
      (iii) S.A.A.
      (iv) Gun ammunition.
      (v) R.E. material, stores, and chemical warfare apparatus.
      (vi) Removal arrangements for sick and wounded.
3. To provide arrangements for the repair of divisional units' equipment.

The problem is presented four times in a division—once for each infantry brigade and once for other divisional units.

It is here necessary to presume that there is established connection between the railhead or mechanical transport company loading point and the arsenals and depôts at home: thus the satisfactory solution of the labour, checking and accounting problems as far as railhead is arranged. By careful consideration of the foregoing it is clearly seen that the problem is resolved into a transport and distribution factor *plus* the industrial repair factor, consisting in the first place of men, and secondly of vehicles, organized into suitable

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units with broadly defined tasks capable of considerable elasticity of operation. The requisitioning of supplies will in the future be dealt with by a separate service.*

The supply of a force depends on reserves of all that it requires, carried in three échelons :—

1. With units.
2. In second-line transport.
3. In lines of communication transport—

each of which must be full or, if discharged, immediately refilled.

If circumstances permit—the word *if* contains a notorious probability—dumps will be established, and the number of replenishing points increased : when contact with the enemy has been established and solid resistance offered, such may be the case. The organization for the commencement of a campaign must allow of all reserves to be on wheels ready to move at a moment's notice. From the arsenals and home depôts up to the front line it is imperative that there be a series of continually moving systems of transport which may be started, diverted, and stopped without a second's loss. The army which recognizes the need of, and provides, a perfectly working, properly decentralized transport machine will go into battle with an overwhelming advantage.

Now to proceed to a consideration of the first section of the problem—the provision of food and forage and attendant extras known as " supplies," as has been established in F.S.R., Vol. I. The " supplies " part of Supply has for many years been allied to a part of road transport, being administered by the R.A.S.C. The duties entailed in checking, loading, unloading, cutting up, and accounting for the supplies are vested in supply officers attached to the transport unit—the divisional train. The train commander is responsible for both the supply checking and accounting and for the operation and efficiency of the transport, and for consultant duties with reference to all divisional transport.† The exploitation of local resources from a divisional supply point of view is also vested in him in the absence of an established requisitioning service. In the past the executive supply duties were delegated to a senior Supply Officer in the train, and in the company to a Supply Officer :

* F.S.R., Vol. I, para. 158 (*b*).
† F.S.R., Vol. I, para. 140.

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a system has now been evolved by which the former has been given the task of second-in-command ; yet the Supply officer still remains in companies. Again, in the past the transport and the supply sections of a company were in charge of an officer ; now the transport is handled by a non-commissioned officer in brigade sections and by an officer or officers in No. 1 Section, whilst in every case the " supply details " are in charge of an officer. Thus is exhibited the strange anomaly that, whilst transport and supply duties are divisionally concentrated in the O.C. Train, they are not so concentrated in the O.C. Company. There is no other interpretation to the regulations.

The postal arrangements are so ordered that delivery and collection are arranged to conform as nearly as possible to the distribution of supplies. Ordnance stores are distributed under similar arrangements at refilling point, stores being loaded in bulk at railhead or depôts and distributed to refilling points after having been loaded in detail at the divisional ordnance store.

The transport échelons which deal with supplies, mails, and stores are :—

1. Divisional M.T. Company.
2. Divisional Train.

Both are mechanicalized, but there is attached to the train a horsed transport company, the function of which is to bridge the gap which may occur for climatic, topographical, or tactical reasons between troops and the train companies. It is organized on a brigade basis, an assumption being made that the division is always organized in depth or that the gap will only occur in one brigade at a time. This arrangement does not seem to possess the elasticity which is necessary to meet all divisional requirements.

It is here essential to remember that as the use of horsed transport with fighting units is diminishing, there are no horsed vehicles now with an infantry battalion for the carriage of supplies : thus the train company lorries or the horsed vehicles of the train have to deliver supplies to the cookers or to suitable places where they can be taken over by unit carrying parties.

The second section of the problem deals with the transport of six important items, and is the expanded baggage section. The work is indefinitely and incalculably increasing,

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and compares with the work of the old baggage section in a similar manner as the present Cabinet does with that of Mr. Pitt. Thus do the numbers of the administrative personnel increase, and thus will strategy become more and more dependent on supply, and military adventures become less and less frequent. The constitution of the present train allows for the handling of but three—S.A.A., baggage, and greatcoats. These are carried in the transport of No. 1 Company of the train.* Each brigade section of this company has to deal with these widely divergent loads. The first is all important, but the latter are of secondary importance, baggage being needed less frequently than greatcoats. S.A.A. is needed at frequent intervals in varying quantities, and the machinery of its supply needs to be under definite and complete control. Owing to the wide range of loads carried in this company, it may be dissipated over upwards of fifteen miles with two sections stationary and one working, or all three in process of moving; also the vehicles will be distributed over a divisional front. It differs from No. 2 Company in that the officers are purely transport officers concerned only with the maintenance and operation of the transport and bear no responsibility whatever for the loads carried. This is analogous to railway practice, in that railways will carry anything within the scope of their charter and the common law. The amounts and nature of the merchandise depend entirely on those who hire the transport—that is, in this case, primarily the infantry.

The gun ammunition is dealt with exclusively by the Royal Artillery in the Divisional Ammunition Column, which draws from the ammunition refilling points or allotted dumps and delivers to the battery ammunition wagons at the ammunition delivery points.† In this paragraph, too, is read, "These columns form an integral part of the divisional artillery and are under the immediate orders of the divisional artillery commander." In this way there is established a system which has no counterpart in the army: the principle here involved is that whereby a part of the transport chain is under the control of a consuming unit. The need for this departure requires to be substantiated. It is plain to all that reserve rations are not carried in transport under the control of those who will ultimately eat them, nor is a

* F.S.R., Vol. I, para. 140.

† "Artillery Training," Vol. III, para. 151.

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reserve supply of the chemical adjuncts to war held on wheels under a brigade commander.

The carriage of R.E. stores in the early stages of a war is confined to the technical equipment of the companies of this branch : however, there is no " chemical " battalion for exploiting the use of gas and smoke, though it would seem that even at the outset of a campaign the use of smoke clouds to mask operations or for demonstrative purposes would be of the greatest importance. The fact that the extent of the use of chemical means of attack is entirely a political matter affords no excuse for the removal of it from the Supply problem.

The carriage of sick and wounded is carried out now by separate units manned partially by one branch and operated by another. This is inevitable and affords some excuse for the allegation that ambulances always carry combatant and fit personnel. The unit is attached to a parent company for reinforcement and repairs, and it seems but logical to regard it as a part of one of the train companies. That it operates away from the company continuously is not a sound argument in favour of its permanent detachment, though the attachment of three ambulances to an existing company is clumsy.

The question of the attachment of a repair section of a divisional workshop to each company is now to be considered. The present position is that in each divisional train there are two workshop units and in a division there may be two, certainly one, R.A.O.C. workshops. From a repair point of view it does not matter if a fitter files a shaft for a motor cycle, car, van, lorry, wagon, or bicycle. That the issue of spares for these same vehicles is vested in two—maybe three—branches of the Service seems unsound when considering man-power and simplicity of organization. The partially mechanicalized divisional ammunition column is mechanically of the size of a minor R.A.S.C. unit in the last campaign, and has no provision for workshops' attention within itself ; yet it will be called upon to perform the heaviest work on the heaviest ground and with the heaviest vehicles. The present repair situation in a division is unnecessarily complex from a wheeled mechanical transport standpoint ; considered as a divisional problem, it is seen to be productive of the greatest difficulties.

The examination in detail of the supply of the requirements of a division shows that there is considerable confusion,

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no continuity of policy, or unification of effort. A division going into the line with its Supply arrangements thus loosely organized will be the less able to sustain a campaign, in which rapidity of action and speed of movement will predominate, than a force which has a Supply organization more closely knit. In order that men may sustain prolonged physical effort and discomfort, the greatest pains are taken to ensure their fitness and adequate medical attention ; but with regard to the arrangements for the transport and distribution of their material needs the attention which this merits is denied them.

As the rôle of the infantry is to engage the enemy, the duty of the artillery to assist them, and the functions of the engineers to support them, it is *not* the affair of one branch to supply this trio with all they need. The certainty of Supply is contained primarily in the manufacture or obtaining in adequate quantities of the necessary material and, secondly, in the efficient transport and distribution of this material. The first is not wholly military—the second is solely so. That the infantry may be supplied in the most efficient manner it is necessary that the service of Supply be in the hands of one who understands their needs. This knowledge is not to be gained, as so many men are apt to think and to say, by the abrogation of military training, but by the assurance that the military element shall prevail in a military organization and control all functions—those fundamental and those ancillary. All those who wear the uniform of the soldier must be practiced in their profession first and become specialists or technical experts afterwards. And so it is seen that the services of transport and distribution in a divisional area forward of railhead must be consolidated and placed under the control of one combatant officer. Specialist doctrinaires and men of formulæ are not suited to military administration, which is not wholly a question of logic. The period of gestation is over and a divisional unit of Supply—a supply battalion—is born and offers a solution of the problem.

In broad outline, its conformation, the main features of which resemble the four company divisional train of the late Brigadier-General G. R. C. Paul, C.B., C.M.G., is as follows : Each brigade has a supply company and one is allotted to divisional troops ; there is also a horsed transport échelon. These companies are sectionized into eight sections, which between them deal with ammunition of all kinds, baggage, R.E. and medical stores, chemical warfare apparatus, greatcoats, etc., as follows :—

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1. S.A.A.
2. Food, forage, mails, and stores.
3. Gun ammunition.
4. Baggage.
5. Greatcoats.
6. R.E. stores and chemical warfare apparatus.
7. Ambulance.
8. Repair and salvage.

Any tactical movement or detachment being immediately reflected administratively by a move of sections within the battalion. By this means ease and efficiency of transport and distribution will be ensured, the traffic problem brought within a reasonable compass, and the efficient service of the fighting arms substituted for departmental aggrandizement.

The question of the absorption of the divisional ammunition column by the divisional supply battalion needs further exploration, as it involves the question of the supply of battery reinforcements ; the difficulty is, however, not so great as it seems, as infantry reinforcements are not primarily to be found in the divisional employment company or in the various working parties used in the Supply organization.

There remains the difficulty of bridging the gap between the wheeled vehicles of each company and the troops, under certain conditions of terrain. It is alleged that the 30 cwt. lorry can negotiate all ground now possible to a limbered G.S. wagon, but this needs substantiation and will doubtless be obtained during the coming training season. The gap can be bridged in two ways at this moment :—

1. By a horsed transport section also capable of undertaking transport by pack-saddle.
2. By a tank supply section.

In the first instance the horsed transport section can be provided in three ways :—

1. By attaching a company of four sections to the supply battalion headquarters.
2. By attaching one section to each supply company.
3. By attaching sections of an auxiliary horsed transport company to battalion headquarters, according to the conditions of terrain, climate, and weather met with in the theatre of operations.

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The limbers for gun ammunition will be carried as trailers on lorries.

This method of dealing with the question offers the least difficulty, as the responsibility for horsed transport and mechanical wheeled transport is now vested in the R.A.S.C.

The bridging of the gap by the use of tank supply sections is a solution which gives complete mechanicalization to the battalion. It would be organized on a similar manner to the horsed transport. Administrative difficulties are liable to be multiplied, as the battalion would become dependent on the Royal Tank Corps, the R.A.S.C., and the R.A.O.D. for its vehicles and maintenance under the present organization.

The relative merits of these two systems can only be ascertained by experience of exercises and manœuvres.

The transport of all the material needs of a division is centralized in the supply battalion, and the unit will be of some size. For purposes of control centralization is necessary, and for purposes of operation decentralization and elasticity are essential. The supply battalion ensures both.

H. J. COOPER.

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"AS TREACHEROUS AS A PATHAN"

"AS treacherous as a Pathan." . . . . Personally, I have only known one Pathan really well, and this is the story of our brief acquaintance.

In 1896 the mountain battery to which I then belonged formed part of the force occupying the crest of the Malakand Pass, which had been captured the year before in the operations connected with the relief of Chitral. The surrounding country of Swat was still in an unsettled state, and incidents were constantly occurring to show that the local Pathan was a dangerous customer, and one to whom it was wise to give a very wide berth.

One such incident may be given as an example, and as leading up to the story which I am about to relate. One morning a syce was exercising his master's Arab pony just outside the entrenched camp, when a Pathan, who had been lying concealed in a nullah, sprang upon him and cut him down with one stroke of the heavy razor-like blade which every tribesman carries. The syce fell dead, and his assailant, leaping on to the pony's back, set off at a gallop in the direction of the Swat River, which flows a few miles north of the pass, and which then formed the boundary of the territory we were occupying. Once across this, the man would have been perfectly safe, and free to sell the pony and settle down to a life of affluence, in the odour of sanctity due to the good Mussulman who has slain his infidel. However, it was not to be. Fortunately, a couple of Indian cavalrymen had been witnesses of the tragedy and, happening to have their horses ready saddled up, were able to give chase with only half a mile or so to the bad. Even so, the Pathan, mounted on a swift polo pony, would have had no difficulty in getting to the river in time, had not a turn of the track brought him suddenly into a working party of Pioneers, who were engaged in improving the road. These men, seeing a wild-looking ruffian astride a well-groomed Arab and hearing the shouts of the pursuers, realized that all was not as it should be, and as the man galloped through them one of the Pioneers aimed a blow with the flat of his shovel, which caught the poor pony on the forehead and brought it down with a crash.

The Pathan was seized and taken back to camp, where he was promptly brought before a court-martial and sentenced

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to death. By his own confession, he had approached the camp with the intention of killing the first British officer he met, but had been unable to resist the temptation of looting an Arab pony, and had contented himself with the smaller game. He evidently thought he had done a very fine thing, and spat contemptuously at the poor syce's corpse when it was brought before the court as evidence of the murder. The sentence was carried out by shooting that same afternoon. The man seemed quite indifferent to his fate, and immediately before the order to fire was given shouted out in Pushtu, " God will be glad at what I have done." As a result of this outrage stricter orders were issued to prevent unauthorized persons from entering or approaching the entrenchment.

One morning a few days later I was sitting in my tent studying a manual of Pushtu, when my bearer entered.

" There is a Pathan here who wishes to speak to you, Sahib," he said. " I have told him that it is forbidden, but he begs leave to pay his respects to the Presence. He seems a harmless man."

I did not attach much importance to my bearer's recommendation, having a shrewd suspicion that he had pocketed the usual *dustoorie* for delivering the message ; but I happened to be on the look out for a native of the country to talk the language with me, and, besides, I was curious to know how the man had managed to gain admission to the camp ; so I gave orders for him to be brought in. He was a tall, handsome fellow with a frank, open face, and he carried himself with that rollicking dare-devil air which one sees so often in men of his race, and so seldom in down-country Indians. He uttered the usual salutation, " May you not be tired."

" May you not grow thin," I answered, rather proud of knowing the correct answer, and after a few more formalities he came to business.

" Sahib, my name is Hamid Gul. I come from the village of Aladand. I fought against the Sarkar last year, and my two uncles were killed in the battle. That is over : the Sarkar is too strong for us, and I bear no grudge. I have heard that the Sahib is learning Pushtu. I wish to enter his service."

" But how did you get past the sentry ?" I asked.

Hamid Gul drew from his pocket a small parcel, and, unrolling the dirty rag which enclosed it, produced a yellow piece of foolscap paper. " I showed him this," he answered.

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" This " was a chit signed some thirty years before by an officer at Hoti Mardan, the nearest British cantonment to the Malakand, and certifying that the bearer had done the writer some small service.

" It was given to my father," he explained. " I told the sepoy it was a *Sarkari hukm* (Government order) " ; and, seeing my look of amused surprise, he laughed quite frankly at the success of his little ruse.

For a few moments I hesitated. I felt it was hardly right to take into my service an unknown Pathan who had managed to make his entry by such doubtful means ; at the same time, he spoke Pushtu well and clearly, and would be very useful to me in my language study. Moreover, I was greatly taken with his pleasant and open manner. I made up my mind to give him a trial.

" Very good, Hamid Gul," I said. " If the political officer has no objection, I'll engage you."

And so it was settled. The political officer, after a little demur, consented, and Hamid Gul was duly installed as my " orderly," a title which he particularly asked for, and to which he seemed to attach great importance. It was agreed that he should be required to do no menial work, but he gladly undertook what he considered the honourable task of cleaning my belts, arms and equipment, and he proved, as a matter of fact, useful to me in a thousand ways, while always ready to talk to me in his flowing Pushtu for hours at a time. Indeed, as a talker I have never met his equal ; he was never at a loss for a word, and his conversation was of the raciest and most amusing description. If I was disinclined to talk myself, he had an unending stock of yarns to draw on, descriptive of village life and the traditions of his tribe. It was like the Thousand and One Nights over again, and I learned more of Pathan life and customs from Hamid Gul in a few months than I would have done in as many years of reading.

I had always shared the general belief in Pathan treachery, and at first I was naturally inclined to be rather suspicious, and to keep a careful watch on my new orderly's actions—the more so, perhaps, as my bearer regarded him with the jealousy of a rival, and now professed to consider him a very sinister and dangerous character. As time went on, however, these suspicions wore off, and I gained such confidence in Hamid Gul that I even began to take him out with me as my sole companion when riding outside the boundaries of the camp.

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It was the order at that time that officers should invariably be armed when outside the camp, and should be accompanied by at least one armed orderly, and it was in this latter capacity that my Pathan used now to ride in attendance.

One day I was fishing in the Swat River about four miles from camp. I had selected a likely place for mahseer where the stream ran from pool to pool in a succession of miniature rapids ; on the farther side, which lay in territory unoccupied by our troops, there was a wide expanse of swampy ground which swelled the usually narrow river to the width of three or four hundred yards. I had placed Hamid Gul with his carbine on a bit of rising ground close by, to watch the broken ground behind, which lay between the river and the camp, and I was enjoying my sport, secure in the confidence that no roving Ghazi could come upon me unawares. In the intervals of casting I became conscious of a figure moving on the opposite side of the river ; I paid very little attention to him, but noticed that he was carrying what I took to be a long pole, and was slowly picking his way towards the river through the marshy ground. When he was about two hundred yards away he stopped, and began to fumble about on the ground with his pole.

My curiosity was now slightly aroused, and I stopped fishing in order to observe the man more closely. He had fixed his pole in the ground, and was now pointing a sort of crosspiece in my direction. Suddenly it dawned upon me that he had set up a jezail, an antiquated form of musket hinged upon a supporting pole, and was calmly taking aim at me. A moment later, and there was a puff of smoke and a screeching noise as the heavy bullet passed unpleasantly close to my ear. Having made this ineffectual protest against the intruding unbeliever, the man picked up his weapon and bolted. I turned to see Hamid Gul bounding towards me ; he had heard the shot, but from where he was stationed had not been in a position to see the aggressor. On reaching me, he took in the situation at a glance, and, dropping on his knee, opened fire on the retreating figure. He had time to fire three or four rounds before the tribesman finally disappeared into a nullah ; but, although he made very pretty shooting, one bullet sending up a splash of water between the man's legs, the odds were all in favour of the moving target, and it was too much to hope that any of the shots had taken effect.

My orderly was much depressed. " If only I had been

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near the Sahib," he sighed, " that baseborn thief would never have got back to Aladand to boast of his exploit."

" Why Aladand ?" I asked. " You didn't recognize the man, did you ?"

" How should I not recognize him, Sahib ?" replied Hamid Gul. " He belongs to my village, and has done this to bring disgrace on me. They are very angry with me there for having entered the service of the Sarkar."

After this I became still more confident of my orderly's integrity, and took to venturing farther afield. I do not know precisely to what extent Swat had been penetrated by British troops on former expeditions, but I liked to think at the time—quite erroneously, perhaps—that we were sometimes in parts of the country that had never before been trodden by a white man. We avoided villages on these trips, but on one occasion, I remember, a turn of the river brought us upon one unexpectedly, and before we could withdraw a number of villagers came hurrying out. They showed the greatest surprise at my appearance, but were fortunately not unfriendly, and the headman carried out a long conversation with me, aided by Hamid Gul's interpretation : as the latter would allow no one to approach us nearer than about fifty yards, we had to shout our remarks, but it was all quite friendly, and I got some useful information as to where the biggest mahseer were to be found.

A few days after this my orderly and I were on our way back to camp one evening after a day's shooting. I was armed, as usual, with my revolver, while Hamid Gul was carrying my shot-gun in place of the customary carbine. At about four miles distance from the camp the track which we were following ran along the side of a steep, rocky hill ; it was just wide enough for two men to ride abreast, and the hillside sloped up and down so precipitously on either hand that it was impossible for a horseman to leave the track. We had reached this point on our homeward route, and were within a few hundred yards of the open plain which stretched thence to the foot of the Malakand Pass, when a sharp turn in the track brought us suddenly upon a couple of ruffianly-looking Pathans standing full in our path. They were both armed with Afghan swords and jezails, and were holding the latter weapons in a most unpleasant position of readiness. As their attitude was distinctly threatening and it was impossible to proceed without riding over them, I drew up, and with

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my hand on my revolver asked them what they were doing there and what they wanted. Taking no notice of me, the tribesmen assailed my orderly with a flood of guttural invective. He responded with interest and, what with the three of them all shouting together and getting more and more angry and excited, I found it impossible to follow the conversation with any accuracy. I grasped enough of their meaning, however, to understand that they were abusing Hamid Gul for having taken service with a Sahib, and were exhorting him to give it up and return to his village.

I began to feel decidedly uncomfortable, and was in no little perplexity as to what course to pursue. " Four times is he armed who gets his blow in fust " is an excellent maxim, but it is very difficult to start being the aggressor in cold blood ; besides, I was anxious not to become embroiled in a fray which, however fortunately it might come off for me personally, would lead to endless inquiries and trouble. I was still trying to make up my mind when there was a sudden lull in the torrent of words, and Hamid Gul's voice seemed to take a more quiet and friendly tone. I watched him closely, and my old doubts again rose to the surface. Here, I could not help reflecting, was a splendid chance for him to reinstate himself in the good opinion of his village. My shot-gun, which he was carrying, was loaded ; he had only to turn it on me, and he could get clear off with my two ponies and—dearest of all possessions to a Pathan's heart—a gun and a revolver into the bargain. Once out of occupied territory, he would run little or no risk of capture, and the reputation of having killed a British officer would cover him with glory for the rest of his days. As these thoughts flashed through my mind, Hamid Gul turned towards me with a curious look in his eyes which seemed to confirm my suspicions. I felt that the question must now be decided, and that it was time for me to intervene.

I shouted out to the two Pathans to be silent, and, drawing my horse close alongside that of my orderly, I demanded to be told what they were all talking about.

" Sahib," he said, still with the same curious look, " these men are relations of mine. They say it is a shameful thing for me to take service with those who killed my uncles, and they want me to go back with them to Aladand."

As Hamid Gul spoke, his gun was lying across his arm with the muzzle pointing towards me ; a pull of the trigger would

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have settled the matter in a moment. I leant over and laid my hand on the muzzle, turning it as I did so in a safer direction.

" Very good," I said, in a voice which I tried to make appear unconcerned ; " if you wish to go, you may. But first I'll take my gun, and you must get off my pony."

My orderly gave me a reproachful look which made me feel rather ashamed of myself, but at the same time lifted a load of anxiety from my mind.

" I have taken your salt, Sahib," he said quietly ; " how should I do this faithless thing ?"

Then he turned on his fellow-villagers.

" Out of the way, dogs !" he shouted, and spurred his pony on to them. The astonished men fell back on each side, one of them missing his footing and falling flat, and we cantered past them, and, reaching the plain, were in a few seconds beyond range of their old-fashioned weapons, though, as it happened, they made no further effort to molest us.

Much to my relief, Hamid Gul showed no soreness at my temporary distrust of him ; he was, on the contrary, greatly amused at the idea that he had been an object of suspicion, and twitted me on the subject several times in a respectfully bantering way. I believe that he had deliberately prolonged the argument with his two truculent relatives in order to lead up to a good and unexpected *dénouement*. He had a great eye for dramatic effect, and liked doing things in the grand manner.

About ten days after this I moved to a new station in the Tochi valley, and from there a short time later I went home to England on ninety days' leave. My orderly vowed that he would come back to me on my return, and I arranged the exact date and hour at which he was to meet me at Darya Khan, the nearest station to which the up-country railway would bring me. He announced his intention of going back in the meanwhile to his own village. It seemed to me a dangerous plan on the top of our recent experience, and I tried to dissuade him, but to no avail. He knew the danger, but was, I think, quite confident of his ability to look after himself. None the less, he allowed himself the luxury of a rather theatrical farewell when he left me at the railway station, and swaggered off with the air of a Regulus *en route* for Carthage.

" Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus
Tortor pararet "

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I never saw him again. On my return from leave, I looked in vain for him at Darya Khan : he was not there, and, knowing the man as I did, I felt sure that something must be wrong.

Several months passed by without any news of the missing orderly, and then one day my bearer received a letter from a friend of his who was in the service of an officer on the Malakand. The writer mentioned casually that he had heard a report that Hamid Gul had been murdered in Aladand. I made all possible inquiries, but could never hear anything either in confirmation or denial of the story. I have little doubt, however, that it was true, for that was the last I ever heard of my faithful orderly.

All this happened a long time ago, but since then the expression " as treacherous as a Pathan " has had no meaning for me.

A. T. ANDERSON.

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A WINTER PATROL

IT was the end of November, 1917. A south-easter had been blowing for two days, and the Pentland Firth was a raging of whirlpools and driving spray. Four submarines had been ordered out on patrol off the Skaw, and should have started the previous day, but had been delayed by the weather. The general signal had been made, " Firth dangerous for small craft " ; but as we had already been delayed twenty-four hours, Captain S—— of the flotilla asked permission to send us out, though the gale showed no sign of abating. We had been asked what we thought about it, and had all lacked the moral courage to say that we didn't like thinking about it at all, so we were told to be ready at five minutes' notice. We spent the early afternoon going over our boats and paying occasional visits to the smoking-room in the parent ship, where we watched the needle of the barograph tracing its almost perpendicular downward line.

About 3.15 we gathered in the wardroom for tea, determined to have *one* more meal in peace before the nine days' discomfort ahead of us. No reply had yet come from the C.-in-C. ; meanwhile dusk had fallen, and through the wardroom ports we could hear the driving rain and wind screeching past the periscopes and masts of the submarines lying alongside. We made feeble jokes about the weather, and the senior C.O. recited passages from the " Sailing Directions " for my benefit, as I was new to this particular health resort, and had only just brought my boat up from the south for a series of winter operations. " In the Pentland Firth," he quoted, " all vessels should be prepared to batten down, the transition from smooth water to a broken sea is so sudden that no time is given for making arrangements. . . . When a swell is opposed to the tidal stream, a sea is raised which can scarcely be imagined by those who have not experienced it. . . . The bottom of the north side of the Firth is composed of sharp, uneven rocks . . ." At this point a lump of jam, flicked from a table-knife, cut him short—as a midshipman I had had much experience of this form of warfare. The door opened and a bearer of tidings entered, in the shape of the captain's cox'n, " Senior Submarine Orficer 'ere, sir, please ?" he said. " Captain S—— wants to speak to you, sir." This meant that the C.-in-C.'s reply

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had come. In two minutes the S.S.O. reappeared. "All ready, everybody? Got your orders? Right!" Then, producing a signal from his pocket, he read, "Submarines will proceed a.m. to-morrow Wednesday if weather moderates." There was a murmur of "Thank God!" and I must confess to having felt intensely relieved.

Next day the wind had veered to the southward and it was not blowing quite so hard. We left Scapa at one hour intervals on slightly different courses, so that we should not interfere with each other. Experience had taught us how much time was wasted by our submarines attacking each other on the off chance that the other fellow might be a Fritz. Nothing of importance occurred on the way out. The weather, of course, was foul, and we wore wet clothes during the whole trip; but after three years in the North Sea one expected these afflictions during any of the nine months of winter. Just as it was getting dark we sighted, off the Naze, a long grey vessel with a low freeboard. We avoided her by making a detour to the southward, having housed our periscopes and wireless-mast, so that they should not show over the crest of the sea. We arrived at the Skaw about dawn; the wind had freshened, and as we rounded the point we met the full force of the gale blowing up the Kattegat. There was a hailstorm and a white squall which tore up our canvas bridge screen like so much tissue paper, and bent the brass stanchions on which it had been spread. This was most exasperating, as big seas kept breaking over the bridge, and we had to keep on closing the conning-tower hatch to prevent salt water pouring down into the batteries and forming chlorine gas. If the lid is closed while the Diesel engine is running, it must be opened within five seconds, because the engine uses up the air so rapidly that a partial vacuum is formed and makes the job of opening it again very difficult; sometimes the suction is so great that two men have to pull from above and two push below before it can be lifted. We unshipped the stanchions and bridge screen and stowed them below, then dived for the day, as we didn't want to give away our patrol. We repaired the damage while diving, and the screen was all ready to be replaced when we came to the surface that night.

We stayed on patrol five days; the weather was not very bad considering the time of year. I used to prefer a winter to a summer patrol, because as a rule we had to dive during

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daylight hours and could only come up at night to charge the batteries. In summer, especially in northern latitudes, it never gets really dark, and we often had to dive for twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. This meant that, when we surfaced, we had to charge full speed, which was very bad for the batteries, and owing to lack of time for ventilation, they began to give off gas after we had started to dive again. This gas, though not actually poisonous, was very unpleasant and tainted the food. Another disadvantage was that during the summer the sea was often an oily calm, over the eastern side, so that one could not hope to make an attack without having the periscope spotted.

There are some men who seem to be born with the necessary mental equipment to resist boredom and lack of exercise. To this class belong successful telephone operators and lighthouse-keepers. But for the normal healthy young man, be he officer or seaman, the life on a long submarine patrol is unspeakably trying. Every day the same routine—close down before sunrise and dive, nothing but artificial light all the time, nothing to break the monotony but meal-times and an occasional moment of excitement as the officer at the periscope spots a " suspicious-looking vessel." We always prepared to attack these, but they almost invariably proved to be neutral steamers; only about once in every three or four trips did we sight anything resembling a Fritz, and then he would probably be out of sight before we could turn and fire. Of course, our mission in life was really to keep an unsupported lookout for the " Big Stuff " and report accordingly to our fleet—a thankless task, as the " Big Stuff " never appeared.

The first lieutenant, who was a student of psychology, argued that, if we could somehow split up the patrol into two periods, the boredom would be less noticeable. He therefore adopted what he was pleased to call the " mi-carême " method. On a nine-day trip, allowing four days for passage, we had five days' diving, so he arranged that on the third diving day everyone should put on clean clothes, fresh deck cloths should be spread, the bright work should be all polished up, and the best food in the boat should be provided for meals. The crew had permission to stand off work during the fore-noon and play the gramophone. It was generally considered *de rigueur* to shave at " mi-carême "; being a war-time " beaver," I was exempt from this piece of ritual. After

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the carnival the rest of the patrol would go with a swing—" only four more days "—and so on, till we came up at dusk on the last diving day, praying for a strong stern wind to help us home, and wondering how many more patrols we should have before the war ended.

On this occasion we had taken out four novices—a midshipman, two A.B's, and a wireless boy aged seventeen. They had all been seasick most of the time, more especially the two younger ones. The " snotty " seemed quite untroubled by his distressing complaint, ate enormous meals and kept a most efficient watch, assisted by the cox'n. The wireless boy, however, was prostrated. One night when I came off the bridge about 2 a.m. I found the wretched little chap rolling about from side to side of the control room, limp and beyond all feeling. To my horror, I saw that the neck of his sweater was saturated with blood ! I sang out, " Here, cox'n, this blighter's cut his throat ; come and lend a hand !" The stoker petty officer, who was sitting on a bucket, mending a boot, said quietly, " It's aw' right, sir ; the basin with the wardroom beetroot's upset off the table, and this 'ere boy's bin rollin' in it." As the boat was rolling heavily and I was afraid that the boy would bump into something and get damaged, we lashed him loosely to a pipe under the pump, out of the way. Some hours afterwards, when we had been diving for an hour and the boat was fairly steady, a piercing shriek came from under the pump. We had forgotten the boy, who had slept off his sea-sickness, and, finding himself bound hand and foot in a dark corner, thought that he was a prisoner in a U-boat.

Our diving had been difficult. The density of the water in the Kattegat varies as more or less fresh water flows through from the Baltic rivers. When diving a boat in ordinary sea water, the " externals " or main ballast tanks are flooded, and then the " internals " or auxiliaries, till the boat has the right trim. On this trip, owing to the comparative freshness of the water, we had to pump out sixteen tons from the internals in order to keep the boat at the correct trim. Of course, we should have let in this extra water before we started our homeward journey, but owing to a defect in the water gauge we can have admitted only about six tons, and this caused us no little worry afterwards.

We passed down the Skaggerak in daytime. The weather was splendid with a bright sun and a light, frosty

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north-westerly breeze scented with pines and wet moss. We shaped course to pass the Naze at 8 p.m., as I did not wish to meet our old friend in twilight. We kept close inshore so that we might have a good view of him against the full moon, which was casting a broad track on the water to the southward. I hoped, if we saw him, to get in a surface torpedo attack. We kept a good lookout till we were past the Naze Light, and then I went down to dinner. I had just arrived at the toasted cheese stage—we only dared to have it on the last evening of a trip, owing to its uncertain effects—when there was a shout down the voice-pipe: "Vessel flashing on our starboard quarter."

I went up, but after the bright light down below could see nothing; however, I altered to south-west, so as to present a smaller silhouette to the vessel, whoever she might be. She was right in line with the flash of the Naze Light. Presently she started to signal again, a string of meaningless letters, so I pressed the hooter, and we began to go under. As the other fellow began to get excited, I thought that some reply was expected from me, so I made "Z.Z." on a hand-lamp. This set him off again, and he flashed some more nonsense.

The boat wouldn't dive, so I gave the order to flood "3," "4," and "5," the midship internals. Then I went up again prepared for trouble, and closed the lower lid in case we should be hit in the conning tower. The other vessel, presumably a Hun destroyer, had turned towards us, and I could see her bows plainly, and the glow at her funnel tops. We were right in the moon's path, and must have been quite clear to her. When she was about 500 yards away she fired a Verey light. I replied by firing two. I had no idea what her flashing and Verey light were about, but hoped she would think that we were a U-boat, outward bound, which had forgotten the right challenge and reply. She was evidently undecided as she turned "beam on," and stopped. All this time we had been going full speed on the motors with hydroplanes hard to dive; presently, as the tanks filled, we started to submerge. I closed the top lid and stamped on the lower hatch as a signal for the man below to open it and let me through. We slipped down quickly to sixty feet, and then turned north-west to put our opponent off the scent. Within a minute we heard the "whizz, whizz, whizz" of her propeller above and slightly astern of us. We waited,

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miserably for the depth charge, but it never came, I don't know why, and the propeller-beat grew fainter and died away to the southward. Presently she returned, but this time well astern of us, and we knew we were all right. We went on diving for another hour for safety's sake.

I was sorry for the captain of the destroyer—I know so well what he was feeling—" Ah, here is friend Otto in his U-boat. We must challenge him. Blitzen ! he has made the wrong reply. Try him again, Mein Gott ! he's British. Hard a starboard. Full speed. We'll ram him. He's dived, Gott strafe him ! " We often wished during the war that our own side, in like manner, had sometimes suffered from a little pardonable indecision, but though this would have been far more pleasant for our submarines, it would have been unfortunate for Britain.

We came up some four miles to the westward. It was a cloudless night with a fresh southerly wind. Our playmate was not in sight. By midnight it was blowing a gale. We usually relied on our Sperry gyro-compass, a complicated piece of machinery, known familiarly as " the Count." Now, " the Count " had behaved very well during the last dozen trips, because his " nurse," an R.N.R. lieutenant, and navigator of the boat, who had spent half his life in sail, realizing that he knew nothing about electrically-driven gyroscopes, had been content humbly to follow the directions in the handbook as to the treatment of our difficult invalid. In some boats, where the " nurse " knew more than the handbook, and started amateur treatment, the complications were disastrous.

When the current fails, or anything goes wrong with these astounding machines, a bell automatically rings on the Sperry-control panel. On the night in question I had been employed with the navigator lashing loose gear in the boat, when there was a violent ringing in the control room. The man at the lower steering wheel sang out " Sperry's chucked 'is 'and in, Sir," and the navigator said : " Excuse me a minute, the Count wants me," and went off to see what was the matter. The Count, who hated a quick roll, had tried to leap out of his bowl, and having failed, was jumping about spasmodically and making an awful noise about it. We switched off his current, and let him run down. Unfortunately, the magnetic compass was unreliable, too, so we were in rather a fix. The sea by this time was so high that we

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could hardly keep the boat within fifteen degrees of her course, so we had to do the best we could, that night, by keeping the Pole Star on the starboard beam—a wearisome proceeding when the North Sea is pouring down one's neck. Next morning the sea had gone down and the Count had recovered from his indisposition, but we had only made good four knots during the night, and were a long way astern of programme. We crammed on full speed to try and "save daylight" at Scapa, and kept well to the southward, for safety's sake, as we were uncertain where we should make a landfall. In a low-powered submarine one's position is rather a toss-up after a gale, unless sights have been obtained. Eventually, a dim, blue coastline appeared on our port bow, and after an argument we decided that it must be Kinnaird Head at the entrance to the Moray Firth, so we altered up to Duncansby, the north-easterly point of Scotland, determined to get in that night if possible.

Night fell when we were some ten miles from the headland, and I asked by wireless to have the lights put on for half an hour at seven o'clock, but this was refused. Our speed was only about two knots more than the current, so that our twelve-mile trip across the Pentland Firth to Scapa was crowded with incident. We could see the silhouette of the land against the glow in the sky, caused by the lights from the Grand Fleet anchored in the Flow, but everything else was black. I kept on making signals to the station on Flotta Island, ahead of us, and when they replied I took bearings of their light to find how far we had been set by the tide. Eventually they flashed: "Stop making unnecessary signals," and we had to go on—"blind."

The navigator was down in the control-room with the charts, as our apology for a bridge chart-table had been washed away. The snotty was up on the bridge with me. In my eagerness to avoid a certain low-lying lump of stone called the Lother Rock, on the starboard hand, I kept rather far over towards Swona Island, which I hoped to see on my port side. I told the midshipman to see what the sailing directions had to say about the island, and he read: "Numerous wrecks have occurred on Swona, no vessel touching has *ever* got off again." I said "Thanks awfully," and then "Hard a port stop starboard," as I saw the long line of white where the surf was breaking on the island just ahead. We shaved past Swona by a few yards and reached our parent

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ship about 8.30 without further trouble, except for a slight argument with a truculent trawler guarding the boom defence.

Two of the other boats had returned during the afternoon, and the fourth spent the night outside, where she was twice attacked by our own forces before she could establish her identity.

Our novices were none the worse. The wireless boy, after a few more trips, smoked ship's tobacco during the foulest weather, with no ill-effects, and the snotty, after a hot bath and a glass of sherry, volunteered for submarines, and is serving in them now.

T. A. POWELL.

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SERVICE BOXING

THIS season the Army's boxing championships will be confined entirely to amateurs, and because of this the Army Boxing Association can now withdraw from the anomalous position which it has occupied for many years, and join hands with the amateur associations that control the Army's other pastimes. As yet the Imperial Services Boxing Association has not decided to follow suit and to exclude professionals from its annual Inter-Services contest ; but that decision cannot be long delayed, since the Royal Air Force is scrutinizing the Army's example and fairly large sections of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines would welcome a proposal to abolish professionalism.

Considering that ten years ago money prizes were still awarded in connection with the annual Navy and Army Championship Meeting, that in the interim purses for professional championships have grown steadily larger, and that, outside the Amateur Boxing Association, the British public knows only one class of boxer—the " pro "—the Services boxing associations may congratulate themselves upon the strides which they have made within a decade that included four solid years of war. Those war years, however, must not be reckoned as a handicap upon the amateurization (if the word is permissible) of Services boxing. It was in France that the first order (G.R.O. No. 2059, Jan. 17th, 1917) was published which definitely laid down that for boxing competitions " no money prizes may be given." The order emanated, of course, from Sir Douglas Haig, but not all his officers were at once agreed as to its propriety. I remember acting as referee at a show somewhere near Arras. On my arrival, I was presented with a typed programme upon which cash prizes of 50 francs were specifically mentioned. Interviewing the committee, I quoted the G.R.O., of which all were completely ignorant. " That crabs our show," was the verdict. " The men are nearly all pros. and won't fight for medals." The sequel, however, proved that Earl Haig knew his soldier-boxers better than the committee, for when the medals question was propounded to the boxers themselves, every man agreed to enter the ring, the prospect of a campaign boxing medal appealing irresistibly even to the most hardened professionals.

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For the earliest mention of boxing in the Services, one must search the pages of *Fistiana* or the files of *Bell's Life*; but, at all events, there is at least one man alive who can produce documentary evidence of the Army's connection with the greatest of all British prize fights, the memorable battle in which Sayers and Heenan figured. The fight took place in a meadow at Frimley, not far removed from the Royal Tank Corps quarters at Pinehurst, and the fighters and their followers, on that April morning of 1862, set out for the ring from the Swan Hotel, beside the Basingstoke Canal at Ash Vale. This inn has been in the hands of the same family for the better part of a century, and the present proprietor, Mr. Tupper, has among his treasures letters written to his father by officers of the Guards respecting arrangements to be made for the match.

During the thirty years between the great fight and the first Army and Navy Championship Meeting in 1892 boxing flourished in both Navy and Army, but it is from the latter year that boxing as a recognized Services pastime really dates its birth.

At the first meeting Army other-ranks alone boxed, and then only at three weights—light, middle, and heavy. Feathers were added in 1896, the year in which the 1st Grenadier Guards won every other-ranks championship; but two years earlier officers' competitions were introduced and brought into the limelight that fine trio of boxers, Captain H. M. Graham (R.M.L.I.), Captain F. C. L. Hulton (1st King's Dragoon Guards), and Captain W. Edgeworth Johnstone (Royal Irish Regiment). The last-named held the Catch-weight Championship for three consecutive seasons; Captain Graham won the Light-weights in three successive years and, in the middle year of the three, won the Middle-weights also, after Captain Hulton had won the title at that weight in 1895 and 1896. The last officer came on to the boxing stage again during the war, when, as Colonel Hulton, he organized at Abbeville the Cavalry Corps tournament which ran for three complete days. That tournament stands out from hundreds of Service boxing meetings which I have attended as quite unforgettable. The Abbeville circus building, crowded for every minute of the three days by officers and men who, in many cases, had sacrificed home leave for the attraction of the ring, presented a spectacle that in itself was sufficient to stamp the meeting indelibly upon one's memory, and when to this

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were added reunions with men of every rank, whom one had not seen since the outbreak of war and might not see again, the Cavalry Corps tournament is one which few of its patrons are likely to forget.

The Inter-Services Championships changed little in character from their inception until 1911. Fresh weights were introduced—feathers in 1904 in the officers' division, and welter and light-heavy in 1910 in both officers' and men's classes. The latter year marks the introduction of the thin end of the wedge which this year has barred the professional boxer from the Army meeting. For many years prior to 1910 the assistance of civilian arbiters had been dispensed with at the championship meeting, and in that year the leaders of the Services boxing movement, Admiral (then Commander) Royds and Colonel Malcolm Fox, had gathered together a coterie of officers from Navy, Marines, and Army who were not only competent judges, but were also determined to save Services boxing from the odium which was falling upon the sport as exemplified in the popular halls. This resolve involved a fairly hard row to hoe, since every boxer in the three Services was *ipso facto* a professional from the moment he competed for the money prizes awarded at the champion ship meeting. As a professional he gravitated inevitably to the halls, and just as inevitably picked up the tricks which at that time were bringing boxing into bad odour and causing considerable perturbation in the minds of the leading sportsmen of the kingdom.

Until 1910 the annual Inter-Services meeting, although it was kept going during the South African War, had had, so to speak, no fixity of tenure. It had no permanent association behind it. It was run, in the main, by the Army Gymnastic Staff, the personnel of which changed automatically with the passage of years. This was the weakness. A permanent committee must have striven towards an ideal; but the earlier organizers found in the meeting an interruption of, and addition to, their normal duties, and so, perforce, had to content themselves largely with the guidance afforded by precedent. In 1910 the establishment of a permanent Services boxing association was discussed, and on September 23rd, 1911, the Royal Navy and Army Boxing Association was definitely launched. With its formation was issued a set of rules and instructions that aimed at " cleaning up " boxing. Clinching, holding, and fouls of every kind were to be penalized heavily,

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a black list for Service boxers was to be introduced, orders to " break away " were forbidden, and boxing was to become a sport in which rank and file competitors were to be credited with honourable intentions.

The Times of September 23rd wrote of the new venture :— " The Association recognizes that the atmosphere which surrounds some of the modern boxing establishments has not been created entirely by the boxer, and, to prevent the extension of this atmosphere to Service boxing, it has laid down an elaborate set of rules for the guidance of the referee as well as of the boxer. . . . If boxing is to retain its place as an essential feature of naval and military training, and if it is to be cleansed of latter-day malpractices, the Association has come at a timely hour. Supported though it be by all the experts of the Navy and Army and by the most influential members of the National Sporting Club and the Amateur Boxing Association, it will still have an uphill battle to fight, for the innate conservatism of an older generation will resent the innovations of a younger school."

The Times was justified of its prophecy concerning resentment. Oh, how the boxing " fans " shouted and the boxing pressmen scribbled ! The younger officer referees of to-day would be surprised if they could read the ridicule that was heaped upon their predecessors. Major Martel, the present Hon. Secretary of the Army Boxing Association, was among those who endured this contumely. He laughs to-day at the memory of those abusive articles, but twelve or thirteen years ago they must have caused him some unhappy moments. With but one or two exceptions, the boxing journalists predicted a year of life at the utmost for the new association ; but a year later the Royal Navy and Army Boxing Association, instead of being dead and buried, was lustier and more determined upon reform than ever.

Late in 1911 the annual championships, for the first time, were fought at Portsmouth. What a meeting that was ! It took place in the Connaught Hall and was run, if I remember rightly, by Lieutenant Colpoys Walcott, R.N., whose greatest trouble as organizer was to provide seating accommodation for the crowds which clamoured for admission. The meeting lasted four days, and on one day of the four began at 9 a.m. During the next two years the Royal Navy and Army Boxing Association still received rough treatment from a section of the boxing press. One gentleman, decrying the officer

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referee, wrote :—" The Navy and Army Championships yearly abound with decisions that would be ludicrous if they were not unjust." To estimate the value of this imputation, it should be associated with the fact that before the incidence of the reforming element this particular writer had been accustomed to receive kudos and cash for arbitrating at Service meetings. In the same article he wrote, as an instance of the " ludicrous " mistakes perpetrated by officer referees :— "At the Household Brigade Championships it was a common thing to hear a referee, after he had stopped a bout for some trifling reason, give the order to ' Fight on ' ! Surely he should know that fighting is not permitted. The order should have been ' Box on ' !"

To such puerile depths did financially interested journalists descend in order to crab Service sport. Fortunately they did not succeed. As a matter of fact, the Royal Navy and Army Boxing Association not only cleaned up boxing in the Services, but the example was copied to some extent in civilian circles, and the rot that was setting in all over the country was in some measure arrested. As proof that nothing succeeds like success, it should be mentioned that the men who in 1911 were belittling the Services boxing association were in early 1914 eulogizing it to the skies.

The 1911 meeting at Portsmouth and the meeting which followed in 1912 at Aldershot were held in October, at the beginning of the normal boxing season. This was recognized as so obviously a mistake that in the season 1913-1914 the meeting was postponed until April of the latter year. Again Portsmouth was the venue and, owing to the skilful organization of Commander (then Lieutenant) R. L. Burnett, the attendance was larger even than it had been at the earlier meeting in the naval town.

Of war-time boxing meetings, although their name was legion, few records remain. As judge or referee I assisted at a good many divisional, brigade, and regimental tournaments behind the line in France and Belgium, but, of them all, few stand out with the clearness of earlier peace-time gatherings. One, held at the Third Army Artillery School, is memorable because the Prince of Wales sat through the meeting from the first bout to the last. Another, in a gravel-pit behind Bethune, I recall principally because Lord Tweedmouth was responsible for the organization and J. W. H. T. Douglas, the cricketer, occupied the referee's chair. There were many

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others on the Western Front, at some of which Bombardier Wells, Jim Driscoll, Johnnie Basham, Johnnie Summers, and lesser lights of the professional ring, gave glimpses of their form in exhibition bouts. Boxing undoubtedly had a wonderful popularity among the troops overseas, and in the war zone seemed to occupy the same position in Army esteem that Association football occupies at home to-day. Colonel R. B. Campbell, Major J. W. H. T. Douglas, Major H. F. S. Huntington, Major J. Betts, Major F. Coulon, Major M. Delaney, Captain Vivian Woodward—in fact, all the officers of the Physical and Bayonet Training Staff—were in perpetual demand as arbiters and organizers, and the Expeditionary Force Canteens scarcely could keep abreast of the indents for gloves.

The great Armistice Meeting, which was held at the Albert Hall in December of 1918, appealed strongly to public sentiment at the time ; but, looking back at it now, one sees that its chief importance lies in the fact that it brought together at one common centre the men who, earlier in the year and largely by correspondence, had substituted the Imperial Services Boxing Association for the Royal Navy and Army Boxing Association. The first tournament held under the new auspices took place at Olympia, in June of all months of the year, and it was not successful from the financial point of view. The " old hands " were there in strong force. Major-General Sir V. A. Couper was President of the new association, as in 1914 he was President of the Royal Navy and Army Boxing Association. With him, in one or other capacity, were Captain C. C. Walcott and Lieut.-Commander R. L. Burnett (organizers of the famous Portsmouth meetings), Major W. K. Garnier, Royal Marine Light Infantry (who also assisted to the success of the Portsmouth tournaments), Colonel R. B. Campbell (ex-Middle-weight Champion and one of the founders of the Royal Navy and Army Boxing Association), Flight-Lieutenant F. G. Sherriff, Royal Air Force (who won an Irish Army Championship before he became an air pilot), Colonel G. M. Lindsay, and Major H. F. S. Huntington (ex-Middle-weight Champions both), Lieutenant L. H. Bayley, Royal Navy, and Major G. le Q. Martel (who both boxed at the first Royal Navy and Army Boxing Association meeting and also at this first Imperial Services Tournament), and quite as many representatives of lower deck rank and file who had boxed or assisted at the championship meetings before the war.

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The subsequent history of the Imperial Services Boxing Association is pretty common knowledge to all the Services, and its tournaments at Halton, Aldershot, and Portsmouth are quite recent happenings. The Royal Air Force took its place as a competing unit in the new association and the Royal Marines, in spite of numerical inferiority, withdrew from the naval combination and pluckily decided to play their own hand and to run as a separate team at the tournament.

Financial success was not considerable until last season Lieutenant Charles Hallaran and the Royal Navy ran the meeting in H.M.S. *Victory's* gymnasium at Portsmouth ; but, from a Services point of view, enormous success was achieved with the substitution of team for individual boxing. In the old days any might enter for the Navy and Army Championships ; but entry now into the representative team of stipulated size is reserved only for boxers of proved worth and ability. As a consequence, a place ultimately in the Service team is often the prize which lures the novice into the boxing ring and keeps him there, frequently through a series of defeats, until skill comes of experience and his pluck and persistence eventually are rewarded. The institution of team matches with the police, the universities, and the amateur clubs has furnished another incentive to the young boxer, which was enlarged this year by the admission of a complete team of Army boxers to the Amateur Boxing Association's final meeting.

It is a very human failing to review the far past with leniency and to reserve one's criticism for the living present ; but while I cherish a tendency to look favourably upon fights and fighters who are now little more than misty memories, I must admit that seldom has an Inter-Services meeting produced a closer or a better match than we saw in the last fight of the last Imperial Services Boxing Association meeting, in which Marine Piddock, in the final of the welters, beat Sergeant-Instructor Bradley, the Army champion of two successive years. All knew beforehand that this would be a deadly struggle, as a win for the instructor would give the championship to the Army. Bradley is a boxer first and foremost, but on that occasion all his craft and all his knowledge were of no avail against the tigerish aggression of the Marine. It was a ding-dong struggle, in a hall hushed to breathless silence, right up to the last moment of the fight, and when the

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men returned to their corners for the second time few in that great assembly would have cared to lay 5 to 4 on the ultimate result. Another grand fight at the Portsmouth meeting last May was the bout in which Sub-Lieutenant E. Baker beat Lieutenant C. T. Capper. Everything was against the sailor, including his opponent's reputation. A journalist once wrote that, properly trained, Capper might win the heavy-weight professional championship of the world. Although that, of course, was nonsense, he is undoubtedly one of the best commissioned heavy-weight boxers the Army has produced. He is a big fellow, too, and at Portsmouth he towered above his naval opponent. It seemed so much a case of all Lombard Street to a China orange on the Gunner officer that several occupants of ring-side seats selected the occasion as affording opportunity for refreshment. Never was a greater mistake. Baker was overawed for perhaps thirty seconds, but when one of his hooks sent the big man to the boards he went all out for victory. Capper carries a deuce of a punch in his right hand, but, so far as the Navy's representative was concerned, he never had a chance to deliver the goods. Baker swerved, slipped, ducked and side-stepped, and before the Army officer had begun to grasp the intricacies of the problem, back came the smaller man with a gloriously straight left, orthodox right block or follow, all on the target, and was away before Capper could decide to use that deadly right. At the same meeting we saw a far better boxer and fighter than either of the heavy-weights in Flying-Officer S. J. Mason, who, although he met H. V. Kearon of the Loyals, absolutely romped through the officers' welters. Mason did not win the Welsh Amateur title for which he fought last season ; but there cannot be the slightest doubt that in another year or so he must have won an amateur championship for the Royal Air Force. This probability vanished, alas ! with the crash in which Mason was killed last summer.

To-day Lieutenant H. A. Spencer, Royal Signals, is the best officer boxer in all the Services and the best light-weight since Lieutenant G. D. A. Shaw. Probably Lance-Corporal Wigmore, Royal Scots, also a light-weight, is the best in the men's class, although one would hesitate to compare him with such old-time light-weights as Sapper Morgan (R.E.), Corporal Baker (Royal West Kents), and Corporal " Dusty " Miller (Loyal North Lancs), or with such feather-weights as A.B. McDonald (R.N.), Corporal Darley (the right-handed

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boxer of the Royal West Kents), Corporal Evans (Royal Scots), and P.O. Cartledge (R.N.).

Those names make the temptation to describe the fights of olden days almost irresistible. The name of the Army's present Hon. Secretary, Major Martel, is also very alluring, especially since he must have fought on more occasions than any other commissioned boxer of any Service. His first appearance in an Inter-Services ring occurred in 1909, his last in 1923, and the story of every one of his fights in the intervening years is worth the telling. Lieutenant A. Moutray-Read's encounters with J. R. E. Stansfield (Gordon Highlanders), in 1909, and with C. O. Lilley (Dorset Regiment), in 1911, deserve a chapter, as do some of the battles waged by Paymaster Leyshon (R.N.), and H. F. S. Huntington (Welsh Regiment). The temptation is even greater when one turns to other ranks, and recalls Tiger Smith and Corporal McFadden, the out-to-kill type, and their contrasts, Corporal Sunshine and Gunner Hewitt. Dear old Hewitt, of the R.M.A., was one of the finest sportsmen that ever breathed. How many times he fought the full three rounds, because he simply would not go in and finish an obviously beaten opponent. Then, there is the meeting, calling aloud for mention, at which Corporal Baker, drenched and blinded with blood, " stuck it " until he had won his championship. Another memorable meeting saw " Dusty " Miller break a rib in the semi-final round and turn out for the final and, what is more, turn out to win. Warner (3rd Dragoon Guards), Watson (R.N.), Murray (Scots Guards), McEnroy (Irish Guards), Stout (Leinster Regiment), should, if this were a volume, have more than bare mention; but in a magazine article anything of a descriptive nature must be reserved for " the finest fight that ever has been fought in the Services."

None who has followed Service boxing for the last quarter of a century will quarrel with that description when it is applied to the Navy and Army Middle-weight Semi-final of 1910, in which Private Palmer (1st Leicester Regiment) beat Private Harris (2nd Coldstream Guards). Harris, at that time, had been among the better-known professionals for two or three years. Palmer was almost unknown outside Aldershot; he fought at the 1909 meeting, but was disqualified for hitting with an open glove. Both men were quartered in Aldershot and each had heard of the other's

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prowess. In consequence, when they stepped into the ring they were as eager as terriers. Harris was a clever and hard-hitting boxer ; Palmer a human tornado. The Coldstreamer started to box. Palmer would have none of it. Boring in, head down, he drove his arms with almost the speed of an internal combustion engine's piston, and with something like 1½ h.p. In each round, from the call of " time " until the gong signalled " to corners," Palmer's arms wove in and out to head and body without an interval that could be measured by a stop-watch. How Harris lasted to the end, he alone knew. Gamely, but unavailingly, he fought back against the machine-like speed and precision of his opponent, but fought all the time as a palpable loser. I have heard cheering at many and various boxing meetings, but the cheers on that occasion, between the rounds and at the conclusion of the fight, beat anything I had heard before or have heard since. Although Harris beat Palmer subsequently in a ten or fifteen rounds' contest, I forget which, they never met again at three rounds. In the following year Harris elected to box in the light heavy-weight class, and Palmer simply danced through to a second victory in the middles. A humorous incident occurred between his two successes. In charge of a cycle park outside Wellington Lines Gymnasium one night, Palmer detected a big fellow trying to purloin a bicycle.

" That's not your bike," commented the boxer, " clear off out of it."

" D'you want a punch in the jaw ?" retorted the would-be thief.

Palmer was a hot-tempered fellow, and his answer to the question may be imagined. He struck only one blow. It is said that when the recipient completed his series of somersaults, he did even time for his first hundred yards along Wellington Avenue.

Palmer was a potential world's champion. When he beat Harris, he was anything but a finished boxer and a year later he had still everything to learn. But his battalion and, in fact, the Army, hoped that he would climb to the highest pinnacle of boxing fame, for he was an abstainer, a glutton for fighting, and almost a fanatic at hard training. Suddenly he dropped out of the boxing game, and would box no more. I asked him why, and he answered quite simply : " My mother has asked me to give it up."

One last word as to the Army's decision for amateurism.

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The professional is not to be driven to the halls and booths. He has been given a chance of unqualified reinstatement as a Service amateur which, if accepted, allows him to figure in Service teams and compete for Service championships. Even the man who decides to continue his professional career will not be neglected by the Army Boxing Association. If he is an exceptionally good boxer, who has won a Service championship, he will be offered matches with the leading professionals of civil life. The Association is not averse from the prospect of discovering within the Service a possible world or British champion. What it does wish more particularly to do is, first, to foster *esprit de corps*, which surely, is greater among amateurs of every kind than among professionals, and, secondly to prevent young soldiers from being lured out of the Service by the prospect of a few pounds to find, before long, that they are only third or fourth rate performers, and that all the " profession " holds for them is an occasional match for a negligible payment, an infrequent job as second or dresser and ultimately a descent by gradual stages to the level of the street-corner loafer, the racecourse bully, or, possibly worse.

F. J. STARR.

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'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE

WERE I to be asked to name the happiest day of boyhood, I should unhesitatingly cite the moment of donning the uniform of a naval cadet. The state of mental exaltation induced by the cap and brass buttons is still cherished as one of the golden experiences of youth.

A sea life, it must, however, be confessed, was no bed of roses in the days when I joined; though most of the roughness and actual barbarity which disfigured the times of which Marryat discourses so felicitously had vanished—thank goodness! never to return. Many a chilling disappointment still awaited the enthusiast, while but few prizes rewarded the devotee; and these were as dross compared with the rich plums that fall, nowadays, to the successful jockey, the popular comedian, the pushful barrister, or even the fortunate war-profiteer. Still, if the sober realities of a naval life did not always come up to youthful ideals—and a fellow-cadet of my acquaintance actually believed that naval officers considered the honour and glory of serving their Sovereign sufficient reward for their services, without the emoluments—I have never regretted my choice of a profession. For a lad of spirit, indeed, endowed with the *mens sana in corpore sano*, especially the latter, there are few nobler fields for the display of mental gifts, physical energy, and unselfish devotion to duty, than is afforded by the Royal Navy of Great Britain.

The " cramming " establishment at Portsmouth which brought me " up to the scratch," was a sort of joint-stock affair, conducted on strictly commercial principles by three retired naval instructors, who took it turn about to be in residence. It was a scrambly, ill-regulated establishment; yet I owe it a debt of gratitude for overcoming an hereditary aversion to study sufficiently to enable me to pass the entrance examination at the Portsmouth Royal Naval College (March, 1861); and behold the writer a full-fledged *Britannia* cadet, at the age of $13\frac{1}{2}$. And be it noted, the qualifications had been raised since the golden days when the " fool of the family " could squeeze through with no higher attainments than ability to read and write—indifferently, and recite the Lord's Prayer.

The *Britannia* then lay at Portsmouth, off the entrance to Haslar creek, in the berth formerly occupied by her

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predecessor, the *Illustrious*, close to the Blockhouse Fort. Of the life that awaited me, I knew nothing, beyond the vaguest rumours—never having numbered a *Britannia* cadet amongst my acquaintances. The reality, however, far exceeded my wildest imaginings. Compared, indeed, with recent school experiences, it was the jolliest possible existence. The novelty of it alone—the living in a real ship, with water all around (no " stone frigate " for budding Nelsons, then !)—the sleeping in a hammock (to which physiologists attributed the low stature of naval officers) ; the climbs about masts and rigging ; and last, though by no means the least, in boyish estimation, the ample, and, as it seemed after sampling the daily menu of three schools (two of which were presided over by parsons), the luxurious living, all conspired to make the first few days a veritable orgy of delightful surprises.

Of the first week on board I retain but the vaguest recollection, except that the days seemed all too short for the enjoyment that was crowded into them ; and that, at last, I felt life was really worth living. And, truly, the most fervid imagination could hardly have pictured a more enjoyable existence than that of a *Britannia* cadet. It was the sort of life a lad might dream of, without hope of ever realizing. Of the reality, however, there was no sort of doubt. Was not the first waking sound the lapping of water against the ship's side ? One's first sight, on opening the eyes, the glint of sunlight on the flowing tide ? Certainly, it was all real enough. It would be wrong, though, to run off with the idea that *Britannia* life was all ginger-beer and marbles. For, alas, there was a dark spot in the sunshine, and that was school. Here was disenchantment with a vengeance ! To a lad arrayed in the splendour of a naval cadet's uniform there seemed something derogatory in being set down to lessons, like an ordinary schoolboy. The mental effort exacted by schoolmasters, ashore, had been the bane of my life ; and here was I, an embryo admiral, actually being subjected to the very same torture I had conspired to evade.

There was an agreeable variety in the curriculum of work : practice and theory—those twins whose joint efforts, wisely directed, are essential to success in life—being judiciously blended. Though, alas ! I never became entirely reconciled to the indignity of being shut up in a classroom to muse over the lucubrations of that arch-humorist, Euclid, and the occult properties of sines and cosines. My aversion

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from learning did not, however, extend to professional things. Every detail pertaining to ship life, whether knotting and splicing, or boating, or sail drill aloft, was imbibed with a relish that never palled. Physical exertion was pure joy; and as the ship had a complete equipment of masts, yards, and sails—on a reduced scale, one soon felt at home aloft, aping the antics of monkeys, in agility and enterprise. And what a triumph was the conquest of the "futtock shrouds"!—instead of creeping ignominiously through the "lubbers' hole." There were compensations even in school hours. Thus it was providentially arranged that the "port-hole" or window commanded a view of the harbour mouth. And so, while feigning wrapt absorption in study, it was possible to keep in touch with the wide world without. For across the field of vision there passed, with kaleidescopic variety, scenes of engrossing interest to a naval greenhorn. Conceive how attractive to a lad were the evolutions of the training brigs, especially the one that had her moorings under the *Britannia's* stern. Intensely vivid, too, are my recollections of the dainty little steamboats that plied between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight—resplendent in bright green paint, and named after the precious stones, bustling about, from pier to pier, as busy as bees, and as bright as butterflies—soon to be ousted from their jobs by the products of a dull utilitarianism, which pinned its faith on black and white paint, and greater engine-power. The arrival or departure of a man-of-war was recognized, even by our taskmasters, as a legitimate excuse for idleness. And if, as sometimes happened, the ship was "from foreign," with "paying-off" pennant streaming far astern, with what a glamour of romance did our fancies endow her! aye, and with what joyous anticipations did we look forward to the day that was to witness our own introduction to the Great Green Mother.

The chief drawback to our locale, at Portsmouth, was the entire lack of a recreation ground. True, the Blockhouse Point was within a stone's throw. But the most fanatical admirers of a shingle beach, and an old-world battery of 32-pounders, gaping vacantly seawards, would hardly venture to cite these attractions as the equivalent of a good playing-field. It was meet that our morals should be regarded—the temptations of a great seaport being notorious; and assuredly, there was nothing on this dismal promontory calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of a maiden; while, on the other

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hand, the sea front afforded excellent bathing facilities—during the summer term. But it was a dreary spot to turn future Nelsons loose on in play-time.

Twice a week, on half-holidays in summer, we were allowed to use the piece of turf in front of Haslar Hospital for cricket, but there was neither professional nor " coach." It was on one of these red-letter days that I made the disheartening discovery—vouchsafed to all naval officers at some period of their career—that the service I aspired to adorn, was " going to the dogs." The sad truth was thus revealed. Amongst the spectators at a match were two ancient mariners—post captains, to judge by their age and importance—sitting on a bench, apart as was meet. Taking advantage of a lull in the game, one of the veterans essayed to probe my mind in search of nautical lore. Now, a lad of but three months' experience in a training ship was scarcely likely to be heavily equipped in that respect, and so my inquisitor, finding a vacuum where he expected ripe scholarship, dismissed me with a contemptuous smile ; and I heard disparaging remarks being exchanged in allusion to the *Britannia* system, and its probable results. Now, these old " shell backs " were by no means singular in their views. They were of the school that regarded the institution of a harbour training ship with genuine misgiving. They had been pitchforked into seagoing ships at an early age—we read of lads entering the Navy during the Napoleonic wars at seven, eight, and nine years old—to pick up such crumbs of learning as fell their way ; and naturally looked on any deviation from the happy-go-lucky methods by which they had struggled up to their present rank as fraught with peril to the service. Change, in any form, seemed to this type of philosopher as synonymous with " going to the dogs," and, therefore, to be resisted by every means.

Portsmouth harbour was not an ideal spot for boat-sailing. Apart from the periodic migrations of the floating-bridge, the busy steamboat traffic, combined with strong and wayward tidal currents, were calculated to try the nerve of novices, and even to tax the skill of experts. However, the *Britannia* was well provided with launches and pinnaces of the " service " pattern, rigged in various ways, wherein we acquired the knack of handling sails, and mastered the rudiments—if not the complete art—of boat-sailing and the management of various sorts of boats under oars. It

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has sometimes been objected by civilian " know-alls " that the cadets should have received their initiation into the art of boat-sailing, in craft of modern design, fitted with all the up-to-date dodges for setting and taking-in, and reefing sails. A little reflection, however, would have taught these wiseacres that, as the future work of these raw lads would be confined to the handling boats of strictly " service " build, and rig, it would have been sheer waste of time teaching them " fancy " boat-sailing.

As regards rowing, the " blue gigs " were then—as ever since—a highly popular phase of *Britannia* life ; and, bar landing, the crews might follow the promptings of the spirit over a fairly wide expanse of harbour and sea. Many a pleasant hour was spent at the end of a fishing-line off South-sea Castle ; our favourite haunt being alongside one of the hulks in what was known as " Rotten Row," an opprobrious title applied to the long lines of wooden " three-deckers," and " two-deckers "—imposing representatives of the " wooden walls " of old England, whose death-knell had been sounded when the first ironclad took the water ; and since relegated to the upper reaches of Portsmouth harbour, there to await their fate—melancholy reminders of the oft-quoted but none the less apt truism, *sic transit gloria mundi.* A few of these noble looking vessels were, subsequently, " cut down " and converted, as an economical expedient, into indifferent ironclads ; others ended their careers as depot-ships, or coal hulks, to find their way, last of all, to the ship-knacker's yard to be broken up ; the timbers being converted into garden seats or logs for burning. The blue-gigs never lacked patronage, and, it must be confessed, often extended their migrations far beyond authorized limits ; though to be caught out of bounds was equivalent to " buying goose "—to use an old-time synonym for punishment.

Apart from the two half-holidays, the day of the week most of us looked forward to was the one when we were turned loose for a couple of hours in the dockyard, and allowed the free run of the whole vast establishment. These weekly rambles left an indelible impression on my mind, and I can honestly affirm that I thus gained a better insight into the technical details of shipbuilding and many other matters relating to the equipment of a man-of-war, than during all the years of after service, and so-called instruction, afloat. And, I may add, that the taste for mechanics thus acquired

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has proved a source of enjoyment through life. From a professional point of view it must be confessed that the educational value of these excursions might have been enhanced by an intelligent system of supervision, combined with explanation—say, for part of the time ; so as to prevent them from degenerating—as was sometimes the case—into an unprofitable " loaf." The locale of the *Britannia* offered this one great advantage, that, being in the centre of naval activities, afloat and ashore, and in close proximity to a great arsenal, the cadets imbibed a naval spirit almost insensibly ; their curiosity at the same time being stimulated in regard to professional matters, combined with an ever-increasing desire to take an active part in the duties afloat of an engrossing calling.

My first term in the ship was associated with an ever-to-be-remembered and a truly epoch-making event—the arrival, namely, fresh from the builders, of our first ironclad, the famous *Warrior*. Her entry into *Britannia's* nursery was an event we youngsters were privileged to witness. It was evident, moreover, from the dense crowds lining the approaches to the harbour and occupying every point of vantage, that the profound significance of the event was fully realized by the populace. As the noble vessel drew near all work was suspended in the class-rooms, and the cadets were called on deck to watch her entry. The impression created by her vast size, graceful proportions, and superb design was ineffaceable. What our superiors thought of the new baby was not confided to us lads. But the " Seamanship Manual," which had just been adopted as the " official " textbook for the *Britannia*, contained the following significant statement, by way of preface :—" Engines and machinery, liable to many accidents, may fail at any moment, and there is no greater fallacy than to suppose that ships can be navigated on long voyages without masts and sails, or safely commanded by officers who have not a sound knowledge of seamanship." And in these weighty words the author struck the keynote of Admiralty policy in respect of naval training for the next twenty years. While in another highly commended instructional work, which every cadet was expected to provide, the following passage occurs :—" I have wholly excluded the consideration of steam power, regarding its employment as exceptional and subordinate for ordinary purposes ; until we shall be able to generate it by a less ponderous material

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than coal, and to apply it by means less liable to derangement than our present machinery can be said to be."

In these two solemn warnings, which are apt to raise a smile at the present time, their authors merely gave utterance to thoughts which were haunting the minds of most experienced officers.

Towards the close of the autumn term (1861), an outbreak of typhoid, followed by the death of two cadets, created somewhat of a scare in official circles; and as the epidemic was attributed (wrongly, as it turned out) to the proximity of the Haslar mud-banks, a change of locality was thought desirable, and Portland was chosen—pending the selection of a more suitable permanent resting-place—and preparations were made for the move. On the return of the cadets from the Christmas holidays, in January, 1862, on a calm evening with every promise of fine weather, the *Britannia* set forth on her voyage, in tow of a couple of tugs. It was a novel and exciting experience for us youngsters, finding ourselves at sea in an old-time three-decker; to be actually swinging in our hammocks as the ship rolled; and hearing the creaking of the bulkheads, and all the mysterious noises that greet the ear in a ship at sea. During the night a strong east wind sprung up, and as it was fair the topsails were loosed, and, to our astonishment, when we went on deck, in the early morning we found the ship had been abandoned by the tugs, and was entering Portland Roads under sail alone, entirely "on her own." To most of those on board it was the first and the last voyage ever made in a real sailing three-decker; and the experience was a never-to-be-forgotten one. Add to this the unique spectacle of the arrival of the first ironclad at Portsmouth, and we cadets who were thus privileged considered ourselves as especially fortunate.

TEIGNMOUTH.

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THE GIANT GRENADIERS

THERE are few habits more indigenous and general than that of collecting. It ministers, in a degree, to our natural vanity, and satisfies our acquisitive instinct. In the boy it will express itself in cigarette cards or discarded tramway tickets ; in the man it may take as many forms as there are objects—from match-boxes to Rembrandts. But of all the collections that have from time to time appealed to the individual there is surely none more curious and few more costly than a collection of men. Yet such was the hobby of Frederick William I, that most remarkable king, who in 1713 ascended the throne of Prussia.

Frederick William, says Carlyle, was like no other king that then existed or had ever existed. He might have gone on to add that he was like no king that will hereafter exist, for he was an anachronism even in the eighteenth century. Fortunately for itself, the world has been cursed by few more repellent kings. A boorish, ferocious martinet, he was a strange, almost comical mixture of blunt good sense and insensate passion, of cheese-paring economy and wanton extravagance. At his best he was nothing so much as a bear with an everlasting sore head : indeed, his speech was at all times ursine rather than human. When in a fury he was like a madman, and, as he was most usually furious, men and women fled from the approach of His Majesty as from some wild beast seeking whom he might devour. Still, royal and illiterate bully though he was, no king more genuinely realized his kingly duties, no ruler so deservedly earned his Civil List as—in Voltaire's phrase—this " Prussian Ogre." But in an aggravatingly efficient manner. " His court was a barrack, his kingdom the combination of the farmyard and the parade ground, and he viewed both with the eye of the N.C.O. and the stud groom." Not for him the delights of a seraglio, or the pleasures of a *Parc aux Cerfs* (both to his economic and misogenic mind a shameful waste of good man-bearing thalers), but rather the office table, the barrack-square, and in the evening a cloud of tobacco smoke. With duty his standing order, and work his password, he toiled unceasingly, ungrudgingly, to establish his beloved Prussia upon a *rocher de bronze*. Now for Frederick William there was no rock more adamantine than an army. This was his purpose in life ; and

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under him the whole country became one vast training camp wherein civilians were only tolerated as the hive tolerates drones, as necessary hewers of wood and drawers of water, but withal contemptible. Within the space of a single generation the army rose in numbers from 30,000 to 90,000, and became one of the strongest and best disciplined forces in Europe. In his militariomania, however, the king suffered from the curious hallucination that only tall men were really fitted to be soldiers. He must have, therefore, a body of troops taller and more magnificent than all those of the courts of Versailles and St. James put together, and this *coûte que coûte*. This passion for tall grenadiers at all costs is one of the most amazing inconsistencies of this most amazing man.

In their heyday these Potsdam Grenadiers numbered some 60 officers, 165 non-commissioned officers, 53 drummers, 15 buglers, 15 surgeons, 195 grenadiers, and 1,965 musketeers —in all about 2,400, divided into three battalions of 800 each. Their pay (which, most singularly, went according to stature*), their privileges, and the lavish care which the king never ceased to devote to them, might well have made them the envy and cynosure of every other European military establishment, were it not for the restrictions and regulations under which these royal tin soldiers lived and suffered. Discipline, pronounced the king, was to be as exact as Euclid, and Frederick William saw that it was so. Furlough was a word not to be found in the Prussian vocabulary (Potsdam Edition) —*Die Leute wurden nicht beurlaubt.*† Strong drink (*Branntwein*) was strictly prohibited, and lest the cares of commerce should impair their virility, they were forbidden to engage in any real kind of trade. Discharge was only granted when after years of barrack-square manœuvring the knees weakened or the eyesight failed. Till such a happy time they lived, we are told, like students at a high school, busying themselves (*beschaftigten sich*) with books, sums, music (all doubtless of a rigidly military character), or with the work of their billets.‡ On the other hand, there were advantages, or at least compensations. One was that of comparative immortality, for their portraits were execrably painted and hung in the

* Thus Freytag, "Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit," vol. xvii., p. 197. Other authorities state that they got 1s. 6d. instead of 1½d., the common soldier's daily pay.

† Freytag, *op. cit.*

‡ Von Loen, "Der Soldat," 312.

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gallery at Potsdam for the aweful admiration of posterity. In Potsdam, too, they were as gods : it was their own particular reserve in which they lived and fed gargantuesquely as befitted their size.

No description can do justice to this unique regiment of giants, the fame of which had in a semi-mythical way penetrated to all corners of Europe. Viewed upon parade—man's natural milieu in Frederick William's crazy mind—they were, however, in Carlyle's words, " No myth, but a big-boned expensive Fact." Never had such men wheeled and formed upon a parade ground before the astonished eyes of civilians. Not a man of them was under six feet, many were seven and upwards, and a few were well over eight feet in height.* Their uniform, which was new each year, was gorgeous, and superb. Yet such was the sartorial economy of the sovereign that it only *just* fitted—there was not a square millimetre to spare. To bid a grenadier to " stand at ease " was, it has been said, to mock at his discomfort.† A burnished steel helmet overtopped all, adding close upon two additional feet to their stature, and making them in very deed " a mountain of pipe-clayed flesh and bone."

The master problem before Frederick William was, of course, that of recruitment. Prussia's store of Anakim was by a process of intense and pitiless impressment very soon exhausted. No barrier was proof against the wiles of the recruiting officer, nor could any sentiment soften his steely heart. Churches were entered during divine service and the tall males of the congregation ruthlessly abducted. Stalwart peasants were " shanghaied " in lonely lanes : giant townsmen were carried off in the light of day, all protesting, but protesting in vain. *Le roi le veut.* " Let there be no arguing," the king would roar, when such a complaint reached his ears, " the man is my subject." But the paradise of the recruiting officer was the Prussian university of Halle. There strapping undergraduates were seized openly in the streets, in their beds, it mattered not where, so long as they eventually reached Potsdam and were credited to the offending officer's account. A man of inches carried, if not his life, certainly his freedom in his hands. None but dwarfs could pursue their callings in security, and tall young students sought learning in non-

* Carlyle, " Life of Frederick the Great," chap. v.
† Hutchinson, " The Romance of a Regiment."

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A GIANT GRENADIER.

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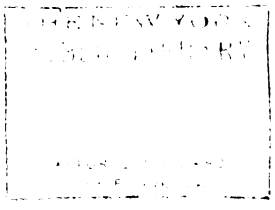

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Prussian universities. Nor did the king confine his search for giants to civilians. Colonels of proprietary regiments were terrified to parade their men before the king, lest the latter's eagle eye should single out the tallest of them, and command their instant dispatch to Potsdam. It is only fair to Frederick William to mention that the bereaved colonels were very well indemnified—at the expense of the taxpayer.

If Prussia was bled white of her tall men, what of it? There was all Europe from which to draw. In what a German writer calls his *Sammelleidenschaft* or passion for collecting, Frederick William recognized no frontiers. Rather he took all the world for his province. "No head," wrote Lord Macaulay, "that towered above the crowds in the bazaars of Aleppo, of Cairo, or of Surat, could escape the crimps of Frederick William." To him a six-footed man was a soldier by predestination, and in impressing them into his service he was merely the instrument of the Almighty. Giants from Russia to Morocco, from Scandinavia to Asia Minor, stood shoulder to shoulder delighting the heart of this royal showman. ("For a tall man there is joy in Potsdam almost as if he were a wise man or a good man.")

To obtain them his recruiting officers, like Jesuit emissaries, began from 1718 onwards to cover the face of Europe, lynx-eyed, plausible, ubiquitous. They cajoled, enveigled, bribed, and in obstinate cases kidnapped foreigners with a local reputation for height. And, like their master, they stopped at nothing (*vor keinem Hindernis schreckten die Werber zuruck*).* It was as much as their position was worth to fail to feed this "ingentivorous" Moloch. At the first foreign rulers had, out of amusement at the novelty of the caprice, consented to the invasion of Prussian recruiters, and no less than 300 prowled the Austrian dominions.

The expedients of these crimps were as varied as was the nationality of their victims. Sometimes they savoured of the *opera bouffe*. Women were employed as decoys, and the amorous giant would presently wake not in the arms of his mistress, but in those of the recruiting sergeant. Another time an immense Dutch waggoner was tied down behind a stove until its increasing heat compelled him to take the oath of allegiance. Sometimes they had tragic results, as when the intended victim or his friends were killed in an endeavour

* Haeckel, "Die Potsdamer Reisengarde."

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to resist. One day a customer requested a strapping young carpenter of Jülich to make a coffin for a dead man of unusual proportions—it was to be well over six feet in length. When the " customer " came to inspect the finished article, he professed some doubts as to the size. Whereupon the carpenter, to prove the correctness of his manufacture, entered the coffin and laid himself down at full length. No sooner was the man recumbent and helpless than the lid was clapped down, three porters rushed in, and away went coffin and carpenter in the direction of Potsdam. Unfortunately, the " customer " had forgotten to specify air-holes, and, when at the first safe spot the coffin was opened, the luckless carpenter was found to have perished from suffocation.

The Dutch, owing to their proximity and to their high proportion of tall citizens, were especial sufferers; and it was only at last by publicly hanging two Prussian officers that they succeeded in administering a salutary check to their machinations. But when, a short time afterwards, the Dutch university of Leyden invited an eminent Prussian jurist to take the chair of jurisprudence, Frederick William, sublimely confounding grenadier and eminent jurist in one class, replied laconically, " No tall fellows, no professors." In England Tudor legislation was invoked to deal with Prussian crimps; but, owing to its then prosperity, it proved generally a barren field to the recruiting officer. On the less prosperous continent, in vain governments rescinded their consent, and inveighed against these barbarous methods of recruitment, in vain towns clamoured for the return of their burghers. The king professed contrition: the over-zealous recruiter was officially reprimanded, but privately applauded. And so the system went on, the fact being that Frederick William learnt of the existence of a gigantic foreigner with much the same agonizing thrill that a bibliophile hears of the existence of a Mazarine Bible—his for the mere taking. " The most beautiful girl or woman in the world," he confessed, " is a matter of indifference to me, but my soldiers, they are my weakness."

This weakness of the king became the strength at once of his servants and his brother monarchs, who for their own ends were not behindhand, the one in forwarding, the other in administering to this foible. " He who sends me tall soldiers," the king had announced, " can do with me whatever he likes." He was taken at his word, and many an obstinate prejudice, many a patriotic scruple, many an ill-deserved

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pardon, or scandalous favour was obtained by the timely gift of a strapping young soldier. As his daughter, the Margravine of Bayreuth, ironically expressed it, the system became nicknamed *Der Kanal der Gnaden*—the Means of Grace—and all high or low made use of it. In her designs against Sweden it was of the utmost importance to Russia that she should be able to count upon a friendly, if not docile, Prussia. Accordingly in 1714 " 80 Muscovites notable for their tallness " were dispatched to Frederick William by the astute Czar Peter, and Russian stock ran high in Berlin. Thenceforward a steady annual stream of Herculean Russians insured that it retained this high level. Our own George I achieved the very useful Treaty of Hanover by means of this human " palm oil "—15 Irishmen under escort. Neither was Charles VI, the Holy Roman Emperor, averse from this form of traffic for coaxing and in the end tricking Frederick William into the Treaty of Wusterhausen. Finally, that most unhappy of sons, Frederick the Crown Prince, afterwards The Great, more than once stopped his father's raging mouth with a delicious morsel six feet odd in length. That such a state of things could have obtained must surely be accounted one of the extraordinary phenomena of the eighteenth century.

No wonder the civilians poured out of Berlin upon a summer afternoon to watch the drill of this laboriously and extravagantly collected regiment of giants—but woe to any civilian who carried a sword into this military Holy of Holies ! Out of their pockets came indirectly the wages of these sons of Anak. They, at least, should have the doubtful pleasure denied to the rest of Europe of beholding their sovereign lord's expensive hobby. And it was expensive. On an average each soldier had initially cost the king 1,000 thalers* ; and in the 27 years of his reign no less than 12,000,000 thalers were devoted to this royal whim. However bitter the thoughts that passed through their minds, ill it went for any man to murmur against the king's hobbyhorse.

The giant regiment was without a parallel in Europe. To make use of an anachronism, it was in miniature a very League of Nations. It was the supreme expression of height regardless of nationality. " It is all one to the king of what nationality these creatures be," wrote his confidant, Count

* One thaler equalled (roughly) three shillings.

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Seckendorf, " so long as they are tall and well set up." In these ranks was to be seen James Kirkman, the Irish giant, who had been forcibly shipped from England (*mit Gewalt entfuhrt hatte*) at the instigation of the Prussian ambassador, von Borck, and who in the end had cost His Majesty no less than £1,200 before the resultant diplomatic rupture could be healed. There was to be seen M'Dowall, another Irish colossus ; Redivanoff from Moscow ; and the huge Saxon, Müller, who, bear-like, was later to be led round England and France on show by his enterprising and English wife. There, too, was Jonas, the Norwegian blacksmith, the top of whose head not even Augustus the Strong of Poland could touch standing on the tips of his toes.

Nor was their only difference one of nationality. They were drawn from all walks of life. Adventurers of the worst type, students, impoverished nobles, even priest and monks stood cheek by jowl in one stupendous array. Their colonel-in-chief was the king himself, and no colonel more intimately knew his men, their names, their price, and their history. Fatherlike, he tended and drilled his " little blue boys " (*seine lieben blauen Kinder*), and fatherlike was he prepared to chastise them for their delinquencies. The keen eyes of Frederick William were everywhere. The slightest irregularity of swing brought forth a subterranean roar from this crowned Barnum. The minutest fault in their uniforms, the faintest suspicion of dirt, a button out of place, and right and left flew the royal cane. (Tradition holds that there was a room in the Potsdam palace devoted to these implements of royal displeasure.) In its application the king drew no distinctions. Officers and men both publicly smarted under it upon parade and went in fear of it. For other and graver offences the penalties were proportionately severe. The sound of flogging was repeatedly heard and the wheel brought frequently into service. But there was one crime for which in Frederick William's sight not all his resources, not all the then known instruments of torture were adequate. " Desertion," runs one of his letters, " Desertion is from Hell. It is the work of the children of the Devil. No child of God could possibly be guilty of it." Desertion was the most heinous in his calendar of crimes. It was the sin against the Holy Ghost, the denial of predestination. " Once a grenadier, always a grenadier," wrote this crazy ruler, when asked to release some abducted foreigner ; and to insure this, elaborate

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precautions were taken. A troop of horse was always kept in readiness to pursue deserters; in winter the ice had to be broken lest escape over the frozen Havel should be possible; and at all times strong guards and vigilant watches transformed Potsdam into a human cage. When a grenadier did succeed despite all measures in escaping, the town was plunged into a state of siege, church bells were rung, and the hue and cry raised for miles around. When recaptured the loss of nose and ears followed by incarceration within the fortress of Spandau was the lightest of penalties inflicted, the very witnessing of which had been known to drive many to desperation and death.*

Taking into consideration the deadening and nauseating life that these at once pampered and brutalized grenadiers passed within the bounds of Potsdam, it is not surprising that more than one foreigner risked all in an endeavour to escape them. The germ of dissatisfaction lay in the method of recruitment, and was therefore inevitable.† Drawn from all countries, herded together an heterogeneous and unsympathetic body with nothing in common save the pattern of their uniform, it was impossible for them to develop any kind of necessary *esprit de corps*. Instead, the iron discipline, the brutal punishments, combined with the deadly monotony of parades and the utter artificiality of their lives could not fail to work deleteriously upon their characters. Foreigners, whether willingly or unwillingly enlisted, soon began to long for their native land and their individual liberty, the loss of which made their life a hell, good food and plenty of it notwithstanding. They became increasingly violent and unruly. Fights and street brawls were of daily occurrence. Moreover, the tantalizing proximity of Berlin, whither their eyes were ever drawn, and whence they were sternly excluded, added to the sum of their discontents.

Nor did the married ones necessarily find domestic life more attractive or compensating. Just as every tall man was a grenadier in Frederick William's eyes by predestination, so by that same convenient Providence were all giant women their brides predestined. The king was too consummate an economist to encourage celibacy among his grenadiers. He was thinking of the coming generation. Thus, side by

* Haeckel, "Die Potsdamer Reisengarde," 80

† Haeckel, *op cit.*

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side with the recruiting of his grenadiers there was an impressment of tall women. Here, too, the process was marked by the same absence of scruples and neglect of finer sentiments. Daughters were torn from the arms of their mothers or of their affianced bridegrooms and deported to Potsdam. Even Frederick William lent a hand. Happening one day during a walk upon a young giantess he despatched her with a note to the commandant ordering her instant marriage with a grenadier. Mated in such a fashion it can hardly be a matter of wonder if matrimonial felicity was rare.

Had this giant regiment in any serviceable way contributed to the belligerent capacity of Prussia, had these grenadiers been a real fighting force instead of a parade ground ornament, there might have been some excuse for the king's fancy. But since the invention of gunpowder had revolutionized the art of war, the stature of the individual soldier provided he could shoot had become a very minor consideration. If anything height was a handicap. In any case, Frederick William was not going to make the experiment ; and it soon became common property that he could be counted upon to swallow any insult rather than allow the expensive blood of his grenadiers to fertilize the arid soil of Prussia. Early in his reign he had had one little war and that had satisfied *à jamais* a king, whose ideas fundamentally were the reverse of bellicose. Besides a war cost altogether too much ; and the nearest this regiment ever got to war were marching orders, which were promptly countermanded. Like a child with a set of precious toy soldiers, he would not and could not contemplate their destruction. His little blue children might become the laughing stock of Europe, but they were his very own, a joyous feast for his dimming sight, a delight of his old age. No Grandet, no Silas Marner gloated more insanely over his gold pieces than did Frederick William over his grenadiers. They were symbolic of his whole life. They were, as Carlyle pertinently remarks : " his class-book, printed in huge type."

And like all monomanias his disease increased with years. " His grenadiers," wrote Freytag, " became the king's one passion, which in later years grew almost to insanity (*Wahnsinn*), for which he forgot his family, his duty (*Recht*), his honour, his conscience, and what for him had long been of the greatest importance, the prosperity (*Vorteil*) of his country." Every thaler that could be spared was lavished

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upon the army, and when the ordinary channels of taxation were inadequate other means were employed. An African colony was sold to the Dutch ; no Jew might marry without contributing to the recruiting fund ; offices were auctioned ; pardon could not infrequently be obtained by feeing this bottomless purse. " He must come to terms with the recruiting fund," the king was wont to remark of a defaulter. Only at the close of his life did he dimly perceive the folly of his passion. As he lay dying a grenadier was admitted into his chamber in the hope that the sight of this seven-foot " mass " might give the king a new lease of life, but gazing upon him dejectly he only murmured " Vanity of vanities," and turned his face to the wall.

The end is characteristic of the man, whose first and last care was the army. A clergyman sent to comfort his ebbing life began to repeat one of the king's favourite hymns. As he came to the words, " Naked I came into the world, and naked I shall leave it," the king with an effort cried out : " No, no, I shall have my uniform on."

He died leaving minute instructions touching his beloved grenadiers, yet hardly was the breath out of his body when they were (it is hoped to their joy) disbanded by the practical minded Frederick, who discovered that for this one spectacular regiment he might keep up eight really serviceable battalions.

The actual regiment of Potsdam giants passes out of history with their creator, but not their tradition. The gigantomania was to fascinate Prussian ruler after Prussian ruler for many generations. It was extant in the reign of Frederick William's successor, as Barry Lyndon learnt to his cost, when he was entrapped into Prussian service. And from his account the severity of discipline and the ferocity of punishment had in no measure abated. The ritual and military " culture " established by Frederick William was to become an integral part of the army till 1914, as any one knows who had visited Germany prior to that date. The Prussian Guards who advanced magnificently against the raking British " mad minute " could not in size compare with the giants of Frederick William, but the pomp and circumstance that animated them were much the same. In equipment, in discipline, but not in musketry, they were the equals of the old British Regular Army. But they failed because they were at bottom beautiful mechanical toys fit for the

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admiring eyes of spectators, and not for the actualities of war. This was the heritage of Frederick William.

Some three years after the war the writer chanced to visit Potsdam. Outside the barracks of the Red Hussars, the pre-war crack Prussian regiment, there stood, or rather lolled, a couple of sentries. Their clothing was cheap, shoddy, and ill-fitting, and their general appearance slovenly. A rifle was slung negligently across each back, and a cigarette hung drooping from each mouth. When an officer passed the salute was scarcely perceptible. . . . .

It is to be hoped the uniformed body of Frederick William slept peacefully and unmindfully in his coffin. *Sic transit* . . .

W. Baring Pemberton.

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NAVAL CADETS—THE PROBLEM OF EARLY OR LATE ENTRY

". . . The Navy whereon, under the good Providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the kingdom chiefly depend."

THE truth of this well-known and often quoted extract from the preamble to the Articles of War being obvious, it is clear that the best method of providing officers for the Royal Navy is a matter of the highest importance, and that the question as to which is the best age for candidates to enter is one that should be very carefully considered from every point of view. To ensure some degree of continuity in education, it would naturally follow that a boy desirous of joining the Navy should embark upon his naval career at a period when a break in his general education would normally occur—that is to say, either at the time of leaving his preparatory school, or else after spending several years at a public school. If a constant supply of suitable candidates is to be maintained, it becomes necessary to study the interests of the schoolmasters throughout the country, since these have a very considerable power and influence over both boys and parents in indicating suitable careers for the boys under their charge. So much is this the case that were there to be a general vote among schoolmasters against the Navy as a career, probably very few candidates, at any rate of the right type, would be forthcoming.

In fixing the age of entry, therefore, although the Navy must naturally decide upon the conditions and requirements to be laid down, due regard should be paid to the views of the scholastic profession. For instance, suppose the Admiralty were to fix the age of entry at sixteen. The head masters of preparatory schools would then take little interest in encouraging their boys to join the Navy. since most boys leave their preparatory school at about fourteen, and the two years' interval that would elapse between the boy leaving his preparatory school and his time of entry into the Navy would mean that someone else would get the credit for his success in the event of his passing the entrance examination. On the other hand, the boy leaving his preparatory school at the age of fourteen would probably go to a public school for a couple of years before going up for the Navy. The

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authorities at the public school, knowing that the boy was going to leave them at the age of sixteen, would also be unable to take very much interest in him, as he would not be getting the benefit of their full training, and would be losing the essential advantages in character formation to be obtained by a position of authority in the school, later on, as a prefect. The parents would also be against paying fees at a public school for two years, from which the boy would obtain very little benefit in the way of education and character training as compared with that he would receive could he remain no longer. The boy, in his turn, would also not be keen on leaving his public school at a time when he had suffered all the disadvantages of being a junior without obtaining any of the corresponding advantages of occupying a senior position in the school. The result would almost certainly be a dearth of candidates or else mean a dependence on "crammers," which the naval authorities profess to wish to avoid.

It seems clear, then, that the age of entry should be fixed either at an age between thirteen and fourteen, as it is at present for those going to Dartmouth, or else between seventeen and a half and eighteen and a half, as is now laid down for what is known as the Special Entry Scheme. Both these arrangements enable the head masters of schools to recommend the Navy to their boys without conflicting too much with their own interests, though it should be borne in mind that unless the examination for Dartmouth is made a competitive one, as is that for the Special Entry, and thus restored to the status it formerly held, it will be more to the interests of the preparatory schools to urge their boys to obtain scholarships at public schools, rather than to try for the Navy, unless the standard of the Dartmouth examination is made sufficiently high to rank at least with the common entrance examination. Could this be altered, and a limited number of scholarships at Dartmouth be awarded by the Admiralty, the preparatory schools would then be ready and willing to send their best boys into the Navy, which is not the case at present.

The question as to whether the early age of entry—namely, between thirteen and fourteen—or the later age, between seventeen and a half and eighteen and a half, is the better is one that is at present full of controversy, and there are many protagonists on both sides. The advocates of the early age maintain that it is essential to catch boys young in order

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that they may be broken in thoroughly and infused with the naval spirit and tradition, which, it is stated, it is impossible to do if the cadet does not enter till he is seventeen and a half. Apart from the fact that it certainly is possible to infuse naval discipline and tradition into those who enter at the later age, as can be seen by studying those who have entered by the Special Entry Scheme, many of whom have a better idea of both than some of those who entered through Dartmouth, this seems a very weak line of argument, as it implies that the conditions in the Navy are such that, unless a boy enters at an age when he is too young to realize what lies before him, he would never join at all.

Another advantage that is often claimed for the early age of entry is that it precludes " cramming." Why this should be so it is difficult to see, as surely a boy of thirteen can be " crammed " just as easily as an older boy, and the remedy for preventing " cramming " at whatever age entry takes place is surely to set such questions in the examinations as will cause the boy to think and reason out the correct replies rather than those questions which depend, for the correctness of the answers, almost entirely on a memory for facts, and do not entail any imagination or reasoning power at all.

Those who favour the later age of entry put forward many more arguments in support of their opinion. Among them may be summarized the following :—

(1) That the Special Entry Scheme costs the country much less.

(2) That officers can be produced far more quickly, which is of great advantage in any emergency, such as the sudden outbreak of war.

(3) That it is easier to adjust the supply of officers entered to the number of ships likely to be required at any given time.

(4) That a boy knows his own mind at seventeen and a half, whereas he very often does not at thirteen.

(5) That the result of early entry is to force officers into a groove, makes the Navy a dull average, and discourages initiative and brains.

(6) That the later age of entry brings the Navy into line with the Army, Air Force, and Civil Service as regards entry.

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By examining the above arguments, in the order named, in somewhat greater detail, we can arrive at certain conclusions.

The Special Entry Scheme must undoubtedly be very much cheaper to the State. The reason of this is that the boy, having practically completed his general education at his public school, is enabled, as soon as he joins the Navy, to concentrate on learning the naval side of his duties. These he can learn in a very much shorter time than is required at Dartmouth, partly because he is older and can therefore learn more quickly, and partly because at Dartmouth a very large proportion of the time is occupied, apart from naval subjects, in imparting the general education which would otherwise be acquired at a public school. Thus instead of spending some four years as cadets, as is the case at Dartmouth, the Special Entry Cadets require only one year's training before being able to pass out as midshipmen, and their instruction being carried out entirely by naval officers, the whole of the expense of the large staff of civilian masters necessary at Dartmouth is saved.

By the Special Entry Scheme officers can undoubtedly be produced very much more quickly than at Dartmouth, a point which, although in its favour in peace-time, immediately becomes of very great value on the outbreak of war, when the system admits of very rapid expansion in order to meet the requirements of the large number of additional ships which are then hurriedly commissioned. During the late war it was found that by intensive training the Special Entry Cadets could actually be sent to sea as midshipmen in six months from the time of their entry as cadets, and the reports on these by their commanding officers indicated that they made extremely efficient midshipmen.

When it is taken into consideration that by the later age of entry the supply of officers can be more closely adjusted to the number of ships for which they are likely to be required when their training is completed, a further economy becomes apparent. The number of ships required in the Navy at any given period must depend on political and other situations likely to arise, and provision has to be made for future requirements a number of years in advance, as it takes time both to build ships and to train the officers and men to man them. While it takes something like two years to build a battleship in normal times, and less to build smaller craft, it takes a little over four years by the Dartmouth system to produce

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midshipmen for those ships, while by the Special Entry Scheme it takes only one year. By the latter system of entry, therefore, the midshipmen required would be forthcoming by the time the ships were completed, so that entries can be arranged to correspond fairly closely with future requirements as the ships are laid down. By the Dartmouth system either there will be an interval when, on the Fleet being increased in an emergency, there will not be enough officers to meet requirements, or else more cadets would have to be entered than may be required, so as to have a sufficient number of officers ready in the event of expansion, a process which is both expensive to the nation and unfair to the officers concerned.

A boy is more matured and therefore far more likely to know his own mind at the age of seventeen and a half than at thirteen, and if, being old enough to realize conditions, he then decides that he would like to join the Navy, he will probably be far more keen on his profession throughout his time of service than a boy of thirteen, whose mind is very often made up for him by his parents, and who, by the time his long period of training is completed, may discover that he has become completely disillusioned. Then, again, it is clearly much easier for the selection committee to determine whether a boy of seventeen and a half is likely to make a suitable naval officer than it can be in the case of a small boy of thirteen, who may change very greatly indeed in both character and ability before he gets many years older. By adopting the later age for entry many a boy who, either for ill-health, slowness of development, or other reasons, might be rejected at thirteen, may develop into a very promising candidate by the time he is seventeen, and he is thus able to adopt the Navy as a career, when he would otherwise have been lost to the Service.

The criticism that the Dartmouth training forces officers into a groove and turns them all out on the same pattern would appear to be justified, as it stands to reason that this must be a more probable result where all receive exactly the same training from an early and impressionable age than in the case of the Special Entry system, where the boys receive their early training at a large number of different schools with different methods of education and varying outlooks and aims. Again, the great time for making friends is in youth, and whereas the Dartmouth trained officers have only the opportunity of making friends among their own kind at Dartmouth

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and in the Service, the Special Entry trained officers have the chance of making friends with others at their schools who may adopt a number of different careers, and they are thus more likely to be in touch with outside interests, a fact which must tend to give them a broader outlook on life in general.

The fact that under the late entry system the Navy is brought into line with the Army, Air Force and Civil Service would not appear to be of much importance so far as the Navy is concerned, but it would certainly tend to simplify education from the schoolmasters' point of view if this were more generally adopted, and at the same time it would help to discount to a certain extent the complaint occasionally made by Army officers that naval officers of equivalent rank are so considerably junior to them in point of age.

To sum up, it would seem that the advantages of the later age of entry far outweigh those claimed for the early age. While it is essential, at whatever cost, for the Navy to have the opportunity of obtaining the best possible material available from which to train officers, it would certainly appear reasonable that if equally good or, as some are inclined to think, even better officers can be obtained by the Special Entry method in a very much shorter time and at considerably less cost to the country, then a change should be made, and the system of joining at the later age should be regarded not as a special, but as the normal method of entry. This change is almost certain to come in time, and is of increasing importance, and the sooner general attention is drawn to the matter, and it is carefully considered by all those concerned, the better. It has been suggested in some quarters that were the later age of entry alone to be relied upon there would not be a sufficient number of candidates forthcoming. With the extremely limited number of vacancies at present allowed by this scheme, it is true that the schools naturally do not take as much interest as they might in the Navy as a career. If, however, the number of vacancies were to be increased, and, in addition, the Admiralty were to send competent naval officers to visit in turn all the public schools and give interesting lectures on the Navy, it is certain that no difficulty in this direction would arise, and that the great enthusiasm for the Navy evoked among the public schools during the war would rapidly be revived. Much has been done in the way of lecturing by the Navy League, and good has resulted, but

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a lecture from a naval officer on the subject of the Navy carries far more weight than from a civilian, and if even a few naval officers could be instructed to give lectures at the various schools throughout the country, any danger of shortage of suitable candidates would very soon be eliminated. A step in the right direction has now been made, as the Admiralty have announced officially that a minimum of thirty Special Entry Cadetships will be offered annually for the next four years, and this announcement should be of great assistance to the schools, as it gives them a definite basis to work on. An improvement both in the number and type of candidates forthcoming should shortly become evident, and this will be the more so if the school authorities will impress on those of their boys who are thinking of joining the Navy that the "axeing" is now over, and that for those joining now the very fact that so many of their seniors have been removed by the "axe" promises them more speedy promotion than would otherwise have been the case, and thus adds to the attraction of the Navy as a career.

The term "public" school has been used throughout this article as differentiated from "preparatory" school, and not in the more narrow meaning of the term. It is intended to include all schools, training ships or colleges, for boys of fourteen and over, as it is felt that promising material for future naval officers may be forthcoming from any of these, from which the most suitable, up to the number required at each entry, could be discovered by means of the selection committee and the competitive test, and, of course, the usual medical examination.

W. S. GALPIN.

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WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED.

5.—SETTLING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

TO many people South Africa is merely the red foot of the African continent. To almost one and a half million people "She is our South Africa," and woe betide the rash individual who dares to suggest there could possibly be a pleasanter place on earth. To many a retired or retiring Service man she is a land of glorious sunshine, vast spaces, and incomparable colouring, where many years ago they rode or footslogged over "miles and miles and miles of bloomin' all," as a disgruntled Tommy once put it. She is a land which the newcomer begins by hating hotly and ends by loving passionately, and those who know their Kipling will remember his acute and accurate description of her in his poem called by her name.

There are very many officers who are now unbuckling their harness for good, and who are wondering not a little what to do to provide a suitable future for themselves and their children. Probably, though they dearly love England, they find the climate unendurable after years of service in warmer lands. Suitable houses seem unobtainable at a price to fit not overstocked purses, and there seems to be nothing their children can do when school-leaving ages arrive, and very little occupation—certainly not of a profitable nature—for themselves. Having weighed up the pros and cons of the case, their thoughts begin to stray Dominionwards.

Canada, New Zealand, Australia are primarily young men's countries, in which a strong frame and a certain amount of time ahead of him are among the settler's greatest assets. There he must guide his own plough and hew his own wood. On the other hand, South Africa, with its native labourer, is a better proposition for the man no longer young. This does not mean, as so many imagine, that all a white man has to do is to sit in his stoep, smoking, and watch his servants work like the proverbial nigger. If a man comes out here with that idea, he is doomed to disappointment and an amazingly quick failure. Brains and energy must be put

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into any undertaking—here as elsewhere—if success is sought. Unfortunately, one of the baits offered in attracting settlers to this country is the " you don't have to work " one, and nothing is more fatal to the country and to the individual. There is probably no country in which grit and energy repay one so well, and equally there is no other in which disaster so rapidly overtakes indolence. At the same time it is undeniably easier for elderly frames to direct the works of others rather than to toil away themselves.

Then, again, there is the woman's point of view. It is unreasonable—indeed, little short of cruel—to expect a woman who has been waited on in varying degrees for thirty or forty years to fare forth to a new country and cook, scrub, wash and housework generally for a family. While we women out here are very prone to grumble that our servants are hopeless, it is noticeable we would not dream of doing without them. Sensibly treated, the native or coloured (half-caste) servants can be very useful creatures indeed. It is usually only the hopeless mistress who has " hopeless " servants. South Africa, mainly on account of its native labourers, has never been the bourne of the working-man class of emigrant. It can be truthfully called a " middle class " country, which will probably appeal greatly to the retired Service officer, who is more likely to find here friends of his own type and ways of thought than elsewhere.

Socially this is a jolly country. Sports of nearly every kind are available for men and women even in little towns, and there is always plenty of entertaining and being entertained in full swing for those so inclined. Even on the outlying farms amusement is not necessarily lacking, and very often little groups of farms will band together and form their own tennis club, it being situated naturally upon the most central and easily accessible of them all. Few farmers in South Africa would be rash enough to tell their womenfolk that thirty or forty miles was " too far " to go to a dance. Indeed, with the exception of the inaccessibility of good theatres and concerts, owing to the great distances, there is much more social gaiety in the little South African dorp than there is in a town twice or three times its size in England. Everyone knows everyone else, and the fact that you are not so wealthy and so smartly dressed as your neighbour troubles no one. A genuine friendliness on your own part, a willingness to share and help and fit in without fussing, will soon

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make more friends for you than you are likely to find time for.

For the would-be settler in South Africa, as in other colonies, farming is the only possible occupation unless he chances to be coming out to a definite billet ; but for those who do not wish to farm, but merely be " retired gentlemen " by profession, there are many places in the Union where pleasant occupation and congenial companionship can be obtained in an unrivalled climate. Mossel Bay, for example, may be called the Bournemouth of South Africa, Queenstown its Cheltenham, and the Natal south coast its Weston-super-Mare, and are places much favoured by our own retired doctors, civil servants, and magistrates. All coast towns should prove suitable, though high rents prevail in them, thus making living rather expensive, £15 a month being quite usual for a two sitting-room and three bedroom house. Inland, except for Johannesburg and Pretoria, the same kind of house can be had for about £6. Natal, being semi-tropical, but healthily so, is a great resort for retired people, and is also a good deal more English than the other provinces.

The intending settler who wishes to farm, either to augment his retired pay or to provide a future occupation for his sons, cannot do better than get into touch with the 1820 Settlers' Memorial Association, London, the address of which can be obtained from the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square. This is a society formed with the express intention of encouraging settlers to come here and for helping them when they do arrive. Its members on this side are mostly hard-headed, practical farmers, descendants mainly of a band of intrepid immigrants who came to South Africa in 1820. On the settler's arrival, this Association either endeavours to place him on a farm belonging to a member, or advises him to go to one of the five agricultural schools. On a farm he works for his keep for one or two years, according to arrangement, and very excellent are the experience and training he receives. Some farmers will take a settler's wife too, if he will pay for her board and lodging, but naturally if he has children many difficulties arise ; and, generally speaking, even when there are no children, a married settler is advised to go to a school.

There are five of these schools (which are also experimental farms), each teaching farming in all its branches

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and specializing in those branches best adapted to the area it serves. In addition to the instruction of students, each school is responsible for a definite area, and the officials are detailed to assist the farmers therein in every way possible. For a trifling sum, waters and soils are analysed, stock and crops inspected, and advice given as to their treatment, and sick animals attended by the veterinary officer. It can readily be seen how useful these institutions are to a man who knows nothing about the country. That their worth is fully appreciated by the South African farmer can be judged by the fact that they fill the " short courses " to overflowing, thus showing that, in spite of personal prosperity, they realize they can still learn something from the expert.

The Government takes settler students free of charge if they make arrangements to live in the adjacent towns, as they must do if married. Sixty pounds a year covers the entire expenses of a resident student—tuition, board, lodging, laundry and medical attendance. The ordinary course of instruction, called the " diploma course," lasts for two years, and there are " special courses " lasting from two weeks or so to six months. Many settlers take one year of the diploma course only, though it is really the second year's work that is likely to be of practical use to them.

Elsenburg, near Stellenbosch, serves the coastal and near coastal districts, known as the winter rainfall area, and devotes much attention to viticulture, deciduous fruits, and winter cereals. Groosfontein, Middelburg, C.P., serves a large area running in an irregular triangle from Uitenhage to East London and north to the Orange River. It is often called the " sheep and wool school," these two commodities being the mainstay of its semi-arid area. It also caters for the ostrich farmers. Glen, fourteen miles from Bloemfontein, serves the Free State and that part of Cape Province north of the Orange River. It is the " dairy farming " school, and much of its work lies in irrigation farming and maize growing. Cedara, near Pietermaritzburg, works largely with tropical fruits and sugar. Potschefstroom, Transvaal, is the cattle school, but as it serves the whole of the Transvaal, tobacco, maize and fruit growing all come under its wing.

The Government, strictly speaking, does nothing to help the settler except to advance money under the Land Act. Having so small a taxable population, it is not able to afford

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much financial assistance. It will advance, to the intending purchaser, four-fifths of its valuator's price for a farm. That is to say, a settler is asked to pay £4,000 for a farm which he has asked the Government to help him buy. If the valuator thinks the farm is worth that sum, the Government pays £3,200 and the settler pays £800 to the seller, and repays the Government in the shape of rent. More often than not, however, valuator and farm owner do not see eye to eye on the subject.

There is no denying the fact that the man who comes out here with nothing but a capital of say £2,000 is up against a very tough proposition. None of the numerous settlers of my acquaintance can hear of a farm purchasable for this sum, and of course the price of the farm is only the beginning of the expenses. The newcomer must buy stock, implements, furniture, and have sufficient left to live on for at least a year. Most of our local settlers have a small pension too, which enables them, having rented farms, to carry on for a while until they can find their feet.

Before giving the settler any particulars of the various branches of farming, it would be advisable to give him some idea of what it would cost him and his family to live while learning his new "job," and the conditions under which they are likely to find themselves. These facts, of course, will be of equally vital interest to the "retired gentleman."

Let us assume for our purpose that the new arrival is a fairly senior man with retired pay of about £600, a wife, and two children not quite at school leaving ages. He also possesses about £2,000 capital, which is bringing him in an additional income of £100.

His first expense is the voyage, followed by the journey up-country. The fastest boats are those in the mail service —also they are the most expensive, first-class fares being £80. But there are other good lines on the Cape route, and he would probably prefer the Blue Funnel line, the fare by which is £60 to Cape Town or £48 by cargo steamer, with limited passenger accommodation. Second-class travelling in South Africa is not comfortable, and most people go first—third being reserved for natives. Railway fares are high, or rather they seem high as the distances are so great; for example, the first-class fare from Cape Town to Johannesburg is about £6, for a distance of 960 miles.

On his arrival a settler is advised to go to a certain

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school, and therefore proceeds to the adjacent town, putting up at the local hotel whilst looking for a suitable house. In some ways it would be cheaper to stay at the hotel, at a cost of so much per month a head, but it means living in one's bedroom, and, with nowhere for the children to be in the holidays, soon becomes unbearable. Also it is more than probable that the mother of the family has to learn new domesticities, to say nothing of having to learn new catering and how to deal with South African servants. Therefore she feels she would like to have a home of her own in a town where she can get advice from neighbours before going out to a farm, where such help is not available. Neighbours are most kindly to newcomers, and will give any amount of time and trouble in helping and teaching them.

Generalizing about so huge a country is impossible. Since it is as far from Cape Town to Pretoria as it is from London to Naples, we can no more talk of conditions *en masse* in South Africa than in Europe. A house in Johannesburg or in a coastal town would cost from £15 to £20 a month, whose twin would cost only £6 to £8 in a smaller town, such as the Karroo one from which this is written. Living expenses also vary, but not so widely as rents and expenses here, according to trade returns. Striking a very fair average, I will keep roughly to my own housekeeping experiences, though, of course, opinions will vary, as what one woman considers unheard of extravagance another will consider an absolute necessity.

A house containing two sitting-rooms, two or three bedrooms, kitchen, pantry and bathroom, with perhaps a corrugated iron garage and a small garden or yard, would cost about £6 per month. Sanitary fees are £3 a year. Only in the largest towns, and not always there, is there a water-borne sewage. In most places the sanitation consists of bucket closets, emptied by the municipality once or twice a week. The bath—if there is a bath—empties into the garden, and is often enough all the water the garden gets. The sink—if it also exists—empties through a little pipe in the wall into a petrol tin, which, of course, means that a fresh tin is often needed. The dirty water thus accumulated, sometimes six or seven tins, is taken away daily by the municipality. So, taking these details into consideration, there is no need to exclaim, " Only three pounds a year for rates !" It means that vast quantities of disinfectants are used by those

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housewives possessing any sense of cleanliness. The domestic water supply is usually pure and good, and subjected to frequent official tests.

The householder must purchase for himself such things as the kitchen stove, dresser and cupboards, as a fireplace in the main sitting-room and a few shelves nailed askew represent the sum total of the usual South African house's fittings.

Most newcomers, as previously stated, put up at the hotel and await their chance of getting a suitable house. (The housing shortage is not so acute here as in England, though it is not always easy to get a house that meets one's requirements.) While at the hotel they look about them for furniture. Railway freights being high, it is the custom for departing citizens to sell at any rate part of their furniture on the market square of the forsaken town. These sales are held several times a month, and not a few homes have been furnished entirely from the bargains obtained thereat. It has a slightly amusing side, for it is something of a shock to see Mrs. Brown's familiar sofa in Mrs. Jones's drawing-room behind that little tea-table of Mrs. Smith's you tried so hard to win yourself. But we all do it, and think nothing of it; and besides a sale makes quite a little social event at which we see people we rarely meet elsewhere.

A settler may decide after finishing his course to take a farm hundreds of miles away, and it would cost him almost as much as its original purchase price to take his furniture with him. If he buys good stuff in the beginning and sells it to avoid the heavy freightage he is apt to lose, as new goods go for just about the same price as old. (It is so aggravating to have the kitchen table, knocked together by the father of the family, fetch 1s. 6d. more than your pet tea-table it cost you £4 to get up from the coast!) Many of our settlers who are only here for a short period furnish quite frankly out of packing cases, and no one thinks any the worse of them—quite the contrary.

New furniture, however, has come down tremendously in price of late, and one can buy quite a nice simple three-foot-six oak bedroom suite for about £16. I think it cost us about £4 to get such a suite up from the coast, a distance of about two hundred miles. Of course, all big towns such as Bloemfontein have very fine furniture shops in them, so it does not follow that everything must come "up from the coast." To furnish permanently a house such as we are

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considering with new goods throughout would cost some £300, this, of course, buying only simple, unostentatious things.

Having obtained the house and its goods, the next question is—servants. Now, the ex-Anglo-Indian *mem-sahib*, who anticipates a coloured service similar to that of India, is qualifying for a very bad shock, as according to her standards and those of England the South African servant is totally "untrained." It is useless to blame the unfortunate creatures themselves. No one takes the trouble to train them, and they can hardly be expected to know things by instinct—though people apparently do expect it. Speaking personally, I have found them fairly quick at learning to do things properly, and while I cannot quite train them to be "perfect Park-Lane parlourmaids," they can certainly be taught to do all the ordinary household tasks, and how to do them nicely, as well as plain cooking. Some can turn out a very excellent dinner quite unaided, and serve it well, just because the mistress goes to the trouble of teaching them instead of preferring to grumble and mess along "any old way," as most seem to do.

The average household keeps two servants, the cook and a house girl who, as they amusingly call themselves, are known as the "inside girls." A new arrival nearly collapsed from shock when her telephonic "Who's speaking?" brought forth "Dr. Jones's inside!"

If there is a car and a garden, a boy is also required, and to his lot usually falls the cleaning of boots and knives and floor polishing.

Practically every woman in the country keeps a house girl for her babies, and not unnaturally, in her ignorance, the newcomer does likewise. It is a system to which I am violently opposed, and in face of laughter, ridicule and argument, I have flatly refused to follow suit. Native and coloured girls (the latter especially) have no morals, no sense of responsibility, and still fewer ideas of sanitation and cleanliness. One is constantly reading of harm befalling infants left in their charge, and women will admit that "you cannot trust these girls for a minute," and in the same breath order them to "take baby for a nice long walk"—in my opinion, a selfish stupidity little short of criminal. Greater than the physical is the moral danger likely to befall children in these nursegirls' charge, and this, unluckily, is not discoverable until far too late to remedy.

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Usually the cook does plain roasts, bread-making and vegetables, leaving to the mistress such things as entrées and cakes, though some people teach their cooks to do these as well. Washing is generally given to a girl to take to her home and do, a necessity if one's garden is small. Anyhow, it is no cheaper to get a girl to come to the house and do it, and it is much more inconvenient. It is customary in the small towns and on farms to feed one's servants entirely differently from oneself. Your Cape Town or Johannesburg servant considers herself quite as good as you (a little better, in fact), and demands the same kind of food. Elsewhere much of the servants' food consists of samp and mealie-meal, these two being maize products. The first looks like the Indian corn of chicken food, but it is white instead of yellow; the second makes a porridge. Both of these, by the way, are very nice when properly cooked, and frequently appear on the white man's table. Indeed, many a farmer's family has had to live on them in times of stress, they being exceedingly cheap and nutritious. Servants prefer quantity to quality, and put away staggering amounts of both foods. For example, my two servants consume each about a quart of mealie-meal porridge—very stodgy—for breakfast, a pint of tea or coffee, a pint of milk, and two huge "doorsteps" of brown bread—cheaper than white. Lunch consists of more "doorsteps," tea, and anything that may be left over from our own light luncheon dishes, together with some inferior jam (my failures). For dinner they get about a quart (when cooked) of samp, some meat of which one usually scraps, or soup meat for them daily, and what remains of our vegetables and pudding.

Wages in the country run from 10s. to 25s. for a girl and 25s. to 60s. for a boy, according to his age—he is a "boy" when a grandfather. In big towns they get £2 to £5 a month, but they are well trained, and one boy will do everything, including cooking and washing. On farms they get about 10s. a month in this district, and, I believe, £2 or £3 in others; but the house servants on local farms are very green specimens, and one needs about £5 worth of them in order to get the work done. Bread, cakes, jams and canned fruits are all made at home, the bought goods being very dear and of inferior quality. Naturally, on a farm one is obliged to make the bread, since no baker is going to deliver bread even five or six miles out of town.

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Groceries, including bread-making material and paraffin, for a family of four should come to about £8 per month. Paraffin is 16s. for a case of eight gallons, which should last a month at least. Coal is between 30s. and 40s. a ton. Meat is seldom over 1s. per lb. in small towns, and its average price is 6d. to 8d.; but this commodity, together with eggs, butter and vegetables, varies in price according to season and to drought or non-drought. After a drought everything goes up enormously. Butter, for instance, varies from 6d. to 4s. per lb., and eggs from 9d. to 4s. per dozen. Vegetables, eggs, butter and fruit are, amusingly enough, purchased by the man of the family on the early morning market, where things are auctioned. If "father" jibs, as he is not unreasonably prone to do on a cold winter's morning, it simply means that a few hours later "mother" must sally forth and buy them from the shops, whose owners have been to the market, and pay at least 25 per cent. more for them.

Drugs, clothing, haberdashery are all very dear. Cheap clothing is nasty clothing, and not worth the trouble of carrying home. The real bargain does not exist. Shopkeepers admit they expect to make 100 to 200 per cent. profit on these things, and in the same breath they heartily curse the limited income person who is driven by such rapacity to sending to England for goods. I would therefore advise newcomers to come well provided with clothing, especially boots. If worn once or twice no duty can be charged on them. New unworn goods are liable to a duty of 20 per cent. of their value. Even then it is cheaper, and the quality and cut cannot be bought for four or five times the amount in South Africa, a fact for which there is no reason, and certainly no excuse. Cretonnes, pictures, cutlery and linen should also be brought, though heavily charged for at the Customs House.

This is generally considered a healthy country, and so it would be were it not for mankind. In other words, given better sanitary conditions and more personal hygiene, the South African would find dying difficult. People with damaged lungs pour out here in thousands every year, and if they do not completely recover, live longer and healthier lives than they could possibly hope to do in England. The infant mortality (1917) is 80 per thousand (white population, native being much heavier), as against 69 in England, most

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deaths being due to ignorance and neglect. Adult mortality is 10 per thousand.

Medical fees are generally 7s. 6d. for a visit, 5s. at the surgery. Farm visits cost 10s. plus a mileage charge of 1s. per mile, and a certain amount for long periods of time when a doctor must stay and watch developments for some hours, for example. Maternity fees are 5 guineas.

It can thus be roughly estimated what it would cost a family to live per month. Living on a farm with one's own eggs, meat, etc., available is much cheaper—less than half probably.

	£	s.	d.
Rent and Sanitary Fees, say	6	5	0
Cook (20s.), Housegirl (15s.), Washing (20s.) ...	2	15	0
Groceries (including light and breadstuffs)	8	0	0
Coal (one bag weekly at 3s. 6d. a bag)	0	14	0
Butcher	1	10	0
Market bill for butter and eggs, etc.	3	0	0
Milk, say 2 quarts daily at 6d. a quart	1	10	0
	£23	14	0

To this must be added clothing, drugs, stationery, personal expenses, doctor's and school fees, and possibly the upkeep of a car. These are reasonable actual figures, and not the kind designed to show that the settler can have champagne dinners at 6d. a head.

To the parent the question of schooling is a burning one, and here one must needs go carefully. Very broadly speaking, all children are educated at the local Government schools, or public schools as they are called. As they correspond in tone with the English technical or county schools, I doubt if they would appeal to the English ex-Public School man as a fount of learning for his children. The actual "book learning" is sound enough, but I do not think he would care for his children to be rubbing shoulders perpetually with every Tom, Dick and Harry in the town; and, to go on with, the education is carried on in the language used by the majority of the townspeople. The parents vote which language they wish their children to be taught in, and so in a town largely speaking Dutch all subjects are taught in this language, and English becomes a foreign tongue, shockingly badly taught into the bargain. On paper this is not so, but actually it is, there being not one English-speaking teacher on the large staff of our local school. It must be made quite

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clear, however, that Dutch or "Africaans" is an absolute necessity to a child who is to live here and earn his own living. No official post can be held by anyone not speaking both languages, and few commercial or professional ones, and farm servants seldom speak English. It is an exceedingly simple language and easy to pick up, being a mixture of Hollander Dutch, bad English, with a lot of native words thrown in. It means, though, that if a child comes straight from England to a Dutch medium school, he is very much handicapped, as he can make no progress with his other studies until he has mastered Africaan.

Most coastal and big inland towns have private girls' and boys' schools which conform more with English ideas of education. One of the biggest boys' schools in Grahamstown—a place full of schools and colleges—has the social *cachet* in South African eyes that Rugby or Harrow have in English, and here the fees are £160 per annum without extras. There are plenty of cheaper schools, and a friend is paying £60 per annum for her eighteen year old daughter at a not far distant convent. Education in the public schools is free up to certain standards, when fees are then due to cover examination expenses.

Having decided to farm, what to farm, and how to do his best at it, the settler will not lack good and disinterested advice provided he goes to the right people for it—namely, to the officers of the school under whose area his prospective farm falls, or to the 1820 Settlers' Association. It is amazing how gullible even clever people can be when it comes to lending an ear to the glittering prospects held out by the land shark and the company promoter, of which South Africa has as many as any other colony. A man too shrewd to pay sixpence more than an article's true worth over the counter will swallow greedily any obviously impossible yarn that these people choose to tell him, quite overlooking the fact that no one, not even the greatest philanthropist living, would sell his own gold-mine for ninepence. No man in his senses should buy property 6,000 miles away, from a few pretty photographs and a square marked off a map hanging in a London office; yet many hundreds, apparently in full possession of their wits, do so. A young settler who bought a farm in this manner sent home photographs of it shortly after his arrival. His father replied, "Why did you pay postage on blank negatives? There is not a single thing on

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them." The boy replied, "The negatives are photographs of my 'fully planted and improved farm,' and are most accurate in that there is equally nothing on it!"

A farming venture, new to South Africa but having a great appeal to newcomers, is that known as the "close settlement" system. There are many of these settlements, Sunday's River being the best-known example. There is undoubtedly a great future for this intensive farming, but it is not yet fully understood here, and it is a case of waiting some time before a man can make it pay, an impossible procedure on a small capital. Water being a precious commodity, these farms—which depend on water—are highly priced, and when the water fails, as it did completely this year, the plight of the owners is pitiful indeed. Unfortunately, I have been unable to get actual personal records of any settlers working on this system, but I do know that there has been much heartburning and some heavy losses among them, and anyone intending to farm in this manner cannot be too strongly advised first to see any property he intends purchasing, and to go thoroughly into the question of soil suitability, marketing facilities, crop prospects, and, above all, to find out just how the farm stands as regards water rights; that is, how much water he is entitled to.

While, as I previously stated, I consider there is a great future for these settlements, I am bound to say that their great attraction in the eyes of most newcomers lies in the social side. To a man used to having his neighbours within shouting distance, as it were, life is more congenial in a settlement than in a farm five miles from the nearest neighbour, but this accessibility has to be paid for in the shape of high and inflated prices. The man who can just be a retired gentleman can pay for this luxury, but the one who comes out here solely to make a living cannot afford it. It is usually the side lines on these farms that pay, such as bees, fowls, vegetables, etc. Lucerne is a very paying crop, and fetches high prices in drought periods.

In this locality sheep farming is almost the sole industry, and, given capital, a very paying one, though there are plenty of three-figure men who started here with practically nothing, work and grit being worth more than capital.

I am greatly indebted to the local secretary of the 1820 Memorial Association, Lieut.-Colonel E. J. Collet, for details of this kind of farming as well as for those concerning the work

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of the Association. Land is worth £2 to £4 a morgen (10,000 square yards) for karroo grazing veldt, and £50 to £100 for irrigated land suitable for more intensive farming. £2,000 alone would not enable a man to buy enough land outright to make a living on. He might lease a farm of 2,000 morgen at a rental of £200 per annum, and buy 1,000 sheep at 25s. each (present price). The land carries about one sheep to every 2 morgen, a span of oxen and a few cows being also run. Farm implements would cost about £300, not including a motor-car (almost a necessity). Plus a pension, a man should do quite comfortably ; but with this capital only he would be up against a tough proposition.

Sugar farming is likely to appeal to those seeking a slightly moister climate than that of the Karroo. Once fairly started, sugar farming is a paying proposition owing to its unfailing market. A fully planted farm could not be got for £2,000, but a settler could pay a good proportion of the purchase price and have the rest on mortgage (bond). With a pension to help him, it would not take him long to pay the bond off. Of course, an unplanted farm could be got for much less, but initial expenses are rather heavy—at least £1,000 for the first year for farm, implements and canes. This kind of farming is confined to Natal.

Stock farming in the same district is also a profitable undertaking, and should pay from the start if well worked. A little farm of 400 or 500 acres would cost about £1,500, leaving £500 for stock and general fitting up.

But the Transvaal is the best stock district, and, also in this district, one settler known to me is doing well on a mixed dairy and poultry farm of between 800 and 1,000 acres. He made his own bricks and built a house, dairy shed (50 ft. by 24 ft.), poultry house and lean-to shed for £435. He bought some of the more expensive implements second-hand, and in all paid £142 for a drag-harrow, a disc harrow, a planter, plough, together with the necessary chains, yokes, reins and shops (oxen harness), cultivator and mower. His dairy impedimenta, chaff-cutter, etc., etc., cost him another £95. He bought really good cows, as they pay in the long run, at £20 to £25 per head, spending £500 upon them, and his 25 oxen cost another £150. His poultry, incubators, and enough grain to carry on with ran into £136. A silo costs another £60, making a total of £1,518, exclusive of his land, which was a Government plot. This settler gets a clear

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(average) return of £15 a month on his cows and dairy. His mealie crop also brings in a goodly sum after feeding his animals; and his house-keeping—since most of his food is home-grown—only cost £6 a month for four people.

Fruit farming is one that greatly appeals to many people, but a settler with only £2,000 would have a little struggle. It was stated at a branch meeting of the 1820 Settlers' Association that a married man should have at least £5,000. While this has been described as "a purely personal opinion," it is borne out to some extent by the experiences of a naval settler of my acquaintance. I give his own figures :—

	£	s.	d.
26 morgen land, survey and transfer fees	1670	0	0
House (could be done cheaper)	600	0	0
Outbuildings	40	0	0
Borehole and windmill	150	0	0
Fencing (own labour)	28	0	0
Trolley	40	0	0
Harness	20	0	0
Four draught horses	75	0	0
Cow	14	0	0
Two ploughs, cultivator, and rake	90	0	0
Buggy	25	0	0
Tools (spades, etc.)	30	0	0
2,000 apricot, apple, and pear trees at £60 per 1,000	120	0	0
2 poultry houses (450 birds)	50	0	0
Orchard water tank, sprayer, chicken runs, etc. ...	70	0	0
Labour for 3 years at £90 per annum (3 boys) ...	270	0	0
Living expenses for 3 years at £160 (2 persons) ...	480	0	0
Contingencies	150	0	0
Water rates (10s. per month for 3 years)	36	0	0
Total	£3958	0	0

His trees, of course, are far from full bearing, and have so far brought him in £600 in three years. His lucerne only just fed his animals, as there was a severe drought. His poultry just about kept itself and balanced as regards expenditure and returns, but, of course, now the birds and houses are all bought will soon bring in a profit. He also made £100 a year clear on his baling press by taking it round and baling his neighbours' lucerne. Naturally, now it is fairly established, his orchard will bring him in a very great deal more than this, but it will be seen that while waiting for his trees to bear he has had to live on capital, an impossible procedure of a man with a small capital.

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This settler states that, having " seen through " various land companies, he bought land on his own account at half the price they asked, and advises all settlers " to avoid land companies as they would the plague "—*a point which cannot be too fully stressed, and which should be digested more than any other in this article.*

Cotton growing is a new industry, and is forging ahead steadily. With the American cotton-fields ravaged by a cotton-boll, the chances of winning a great future for itself are great. Samples sent to Manchester won golden opinions, and there is likely to be a good demand for South African cotton from that all-important centre. Unfortunately, however, I know of no settler engaged upon it, and so can give no figures.

I am quite aware of the fact that my figures do not tally with those in all those pretty picture books and advertisements scattered about London, but then I have nothing to sell and nothing to gain, unless it is the pleasure of seeing my fellow countrymen started on their road in South Africa with the knowledge that this is not El Dorado, but a very lovely country worth the working for, and a place wherein they can build up a happy future for themselves and a glorious heritage for their children.

As a young man's country it has everything to commend it, and as an elderly man's it presents the only alternative to living under a foreign flag in order to escape the English climate or the miseries of economizing in a dreary suburb on a small pension. When the latter happens it means that the ex-officer must come far down the social ladder and say good-bye to all his old tastes and pursuits. In South Africa, however, he can live in the simplest way and still be friendly with his wealthier brethren, and remain, in spite of slender means, " a retired gentleman," and a *sahib*.

DORIS W. SIDLEY.

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AUCTION BRIDGE.

Some Typical Errors.

ERRORS at Bridge — excepting those due to sheer ignorance of the game—are mainly attributable to (*a*) lack of observation or (*b*) failure to draw inferences from observations; and of these (*a*) must shoulder the greater burden, for to make deductions from noted facts bearing on the business of the moment is instinctive to most minds. In the interesting comparison of Chess with Bridge in the last issue of The Fighting Forces it was stated that in the former game everything was "above board"; in the latter this is not so, and to obtain any grip on the position one has not merely to put two and two together, but to hunt indefatigably for the two's before the addition becomes possible.

The earliest information is given by the first bid, and even when this is the negative pass there is knowledge to be be gleaned. A point to bear in mind is that the intelligence picked up during the bidding may prove useful during the play of the hand.

Suppose that *Z* is playing a "no-trump" declaration, and that *A's* first lead is the 7 of hearts. Unless *B*, *A's* partner, has bid in the suit, the card is obviously the fourth best of *A's* holding. If *A* himself has not bid, *Z* can learn no more than can be got from the application of the Eleven Rule—which is too frequently overlooked, by the way; but if *A* has made an original bid in hearts, the intelligence becomes more definite. If *Z* holds the ace of hearts, *A* must have the king, queen; consequently, if the jack is in dummy, it can be played with the certainty of taking the trick. Nor is this all. As with many modern players, *A* may be known never to make an original suit bid without a minimum of two certain tricks in defence. King, queen of a suit mean only one certain trick, therefore *A* has another king, queen suit, or an ace, and which of the two and in what suit *Z* can probably determine from the composition of the joint hands of dummy and himself.

It is unnecessary to underline the value of such a deduction, but it may be helpful to give one example. Suppose *Z* has three aces and can deduce that *A* must have, say, the ace of clubs, then if *Z* has the king and dummy the queen, the latter is a card of *certain* entry to dummy's hand—often a matter of huge importance.

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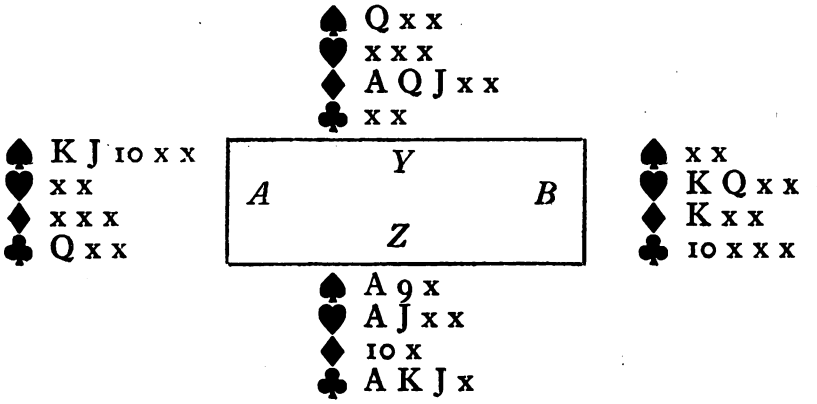
Good Players are Quick Players.

Deductions must be made as the clues are detected and stored for ready use. It is rarely possible to hark back; if you do not know that, say, the 8 of diamonds is the best remaining card of the suit the moment it is played, you are unlikely to find out by reflection.

Some folks are quite content to play Bridge as they would Beggar-my-Neighbour, but they cannot extract from it anything like the enjoyment of the sound player, and for the latter they spoil the game. Given, then, that one wants intellectual recreation and to be *persona grata* at the card-table, the first point is to cultivate the habit of observation and quick deduction. One should not keep others waiting while one dons a thinking cap, and it is, as already indicated, generally useless. My experience is that good players are fairly quick both in bidding and playing; the hesitant player is groping in the dark oftener than deciding between brilliant alternatives.

There is, however, one occasion when some delay is not only permissible but praiseworthy, and this is the privilege of the declarer after the adversary on his left has led to the first trick. This pause is to enable him to plan his campaign, connoting such details as finesses, dummy's cards of entry, and so forth. It is not very rare to find dummy with one long suit and inadequate cards of entry. Here is an instance:

Z bids "one no-trump" at a love score, all pass, and *A* leads the jack of spades. The hands are:—



(A x indicates a card lower in value than a 10.)

Many players would promptly smack on dummy's queen of spades, but a very little thought should show this to be a foolish course. *A* has led from king, jack, 10, and not from jack, 10, 9, as *Z* himself holds the 9; but even were the 9 not

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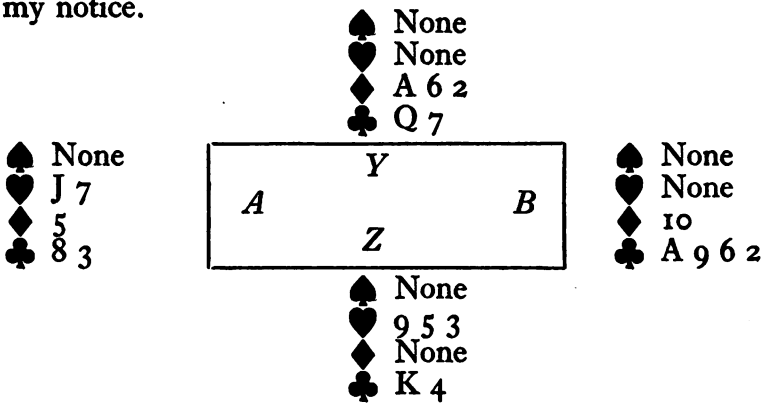
visible dummy's queen must not be played. It is essential for *Z* to make four of *Y's* diamonds, and unless *A* has the diamond king (which he hasn't), finessing, though it must be essayed, will do no good. If *B* has three diamonds to the king (and he has), he will not, if he be a good player, cover the first finesse; he will wait for the second in the hope (which would come true) of exhausting *Z's* diamonds. Dummy's queen of spades, therefore, must be kept as a card of entry. The earlier tricks should go like this, the *italicized* card in each instance taking the trick :—

	A	*Y*	*B*	*Z*	
1.	J ♠	x ♠	x ♠	*A* ♠	(there is no reason to hold up the ace)
2.	x ♦	x ♦	x ♦	*10* ♦	
3.	x ♦	Q ♦	*K* ♦	x ♦	
4.	*K* ♠	x ♠	x ♠	x ♠	(*A* cannot prevent *Y* from making a spade trick, however he plays)
5.	x ♠	*Q* ♠	x ♣	9 ♠	(*A* has no better lead)

Y now makes three tricks in diamonds, and *Z* goes game. If *Z* had played *Y's* queen of spades to the first trick, he could never have got into *Y's* hand after *B* won with the king of diamonds on the second round of the suit, and would not have won the game. Incidentally, it is generally useful to keep a high card on the left of the player with strength in the suit.

Missed Opportunities.

Sometimes the chance to obtain a much wanted entry to dummy occurs suddenly during the play of a hand. Two disastrous cases of missed opportunities recently came under my notice.



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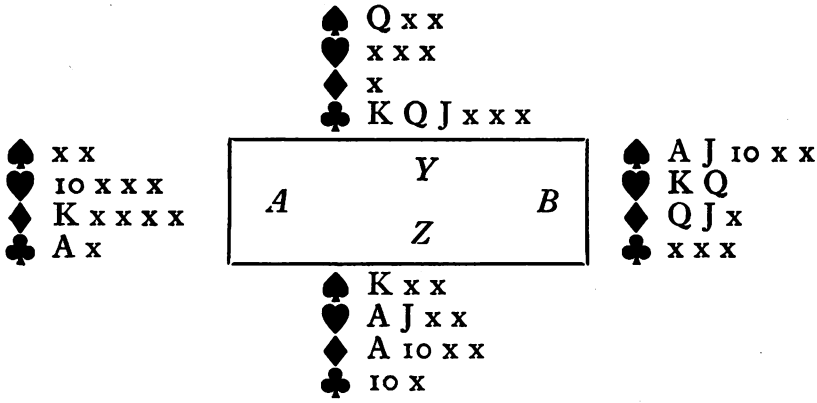
In the foregoing position *Z* wanted four of the five remaining tricks to fulfil his contract of "two no-trumps" and to win the game. *B* led the ace of clubs, and *Z* played the 4. *Z* should have played his king on *B's* ace and so secured an entry to dummy with the queen. He could not know whether the two adverse diamonds were separated or in the same hand, but he missed seizing the only possible chance of making his contract. *B*, of course, led another club.

The second case was somewhat similar, though it contains other features of interest. The score was love all in the rubber game. *Y* dealt and bid "one club"; *B*, "one spade; *Z*, "one no-trump"; and all passed. The hands were :—



A led a spade, dummy played a small one, and *B* won with the ace. *B* led the jack of spades, and *Z*, instead of playing his king and ensuring a card of entry to dummy *after* clubs were established, won the trick with dummy's queen. A club was now led from dummy, and *Z*, winning with the 10, led another club, *A* winning with the ace—and so four good club tricks were wasted, for *Z*, of course, could never get into *Y*'s hand again. *A* led a small diamond, and *Z*, winning the trick with the ace, led a small heart. This put *B* in, and he cleared the spades. *Z* won with the king of spades and then made the ace and jack of hearts. *A* discarded a diamond to the third spade trick, so *Z* won no more tricks and was one down on his contract; by playing as suggested, *Z* could have won game—and rubber.

The particular *Z* is generally sound, but I think he lost his nerve on finding *Y* without the ace of clubs. *B* was rash in giving *Z* the opportunity to secure an entry into dummy with the queen of spades. He should have played the 10

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to the first spade trick and sat over dummy's queen ; had he done so *Z* would have been two or three tricks down. Perhaps *B* assumed that *Z* must have the ace of clubs ; if so, it can only be said that it is always wrong to assume the declarer has a game-winning proposition. I think, too, that *Y* should have bid " two clubs " over his partner's " one no-trump " by way of intimating that he was useful only in clubs and that they would need clearing.

An inexperienced or easily alarmed player is sometimes caught by a bluff bid. This is often exemplified after a re-double, when the partner of the doubler gets scared and branches off to some preposterous bid which leads to a fatal abyss. To re-double when the double gives an unpleasant jolt is an old ruse, and the adversaries should be wary of taking it out ; a little rapid analysis will often show the way the wind blows. I remember being squeezed in early days. My partner doubled " three no-trumps," an adversary re-doubled, and I rescued with " four hearts." We were doubled in turn and went down 200 points ; had I left the re-double in we should have made 600—a difference of 800 ! My partner said sadly, " I don't double for fun," and I was filled with chagrin, for I had fallen headlong into the re-doubler's trap.

Here is another example of a bluff bid. *YZ* were one game up, and there was no score in the second game. *Z* dealt and bid " one heart," *A* and *Y* passed, and *B* bid " one spade." *Z* then went to " three hearts," and all passed. It transpired that *A* held four spades to the ace, jack. " You might have supported me," reproached *B*. " If *Z* had bid ' two hearts,' I would have bid ' two spades,' " replied *A*, " but three were too many for me, I'd no outside cards." " I thought three would choke you off," said *Z*, with a laugh. *Z* was afraid of spades, having but two little ones in his hand, and he knew *A* to be a timid bidder. Now *Z* would have bid " three hearts " or " four hearts " at his first bid had he held a real pre-emptive heart hand, and *A* should have recognized the position. *B* had five spades to the king, queen, and fair outside cards, but when his partner refused aid he could not go on : he could have made game in spades.

Deceiving your Partner.

The worst bidding fault, to my mind, is to deceive your partner. We may all be over-buoyant or too cautious at

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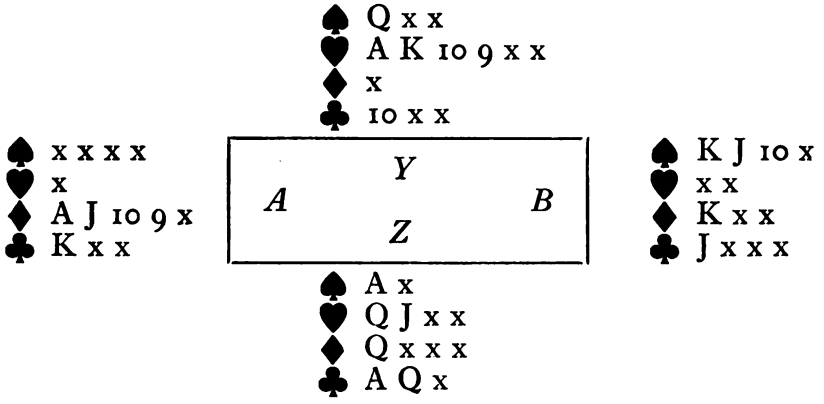
times, but there is no excuse for telling Bridge fibs, and they proclaim either a selfish desire to play the combined hands or ignorance of the principles of the game. Here is a glaring instance of which I was a witness. *Y Z* had won a game and both sides were love in the second game. *Y* dealt and bid "two hearts," *B* passed, *Z* bid "two no-trumps," and all passed. The hands were :—



A led the jack of diamonds, *B* won with the king and returned the lead, *A* winning with the 9. Playing a sound game, *A* now led a spade in the hope of putting *B* in to lead a third round of diamonds through *Z*. A small card was put on from dummy, *B* played the 10, and *Z* won with the ace. *Z* now made six heart tricks, and then led dummy's 10 of clubs, *B* playing the jack, *Z* the queen, and *A* winning with the king. *A* led his remaining diamond, the ace, then a spade, which enabled *B* to make two spade tricks. Thus *Z* went to bed with the ace of clubs, and was one down on his contract. He cannot be blamed for finessing, for had it come off he would have won three over-tricks, game and rubber. Everything was wrongly placed for *Z*, and I was very glad of it ; had he made his contract he would have felt justified in his almost criminal bidding, but as it was *Y* rubbed in the moral.

Had *Y* bid only "one heart," *Z*, with splendid support in the suit and good outside stuff, was wrong in taking him out of a major suit. But considering that *Y's* original bid proclaimed great heart strength and a hand unlikely to be of much use in anything else, *Z's* bid of "two no-trumps" is deserving of the severest censure. *Z's* bid said, "Partner, I have no strength in hearts, but I am strong in all the other

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suits," and the statement was untrue. Had *Y* played the combined hands in hearts he could have made four overtricks and game. Perhaps another time this couple play together *Z* may take *Y* out of an original major suit bid on the legitimate grounds that he cannot support and has a good bid in no-trumps, but *Y* will be inclined to disbelieve him. A partner one cannot rely on is a great danger.

It will have been noticed that *A*, after taking the second diamond trick, led a spade instead of hammering away at this suit in the usual fashion. He knew that *Z* must have at least the ace or king of spades, also the ace and very likely the queen of clubs. But to lead a diamond would be to give *Z* a trick he could not otherwise make, and which might—as it would have done—make all the difference. (Had *Z* won a diamond trick, he would have made certain of game by playing his ace of clubs instead of finessing the queen.) *A* hoped to establish his diamonds before he got in with his king of clubs, and he had some reason to hope from *Z's* bidding that *B* had a guard in hearts. The position may be debatable, but I cannot help thinking that *A* showed clear vision in departing from the dictum that it is generally better to peg away at your own suit than to open a new one up to the declarer of no-trumps. At any rate he saved the game.

The policy just referred to is, however, a wise one. To force the declarer or his dummy to open the new suit, so that you or your partner is fourth player with a chance of making a stray and perhaps invaluable trick, is generally sound. The no-trump declarer has proclaimed general strength, so that to open a fresh suit up to him often sacrifices a good card of your partner's and presents a trick to the adversary. When it is obvious that the adversary *must* win a trick in your own or your partner's suit, the sooner he makes it the better, so that the suit will be cleared. The point in the last illustrated example is that *Z* could make a diamond trick only if *A* led the suit again ; it was therefore justifiable to risk opening a new suit up to *Z*.

Risks, indeed, form one of the attractions of Bridge, that is so long as discrimination is made between foolhardiness and intellectual gallantry.

HUGH TUITE.

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CHESS

PAWN ENDINGS.

IN studying the principles governing pawn play in chess endings, the first essential is a thorough grasp of what is known as the " opposition." Let the reader take his board and men, and set up the following position :—

Position 1.—White, K—K2 ; Black, K—K4.

White plays 1 K—K3, thereby " assuming the opposition," if Black replies K—Q4, White plays 2 K—Q3, maintaining the opposition. Similarly if 1 . . . K—B4, 2 K—B3. It will be seen that Black, play how he may, can never cross the centre of the board, whilst White maintains the opposition. Again, if 1 . . . K—Q3, 2 K—Q4, and Black can never force his way back on to the fourth rank. On the other hand, White can force his way forward, if he so desires, in the following manner :—1 K—K3, K—Q4 ; 2 K—B4, K—K3 ; 3 K—K4, K—Q3 ; 4 K—B5, K—K2 ; 5 K—K5, K—Q2 ; 6 K—B6 , K—K 1 ; 7 K—K6, K—Q1 ; 8 K—B7, etc. It will be readily understood that the combined power to prevent the enemy advancing, and to advance oneself gives the player with the opposition a distinct advantage. Position 1 is an example of " near " opposition, but opposition exists even when the Kings are far apart. Consider for a moment a case of " distant " opposition :—

Position 2.—White, K—K1 ; Black, K—K1.

Here White assumes the opposition with 1 K—K2, and however Black may play it will be found when the Kings approach near to each other, White still has the opposition, *e.g.*, 1 . . . K—Q2 ; 2 K—Q3, K—K2 ; 3 K—K3, K—K3 ; 4 K—K4, and we have the position given in No. 1.

Again, opposition exists even when the two Kings do not stand on the same rank or file. Such is called " diagonal " opposition, and a typical example is :—

Position 3.—White, K—K1 ; Black, K—QR1.

Here White takes the opposition with 1 K—K2, and it will be found he can prevent Black reaching the fourth rank except on his QR and QKt files, to which he is then confined. The play may go 1 K—K2, K—Kt1 ; 2 K—Q2, K—B1 ;

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3 K—B2, and the position is similar to No. 2. Black cannot advance beyond his third rank. If 1 . . . K—R2; 2 K—K3, K—R3; 3 K—K4, K—R4; 4 K—K5, and Black cannot go beyond the QKt file.

To comprehend further the question of opposition, the reader should take a diagram and mark it thus :—

A on each white square, and *B* on each black square on the even numbered ranks.

C on each black square and *D* on each white square on the odd numbered ranks.

Now place the Kings on any squares similarly lettered, and it will be found that White (having moved last) has the opposition, and, whatever Black may do, he maintains the opposition by playing his King to a square similarly lettered to that occupied by the Black King. This method of locating " companion " squares is well worthy of study.

It should be noted that White can maintain the opposition by retreating as well as by advancing, though naturally the latter is usually superior, as thereby the opposing King is more restricted.

Enough has been said as to the principles governing the opposition. Let us now turn our attention to its practical use.

Position 4.—White, K—K1, P—K2; Black, K—K1.

White wins by the following play (study both White's and Black's moves carefully) :—1 K—Q2, K—Q1; 2 K—K3, K—K2; 3 K—K4, K—K3; Black has the opposition, but White, being able to move his pawn, is thereby enabled to seize the opposition in his turn. If, as in the position now reached, White can place his King in front of his pawn without actually blocking its advance, he can force a win (except when the pawn stands on the Rook's file). The method is :—4 P—K3, K—Q3; 5 K—B5, K—K2 (if K—Q4; 6 P—K4 ch., K—Q3,; 7 K—B6, K—Q2; 8 P—K5, K—K1; 9 K—K6, etc.); 6 K—K5; K—Q2; 7 K—B6, K—K1; 8 K—K6, K—Q1; 9 P—K4, K—K1; 10 P—K5, K—B1; 11 K—Q7, and the way is clear for the pawn to queen. The King should be played as far forward in advance of the pawn as possible without jeopardizing the safety of the latter. Another useful point to remember is that, if possible, the King should be played to the seventh

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rank before the pawn goes to the sixth. If, after the pawn reaches the sixth square, Black can take the opposition, the game is drawn.

Now, in the commencing position, if it is Black's move, the game is drawn, as White cannot get his King sufficiently in advance of his pawn to allow the latter the necessary move to enable the opposition to be regained. Black plays 1 . . . K—K2 ; 2 K—Q2, K—K3 ; 3 K—Q3. Now K—K4 will not do, as White forces a win by 4 K—K3, K—Q4 ; 5 K—B4, K—K3 ; 6 K—K4, etc. Therefore, Black plays 3 . . . K—Q4. White cannot advance his King, nor will K—K3 help him, as Black maintains the opposition with K—K4. So he tries 4 P—K3. In positions such as that now reached, *i.e.*, where one rank only separates the opposing forces, a draw is certain, if Black can oppose directly either pawn or King, except when Black's King stands on his first rank, when it is essential that the King be opposed. 4 . . . K—K4 ; 5 P—K4, K—K3 ; 6 K—Q4, K—Q3 ; 7 P—K5 ch., K—K3 ; 8 K—K4, K—K2 ; 9 K—Q5, K—Q2 ; 10 P—K6 ch., K—K2 ; 11 K—K5, K—K1 (vital, so that Black can take the opposition if White advances his King), 12 K—Q6, K—Q1 ; 13 P—K7 ch., K—K1 ; and White must either abandon the pawn or give stalemate by K—K6. Black may facilitate the arrival of this deadlock by retreat whenever White's pawn stands in advance of his King, as follows :—After 7 P—K5 ch., K—K2 ; 8 K—Q5, K—Q2 ; 9 P—K6 ch., K—K1 ; 10 K—Q6, K—Q1, etc.

In similar positions where the single pawn is a rook's pawn a draw occurs if the defending King can reach the rook's file in front of the pawn, the reason being that he cannot be forced away again owing to the limitation of the board.

If the advance of a rook's pawn is hindered by the presence of his own King on that file, it may still be possible for the defending player to draw, even though he cannot reach the rook's file. An example is :—

Position 5.—White, K—QR7, P—QR4 ; Black, K—Q5. Black draws by 1 . . . K—B4 ; threatening to win the pawn. White must advance the pawn, or bring the King back to its support. If 2 P—R5, K—B3 ; 3 P—R6, K—B2 ; 4 K—R8, K—B1, and the position is drawn because the White King cannot escape from its prison, whilst

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stalemate follows the further advance of the pawn. If 2 K—R6, Black assumes the opposition with K—B3, and again the White King cannot escape, except by allowing Black access to his QR square.

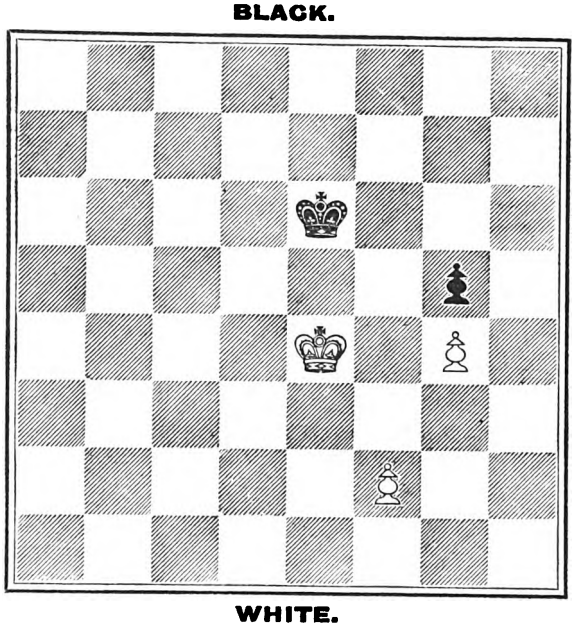
We will turn our attention now to positions containing more than one pawn.

Position 6.—White, K—K6, Ps—KB5 and KKt6.
Black, K—KB1, P—KKt2.

Here White only draws if he plays 1 P—B6, because Black replies K—Kt1. If 2 P—B7 ch., K—B1 and White can never queen his pawn without losing it. If 2 P×P, K×P ; 3 K—B5, K—Kt1, we have a position similar to that arising in No. 4, where Black, having the opposition, draws 2 K—K7, P×P ; 3 K×P, K—B1 is drawn for the same reason.

White can win, however, by 1 K—Q7, K—Kt1 ; 2 K—K7, K—R1 ; 3 P—B6, P×P ; 4, K—B7.

Position 7.



This is a type of position which occurs frequently in actual play, and so should be examined closely. White

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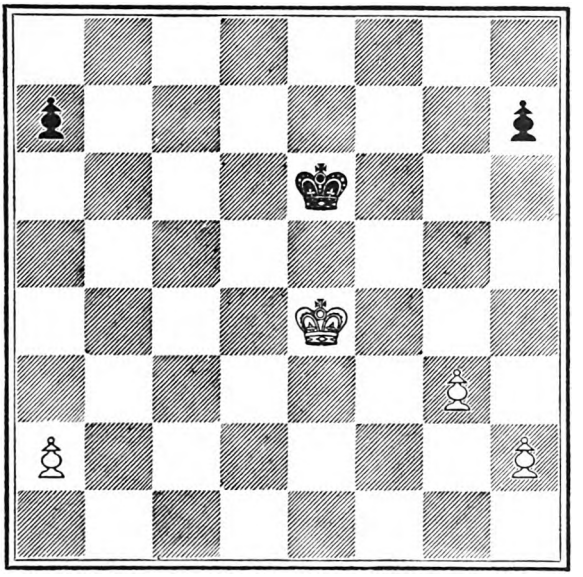
must not play 1 P—B4, because P×P ; 2 K×P, K—B3 draws as shown in No. 4. Therefore, he can win only by first gaining his opponent's pawn, and this he does by forcing Black to relinquish the opposition. 1 P—B3, K—B3 ; 2 K—Q5, K—Kt2 ; 3 K—K6, K—Kt3 ; 4 K—K5, K—Kt2 ; 5 K—B5, K—R3 ; 6 K—B6, and the pawn falls.

Position 8.

BLACK.



WHITE.

In positions such as this, the general rule is to act immediately on the wing where you have the superior force, and further it is generally correct to advance the pawn that is unopposed.

But first let us look at the consequence of 1 P—KR4. Black is able to apply one of the cardinal principles of chess strategy, viz. : the holding of two units by one, and this enables him to effect a draw against White's superior force, as follows :—1 P—KR4, P—KR4 ; 2 K—B4, K—B4 ; 3 P—Kt4, P×P ; 4 K×P, K—Kt 3 ; 5 P—R4, P—R4 ; 6 K—B4, K—R4 ; 7 K—K5, K×P ; 8 K—Q5, K—Kt4 ; 9 K—B5, K—B3 ; 10 K—Kt 5, K—K2 ; 11 K×P, K—Q1 ; 12 K—Kt6, K—B1 ; 13 K—R7, K—B2 (*vide* Position 5).

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Actually, White forces a win by 1 P—Kt4, P—QR4; 2 P—QR4 (not essential, but generally it is advisable to stop an advance when the King is far away), K—B3; 3 P—R4, K—K3. If 3 . . . K—Kt3, the White King goes over to capture QRP, and simple counting shows that White promotes his pawn in nine moves against eleven required by Black to queen his KRP. In such cases, the moves required by each side to attain promotion should invariably be reckoned separately, as this method is quicker and considerably lessens the possibility of miscalculation. 4 P—Kt5, K—B2; 5 K—B5, K—Kt2; 6 P—R5, K—B2; 7 K—K5, and wins by capturing the QRP, etc.

F. F. L. ALEXANDER.

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THE BOOKSHELF

F.S.R.

FIELD SERVICE REGULATIONS, VOL. II (OPERATIONS), 1924.

THE new edition strikes us forcibly as being a more human document than its predecessors. There are pleasant departures from that coldly mechanical, non-committal tone which we have been accustomed to hitherto. One sentence alone might be written in letters of gold: "Above all must it be remembered that success in war depends largely on a knowledge of human nature and how to handle it to the best advantage" (p. 4). On the opening page of the new edition it is noted: "The instructions laid down herein cover a war of the first magnitude, but can be modified in their application to other forms of war." We could wish that the modification had received more attention than this. A war of the first magnitude means war with France or Germany, contingencies possible but remote; on the other hand, causes of friction are constant with second-rate powers such as the Union of Soviet Republics or Turkey, and trouble in Egypt or India may at any moment entail operations of considerable size, though certainly not of first-rate magnitude. Sir Philip Chetwode in his Memorandum on Training for the last year rightly criticizes the slowness in the attack which characterized so many of the field days. We think it is this "war of the first magnitude" idea which is the cause of the trouble. Infantry are getting so accustomed to thinking in terms of tanks and artillery that they are likely to lose opportunities which might justifiably be taken against such an enemy as, say, the Russians. Chapter XI, of course, deals with warfare in undeveloped and semi-civilized countries, but there is an intermediate type of enemy, in our opinion the most likely enemy of the future, who receives but scant attention in the pages of the new edition.

The enumeration of the principles of war is a pleasing innovation, but surely "to threaten the enemy's flank and protect one's own" should have been included. We are glad to see the point made on page 10 that "no superior commander is justified in shifting responsibility on to the shoulders of a subordinate on pretext of allowing full play to the latters' initiative." This was rather frequently done in the war. In training for any particular operation battalion commanders left liberty of action to their company commanders, who in turn passed on responsibility to their platoon commanders, and in the end little was done. The boosting of the platoon and section commander has in our opinion been overdone. It is inadvisable to allow too great liberty of action to the individual when in at least 50 per cent. of the cases the individual in question is not, and never will be, capable of making the best use of it.

We notice with regret that the old cliché about the "decisive spot" is hardly scotched. On page 3 we read that "Concentration of superior force, moral and material, at the decisive time and place, and its resolute employment in the battle are (is) essential for success." As a maxim this is obviously true; as advice it is well meant, but of little value. The trouble about decisive spots is that they are so hard to

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recognize at the time. As Frederick the Great put it: "If we all knew as much before a battle as we do after it every one of us would be a great general." Military history teems with instances where certain points, localities, and areas became invested with an importance which could not possibly have been foreseen. To go back no further than 1914 the decisive spot in the first week of September was the Ourcq, but it was impossible for Joffre to have foreseen the *marche insensée* of von Kluck; and even had he foreseen it the concentration of material force to deal with it might have been impossible for reasons of time, space, and man power. Again, decisive spots are not permanent, but fleeting. Before the battle was over the space between the German First and Second Armies had suddenly become the area where a decision might have been forced, but how could Joffre have anticipated the mission of Lieutenant-Colonel Hentsch or the action of von Bülow? And even if by some kind of telepathy he had been able to do so, how could he have effected the concentration of superior force? He had no general reserve, and even had he possessed one there was no guarantee that it would have been situated at such distance as to have been available at the critical moment. To tell a harassed commander that he must concentrate superior force at the decisive point seems to us just about as helpful as if the income tax harpies were to tell an impoverished retired officer to go to the Grand National and back the winner.

"The battle can be won in the last resort only by these weapons," *i.e.*, rifle, and bayonet (p. 13). We should hesitate to be as dogmatic as this on this question. The trouble in the Army has always been that it is inclined to think more in terms of the past than in terms of future wars, and this sentence seems to contain the seeds of this fallacy. As regards advanced guards, we are glad to see that something has been done to clear up the confusion which so often existed in the past in the minds of candidates at practical promotion examinations with regard to the advanced guard mounted troops. It is now definitely stated that the action of the bulk of the advanced guard mounted troops will be controlled by the advanced guard commander. Although tentatively hinted at, the authors of this volume were reluctant apparently to sweep away old nomenclature as applied to outposts, piquets, and supports. Outposts are simply defence; the organization of the forward zone in a defensive system is admirably described on page 173, why then retain some irritating terms which have caused more trouble in the minds of the rank and file than anything else? Thus, a company on outpost might consist of company headquarters and two platoons in support, two platoon posts forward, each platoon post furnishing two section posts as sentry groups.

The excessively non-committal attitude which has always been such a feature of Field Service Regulations in the past occasionally creeps out in this edition. Surely it might have been possible to have given a few crumbs of information on page 122 as to how best to co-ordinate the tank attack with the infantry attack in an encounter battle, for many of us know so precious little about tanks that we long for something meaty and not these vague generalities. There is no mention of gas warfare in this book which is of course, due to the fact

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that this weapon is under a kind of international taboo, but a cynic may well wonder how the Powers can contemplate without dismay mashing people to pulp under tanks (page 21), and yet be shocked at putting them out of the way by anæsthesia.

The chapter on defence does not give a clear idea of what a battalion occupying a defensive position in mobile warfare should do. The return to " operation order " in the heading of orders is welcome. On the whole, the new edition is a marked advance on its predecessors and is well arranged. Considering that the whole art of land warfare had to be compressed into a pocket book, the result reflects the very highest credit on the compilers.

THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. BASED ON OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS. THE CAMPAIGN IN MESOPOTAMIA, 1914-1918. Compiled at the request of the Government of India under the direction of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Volume II. By BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. J. MOBERLY, C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O. Published by H.M. Stationery Office.

The volume now before us deals with a period of the Great War of outstanding interest. It is mainly a recital of British misfortunes and the failure of a hazard, retrieved by the indomitable grit and courage of the British and Indian troops who took part in the campaign. The period dealt with is from the latter half of 1915 to the end of the following March, and included in this phase of Mesopotamia were the decision to push on to Baghdad, the Battle of Ctesiphon, the enforced retreat of the victors, the decision to hold Kut, the siege, the attempts at relief, the surrender of the town after a heroic resistance, and the decision to transfer the control of operations from India to the War Office.

A period such as this, comprising as it did one of the greatest disasters which ever befel British arms, is one which seems to call for something more than narrative; detailed and searching criticism would seem not to be out of place. But inasmuch as the history is " official " and has been compiled at the request of the Government of India, it is clear that the hands of the author must have been to some extent tied. On the other hand, it must be conceded at once that there is no attempt whatever to present a partisan case; if there is no marked declaration of acceptance of responsibility, there is no attempt to shift it on to other shoulders. Correspondence and documents are freely quoted *in extenso* or at length, and thus, while the reader has to form his criticisms himself, at any rate he has the evidence laid before him on which to form an opinion.

The operations described in the volume all hinge on the decision to push on to Baghdad, and nothing could be more valuable in a work of this nature than the reproduction of all the correspondence, official and private, despatches and cables, which flowed between India, London, and Mesopotamia dealing with the subject. These have been given, and it will probably strike the reader that they refute very fully the assertion which has often been made that the decision to push on

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to Baghdad was merely a politician's gamble to cover the errors of Gallipoli and to make capital in Mesopotamia at a time when British stock had declined in other quarters. A perusal of all the correspondence will surprise the reader with the extraordinary number of subsidiary features of the war which all reacted on Mesopotamia. Persia was concerned; so was Serbia. Egypt was affected; so was Greece. The Indian frontier was co-related with it; the same can be said of Constantinople. The whole situation at the close of 1915 was one of extraordinary complexity, and only the pen of a Macaulay could do justice to the varying world interests, each of which contributed a quota of influence which had to be weighed and assessed before a decision could be reached whether in the Middle East it were best to go forward, to stand still, or to retire.

All this the reader will discover for himself when he opens the volume. He will find it one of absorbing interest. General Moberly is a capital historian, clear, lucid, and yet vivid at times. His work was one of especial difficulty, inasmuch as practically all the official records of the force in Kut, dealing with the operations at Ctesiphon, the subsequent retreat, and the siege were destroyed before the surrender; but the loss was in part made good by the diaries and personal narratives of survivors, and the human element of the volume thereby considerably strengthened. The maps are good and clear. If we have a fault to find, it is the enormous number of footnotes, the majority of which might, we think, have been with advantage incorporated in the text. The public has become accustomed to receive skilled output from the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and General Moberly's present volume maintains the high reputation which that department has most justly earned.

Q.

GENERAL SIR JOHN COWANS, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. By MAJOR DESMOND CHAPMAN-HUSTON and MAJOR OWEN RUTTER. Hutchinson & Co.

The debt which the Army owes to men of the calibre of Sir John Cowans, Sir Travers Clarke, Sir William Robertson, and others who have held the post of Quartermaster-General whether at the War Office or in the field, is not merely an obligation due for food, clothing and shelter in peace and war. The indebtedness is chiefly caused by the fact that these officers have refuted for ever the claim that only "business men" can transact business on a large scale. For long the legend throve; it was particularly virulent at certain stages of the war; and "business men" even secured a certain ephemeral reputation until the time came "when these impostors were unmasked," as Sir Charles Callwell once wittily put it. One shudders to think what might have happened had the quartering, clothing, supply and feeding of our millions of soldiers in the war been entrusted to any but military hands. Such a happening is not, however, likely to occur in the future, especially as business men have been deprived of their self-appointed champion. Mr. Bottomley was accustomed to round off his scathing articles with the unfinished "Oh! for a business . ." the reader being left to

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supply " Navy," " Army," " Air Force " or " Government," according to circumstances. The business methods of Mr. Bottomley when applied to finance did not, however, commend themselves to the judiciary of the country, with the result which we all know.

This is, however, a digression, but it is legitimate to comment on the fact that a combatant officer was at the head of an organization which throughout the whole war maintained millions of men in the field and in the United Kingdom ; carried out commercial transactions amounting to a million sterling every day ; grappled with the stupendous problem of the rapid expansion of our land forces to a degree never contemplated in the wildest imaginings ; and all this with an imperturbability, efficiency, smoothness and success which have made the work of the Quartermaster-General's Department one of the outstanding features not only of the late war but of the military history of our race.

The temptation by which every reviewer of this work is assailed is to give, in the form of a monograph, an appreciation of the work and life of Sir John Cowans, and to utilize the two volumes merely as a handy work of reference. As a cynical author said of reviewers over a century ago, " they frequently gain much ostentatious knowledge from the very authors they propose to dismember." Such temptation must, however, be overcome ; our duty as we conceive it is merely to record our opinion whether or no Majors Desmond Chapman-Huston and Rutter have carried out their task with ability. It must be said at once that they laboured under severe handicaps. They had little or no access to official documents, and Lady Cowan has stated in the press that the same disadvantages applied to the private papers of her husband. It needed therefore considerable courage for the authors to embark upon their task, even granting that they were promised, and were later afforded, considerable assistance by friends and colleagues of the late Quartermaster-General. Let us say at once that we consider that the joint authors have achieved a striking success ; they have given a readable, interesting and well-written account of Cowans as staff officer and man ; and, what is more difficult still, they have presented in vivid prose those minutiæ and statistics without a knowledge of which the immense task of the Q.M.G. from 1914 to 1919 cannot be realized.

It is in no spirit of carping criticism that we now dwell for a moment on what we consider to be blemishes on the work. It seems to us that it would have gained largely by compression. The first volume merely adumbrates and leads up to the second, and deals with that portion of Sir John Cowans's career when he did useful, but not necessarily outstanding work. Much of the contents of the first volume seems to us somewhat trivial, and we must confess that we cannot see the relevancy of revealing the fact that the grandfather of the subject of the biography was a coachman. The fact neither enhances nor diminishes the superlatively brilliant work which Sir John Cowans rendered his country, which after all is the main reason why the biography has been written. This morsel of pedigree is, of course, true, or the authors would not have inserted it, but it seems a gratuitously unnecessary piece of information ; and the portrait of

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the grandsire in livery seems very questionable taste. The insertion of it is, however, not due to any lack of reverence on the part of the authors for their subject. Rather do they seem to fall into the other extreme, for every incident and episode of Sir John Cowans's career is followed by appreciatory moralizing which at times is wearisome. There is a typical case when describing his intention to compete for the Staff College—a decision made yearly by hundreds of ambitious young officers, and one which hardly justifies that "breathless with adoration" state of mind into which it has thrown the biographers of the late Quartermaster-General.

Another point to which we wish to call attention is this: in their admiration for their subject the biographers seem to us to fail to recognize the sterling qualities, brilliant abilities, and invaluable assistance of that arm of the Service with which Sir John Cowans's work was very largely concerned. We refer to the Royal Army Service Corps. It is doing no injustice to the other branches of the Land Forces to say that at the outbreak of the war the Army Service Corps was the most efficient branch of the Army, and it is a matter of history that, alone of all branches, it had emerged from the South African War with an enhanced reputation. Sir John Cowans had therefore a splendid instrument at hand with which to work. Like most successful men, he owed a great deal to his subordinates, as he would have been the first to admit; although, as Sir William Robertson adds in his preface, "however capable subordinates may be, good results will never be produced unless the necessary inspiration and direction are forthcoming from the top."

THE JAPANESE ARMY.

THE MILITARY SIDE OF JAPANESE LIFE. By CAPTAIN M. D. KENNEDY. Constable.

The reputation of the Japanese Army was essentially meteoric. From mere nothingness it suddenly glowed in 1894, to blaze in dazzling brilliancy ten years later in the war with Russia. Then, almost before our eyes could grow accustomed to this "excess of light," the brilliance died away. Perhaps this is hardly the correct expression; more properly we might say that other and more widespread brilliancies "killed" the light that at one time had seemed so dazzling. In plainer English, the part which Japan was called upon to play on land in the Great War was relatively very small, and the fires of Mukden and Liao-yang paled into insignificance in comparison with some of the bloodier contests in Europe. There has, thus, been a tendency to forget what Japan has done in war. No tendency could be more dangerous when the whole question of the mastery of the Pacific and the defence of Australasia is in the melting-pot. Japan is a Power who has to be reckoned with in the future, and it is significant that the War Office has selected portions of the Russo-Japanese War for the promotion examination of officers in October and the following April.

A book such as this on the Japanese Army comes at an opportune moment. Captain Kennedy went out to Japan as a "language officer" in 1917, and has now put on record a description of the

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impressions gained by him while seconded in the country. One-third of the book consists of the experiences of the author while attached to Japanese regiments or military schools, and while present at manœuvres; in the second part we visit the Japanese troops in their overseas garrisons; and the third part deals with broader aspects of the Japanese Army, including a survey of the leading strategic and political questions with which the Japanese Army is concerned. It is interesting to note that in 1914 the military party in Japan was fully convinced that Germany would win, and it was merely loyalty to the Anglo-Japanese alliance which induced Japan to join the side "which they honestly thought would be losers."

Captain Kennedy knows his subject thoroughly, and writes with an impartiality which is tinged with, but not marred by, a real sympathy with Japan. Now that the Russo-Japanese War is being studied by a younger generation, a book like this is an absolute necessity. Those of us who were of mature age when the struggle in Manchuria was waged were fed with innumerable stories of the Japanese Army which made us realize how it was possible for a little Asiatic Power to bring a European Colossus to its knees. The present generation, however, probably imagines the Japanese just as so many men in khaki; but until it comprehends the Japanese Army and the spirit which animated it, Liao-yang will not be understood.

BEYOND THE OUTPOSTS.

TALES FROM TURKISTAN: A SCYTHIAN'S STORIES. By STOR LØB. William Blackwood & Sons.

In Telson's Bank, so Dickens insisted, they had a system of their own for producing the real Telson hall-mark on their clerical staff, young clerks being kept in a back room where they ripened like cheese to the necessary Telsonian fruitiness. We suspect there must be a Maga Institute somewhere where Blackwoods train on their story-tellers to their uniform high level of excellence of matter, ease of style, vividness of narration, and sense of humour. "If you want a receipt for the popular mystery," probably the best thing will be to fill the pipkin or crucible with a good foundation of Kipling seasoned with Ole Luk Oie; add Linesman and Bartimeus to taste, and the residuum is the Service yarn-merchant done to a turn.

The "Tales from Turkistan" deal directly or indirectly with Central Asia and the Indian Frontier; one might hazard a wide solution that this particular Scythian is or was a Piffer. The longest and perhaps the best tale is that of "The Schooner and the Soviet"—a really thrilling narrative of gun-running across the Caspian to a red-blooded khan somewhere in Central Asia, and through Red or Bolshie zones. The other tales, too, are of and beyond the outposts, and so "the talk sped from the bleak wastes of Mongolia to the jungles of Kumasi, and from Flanders, Artois, and Picardy to gun-pits on the Vardar, to the khors of Aden and the Somali coasts, until the sun dipped in flaming orange over the Afghan hills." Open air; tang of spindrift; dug-out slime; desert glare—all these are here. This book will give little Englanders a bad headache.

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A ROMANCE OF WAR.

THE UNDISCOVERED ISLAND. By E. M. TENISON. John Murray.

An ancient Scottish castle, inhabited by an ancient Scottish family, with the sons in the Navy and Army; 1914; a splendid young French cavalry officer, Bayard-Galahad in type, distantly related to the above family; the little daughter of the family; a devoted and lasting attachment between her and her French cousin; her father's opposition; *odium theologicum;* the Great War; the Retreat from Mons and 1915; the casualty list and a sad ending—here are ingredients at hand for a romance, and Miss Tenison has given us a good companion volume to "Alistair Gordon, R.N." The ingredients in less skilled hands would have had a somewhat theatrical result, but the author knows her craft too well to run any serious risk of such untoward happening.

Some items of the more military portion of the book strike us, however, as a little unreal. In the hurried days between the arrival of the Old Contemptibles in France and the Battle of Mons we cannot conceive a subaltern writing a letter which contained sixteen lines of Shakespeare and not a word about tobacco or cigarettes. And we are certain that the Lord Barchesters of 1914 would not have referred to their regiment as "the K.R.R.C." But these are but small matters; the real thing is that Miss Tenison has written a nice story about very nice people in an extremely nice way.

APPLIED STRATEGY.

MILITARY GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH. By MAJOR A. E. W. SALT, B.A. (Balliol College, Oxford), M.A. (McGill University), Army Educational Corps. Aldershot: Gale & Polden, Ltd.

When the regimental officer looks up nowadays for strategic nutriment he is much better fed than of yore. Not so very long ago all that the hungry sheep received was a modest "Elements of Strategy" issued officially by the War Office "to be placed in the Mess Ante-Room for general use of Officers." Whereupon the orderly-room quartermaster-sergeant would stamp it with the orderly-room stamp and promptly immure it in the war stationery box. It was not until the works of Sir C. P. Lucas and Dr. Vaughan Cornish appeared that it was realized that Military Geography was the very basis of strategy, and Major Salt's excellent book, which is issued primarily with the hope that it will help officers in the Promotion and Staff College Examinations, is a valuable addition to this side of military literature.

We are not quite sure whether Major Salt has entirely sloughed off the old heresy that bases and coaling stations can "command" anything *per se*, and we do not relish the rather loose phraseology—"the great harbour of Brest keeps watch and ward over every vessel that passes to and fro between Gibraltar and the hub of the commonwealth." This rather reminds of —— in the ——. "The task of filling up the blank I'd rather leave to you." Certainly this class of sentence is anathema, the sin of witchcraft, taboo to the modern school of amphibious thinkers, and so if ever we hear a violent explosion down Wiltshire way we shall know that Sir George Aston has reached page 145.

The book is supplied with six excellent maps. All readers will welcome Major Salt's book, which gives a mass of interesting facts in a very readable and condensed form.

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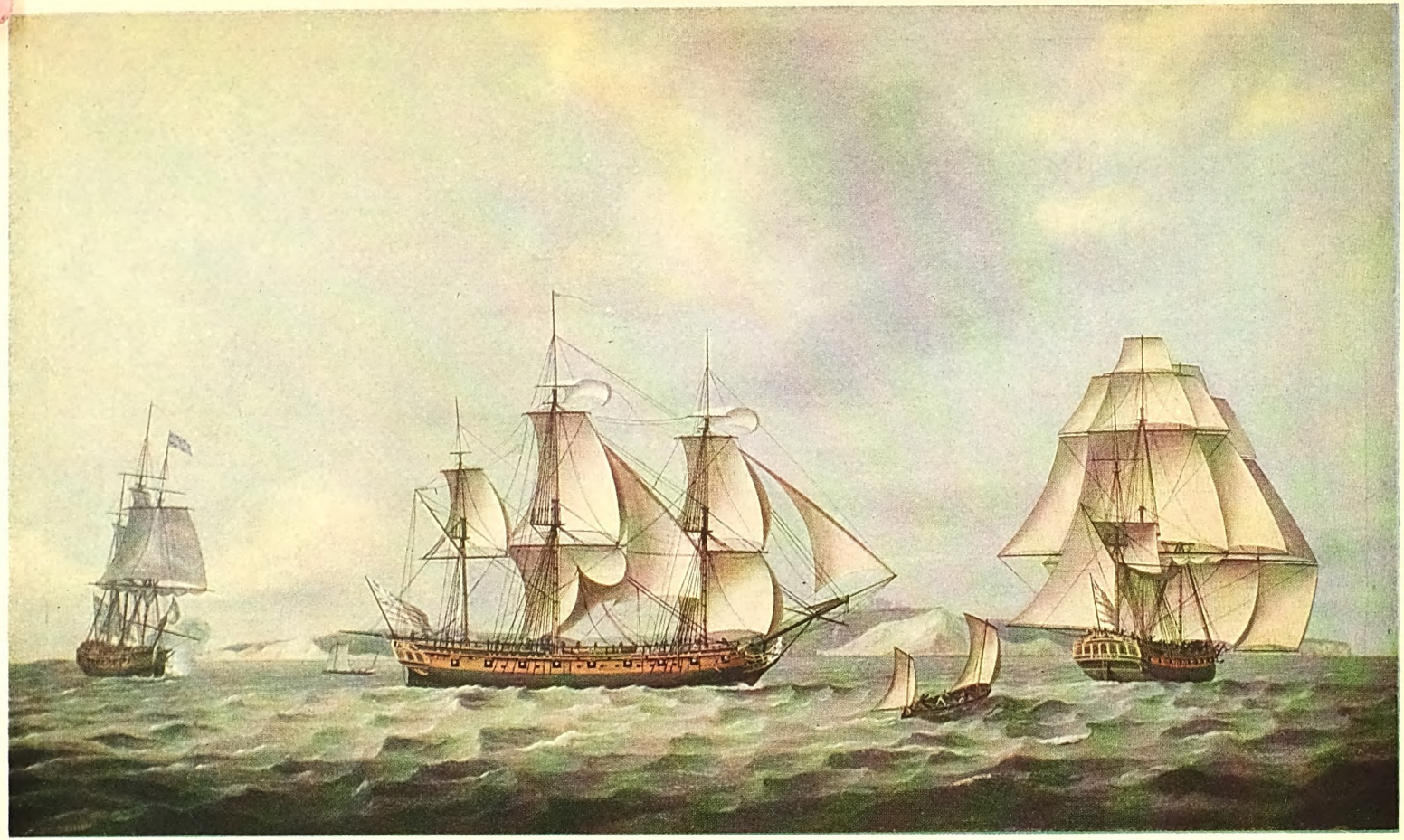

From an Oil Painting by Thomas Luny.]

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JOHN COMPANY'S NAVY.

H.E.I.C.S. *Swallow*, shown, as was often the case in paintings of the end of the 18th Century, from three points of view. She has the typical high rail in the waist and flies the Company's "gridiron"—the white ensign striped with red.

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. II JUNE, 1925 No. 2

NEWS CENSORSHIP IN WAR

IN May, 1915, I received an invitation to proceed to Gallipoli as War Correspondent to Reuter's and the Press Association. These agencies, in combination, control by far the largest distributive news service in the world, and I confess to some demur as to accepting the big responsibility involved. In my earlier days, when probably I thought how fine I should look in uniform, I had been a captain in the 1st V.B. Somerset Light Infantry. During my professional career circumstance and sympathy brought me into frequent and close contact with the Fighting Services. I had represented various London papers on naval manœuvres and at army exercises. I am mentioning these elementary qualifications in much the same way that one might present a letter of introduction, for, as Dr. Samuel Johnson said, " Sir, before we honour this man's pretensions, let us enquire into his justifications."

I left for the Dardanelles in company with Henry Nevinson. Thus far Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett had been the sole correspondent with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, and Sir Ian Hamilton, in his " Gallipoli Diary," gleefully comments upon how our arrival " put his nose out of joint." Apparently he had great difficulty with Lord Kitchener over the question of additional correspondents. Kitchener was reputed to " hate war correspondents." Yet he owed them something too, for Omdurman and Atbara were stirring stories at the hands of G. W. Steevens. And because Kitchener " hated war correspondents," it was

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impressed upon me by many mentors that the Army hated them too. This I always have refused, and always shall refuse to believe. The Army may have had legitimate causes for complaint in the more spacious days of old. Indiscretions may have resulted in unfortunate incidents. Bad impressions, like the evil that men do, live when the good has been interred. When a certain well-known war correspondent, in an after-dinner speech on an occasion at which were gathered many distinguished soldiers, said, " We are the people who can either make or mar you," he was uttering words for which every reputable journalist in the country would have kicked him, good and strong. The Army would be less than human if it did not feel a natural desire that its kindred at home should know how it is getting on in the field ; should learn as much as may be told of its glorious deeds and its splendid achievements ; should extend the impalpable yet comforting influence of its sympathy in its hardships and its sufferings.

Of the Dardanelles I have little to say relevant to the subject of this article. Sir Ian Hamilton, whom I had known before, received me most cordially, told me to go where I liked and to say what I liked, so long as I did not give the enemy any intelligence likely to be useful to them. Had he taken up the pen instead of the sword, he would have made the best war correspondent of his era—whatever Mr. Winston Churchill may think privately upon the matter.

Mr. William Maxwell, formerly of the *Daily Mail*, was the chief and only press censor in Gallipoli. I believe he was personally asked for in this capacity by Sir Ian Hamilton. As an old war correspondent himself, we expected liberal treatment at his hands. On the whole I do not think we had much reason to complain. He was a staff officer, and had consecrated his red tabs to a tremendous, portentous sense of responsibility. But then he was absurdly handicapped. Ian Hamilton himself gives us a glimpse into the conditions imposed by the authorities at home when he writes (" Gallipoli Diary," vol. i, p. 320) ; " . . . I have heard that my Despatch cannot be published as it stands, but must be bowdlerized first, all the names of battalions being cut out. Instead of saying, ' The landing at " W " had been entrusted to the 1st Bn. Lancashire Fusiliers (Major Bishop), and it was to the complete lack of the sense of danger or of fear of this daring battalion that we owed our astonishing success,'

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I am to say 'The landing, etc., was entrusted to a certain battalion.'"

I left the island of Imbros on a stretcher not very long after the Suvla landing. In December, 1915, I crossed to France, with Beach Thomas, of the *Daily Mail*. We arrived at St. Omer on the day that Lord Haig was taking over command of the British Expeditionary Force from Lord French, so there was much fluttering in the dovecotes. The British war correspondents accredited to G.H.Q. numbered five, and they remained at this figure until the signing of the Armistice. The establishment of press officers then numbered three. I have almost lost count of the total it had assumed before the end of the war.

It is inevitable that during the course of this article I shall have to make many direct personal references. I desire to say forthwith that all these are made with strict limitation to the official rôle of the individuals concerned. To criticize a system is not to impugn the people who are called upon to work under it. For one and all of the men with whom I was associated under the war correspondents' organization I entertain nothing but a strong feeling of camaraderie. A very bad censor may be a very good fellow.

We never used the word "censor" in France. It was always the "press officer." On my arrival at Château Tilques, St. Omer, I was received by the chief Press Officer, Lieut.-Colonel Hutton-Wilson. He was a Regular officer of the Wiltshire Regiment, at this time graded G.S.O.2. As assistant press officers he had two men belonging to the Indian Civil Service, named Reynolds and Coldstream. They were men of broad outlook, accustomed to the habit of forming prompt decisions, of cultured minds, and quite fearless in the matter of risking their jobs. Both left to return to India within a few months of my joining.

I have no hesitation in saying that never, during the three years I was in France, was the censoring of the correspondents' messages so discreetly and intelligently done as during this regime. General Macdonagh remained Chief of Intelligence for some days after my arrival, before being succeeded by General Charteris. I waited upon him to report my arrival and get my War Office licence endorsed. We had a very long talk, during which he delivered something in the nature of an apologia for the necessity of censorship. He cited the famous example of *Le Temps* and MacMahon's movements

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in the Franco-Prussian War, and the unfortunate reference by Colonel Repington to an observation post which immediately drew German fire. But, he added, it was the desire of the Army to give every reasonable degree of freedom to the war correspondents in their work. Whenever the press officer had to eliminate a passage or modify a reference, he would always show the corrections to the correspondent, and explain the reason for them.

Nothing could be more eminently reasonable. But, in point of fact, this attitude had been brought about by an open revolt on the part of the correspondents. Their accounts of the Battle of Loos were so mercilessly cut about, and the facts so distorted, that two of them—Philip Gibbs and John Buchan, I believe—demanded immediate leave of absence to cross to London and make protest to the highest authority.

The satisfactory period of censorship lasted as long as Colonel Hutton-Wilson remained. New and additional press officers were imported during his regime, and I know of several occasions on which he interposed between these gentlemen and the correspondents in favour of the latter. He looked at the subject with the knowledge and the intuition of the professional soldier. On one occasion a gentleman, who in civil life was a lawyer, cut out from a message of mine a description of how an Australian raiding party returned smoking big black cigars they had found in a German dug-out. He explained to me that it might make " a bad impression " to suggest that the Anzacs looted. Feeling powerless against such mentality, I shrugged my shoulders. A little later the same gentleman, with an air of magnanimity, said, " We let your black cigars go through after all." I afterwards learnt that Colonel Hutton-Wilson had pulled him up smartly for his idiotic zeal.

During the period of static war the censorship was little source of trouble to anybody, because there was nothing to give away beyond identifications. For my own part I think that this question of identifications became a regular fetish. On the eve of a big operation it is manifestly desirable to deny all knowledge to the enemy as to what troops are opposite to him. But in the case of trench warfare concealment is impracticable for long. If the enemy has exceptionally good troops opposite to him, he will find it out fast enough, and similarly so if he is faced by indifferent troops. On the other hand, there is this very real disadvantage of making a

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fetish of concealing identification. Take the case of a battalion in the line which has carried out a very successful raid during a period of great depression. In due course the newspapers reach the front, and the battalion reads that " Somewhere in France our troops carried out a successful raid, capturing," etc. The men throw the paper aside in disgust. But if they had read, " On Thursday last, in the St. Eloi sector, the 2nd Royal Scots made a very successful raid," etc., the effect is wonderful. I remember General Alymer Haldane saying to me after the Battle of Arras : " I wish to goodness you would mention every unit in my corps. You would probably tell the Germans absolutely nothing which they did not already know even if you did. But supposing you should give them certain identifications ; I maintain that the value upon the *moral* of my troops would be infinitely in excess of any conceivable advantage the enemy could derive from reading messages which cannot possibly come into his possession until long after the event."

I found that this feeling was pretty general throughout the Army. And I believe that, in principle, it is right. *Moral* is a tremendous factor in war—the *moral* of the troops, the *moral* of the people at home. For my own part, I always inclined to the optimistic tone in my messages, even when in my heart I felt there was little enough reason to be cheerful. If, without any attempt at misrepresentation, any distortion of facts, it is possible to convey a favourable impression rather than a very depressing one, I think the vein is justified. I remember a staff officer saying to me : " I blessed you the other afternoon. I was crossing to London on leave and was very down in the dumps over the Bullecourt show. At Folkestone I bought the *Evening Standard* and read your despatch in it, and the way in which you put the whole thing quite bucked me up." I do not contend that this may be the strict rôle of the true chronicler of events, but I do think that, within legitimate bounds, and never in defiance of facts, it is a good doctrine.

As I have said, the censorship worked pretty smoothly during the period of static warfare. The Somme offensive brought the beginning of our troubles. The day before we moved down to Amiens, to be near the centre of operations, a new press officer joined our establishment. It was a most inopportune juncture for any chopping and changing. But the worst feature of this case was that the new man had come

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out straight from home. He was an officer in the old Post Office Rifles, a charming man with a rather strong personality. His knowledge of the front, and of the armies in the field, was *nil.* His military knowledge was confined to route marching and company drills. He became the heavy censor forthwith. He began by drawing up a most wonderful dossier, defining precisely the idea, functions and limitations of a war correspondent. I have a copy of this priceless production in my possession. Another young gentleman shortly followed him. He was reputed to be a " financier " in London, and had absolutely no military training of any sort. He, too, had great ideas about keeping the correspondents in their proper place, but the thing was so preposterous that he did not last long, and went to the Permit Office in London.

From this period the ebb and flow of press officers went on—only there was considerably more flow than ebb. It had evidently by now been realized that the job of a press officer was a pretty desirable one, and the demand for posts grew apace. There was never any question as to the qualifications of a censor for his duties. In many cases our press officers came straight out from home, and we had to tell them everything about the very things in which they were presumed to be our mentors. The attitude gradually became one of disciplinary superiority. We were never permitted to go about without an escorting officer. The result was often ludicrous. Let me assume, by way of illustration, that the 51st Division had had a show somewhere. I would say that I intended to go and see General Harper and get the details of the affair from him, or from such officer as he might depute to give them to me. A temporary officer, who, maybe, had been in France for as many days as I had been months, would be told off to escort me. In the first place I would have to show him the way. Arrived at divisional headquarters, I would be expected to sit in the car whilst he went inside, explained that he had " brought " a war correspondent who requested the privilege of an interview, and finally invite me to step inside to be introduced to a man whom I knew perfectly well. On the very last occasion that I saw poor General Harper before he relinquished command of the 51st Division, he said, " Why the deuce do you always bring a Cook's guide with you ? Don't you know your way about yet ?"

Such a condition of affairs was not to be borne without an occasional outburst, even by the most amiable body of men.

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On one occasion a youthful press officer who was accompanying me met an acquaintance, who asked him what he was doing. To which he replied, " I'm running the Press !" I said nothing at the time, but as the mess president of the war correspondents' mess I raised the question that evening, and laid it down that quite an inverted idea had grown up which must now be corrected ; that the press officers did not " run the Press," but were the adjuncts to the war correspondents.

On one occasion Hamilton Fyfe, who had temporarily relieved Beach Thomas, went off to spend the night with a divisional general of his acquaintance without asking permission. A dear old gentleman, who is a Liberal journalist in private life, and was a veritable Prussian (but not dangerously so) in khaki, took him fiercely to task for such an unwarrantable liberty. Fyfe came to me seething with resentment, and asked me what he should do. " Just ask him to cite his authority for the line he takes up," I suggested. He told me he did this with adequate austerity, and the poor old gentleman nearly crumpled up.

All this, I fear, is rather discursive, and yet it has definite purpose. And this purpose is to illustrate much in the censorship of news in wartime which is supererogatory, futile, and therefore ineffective. The war correspondents were frequently reproached by the Army on the Western Front for the inadequacy or the incorrectness of their messages. I honestly believe that before the end of the war the Army came to regard the press officers with very diminished friendliness, as so often unnecessarily coming between them and fidelity of presentment to the people at home. Our attitude was consistently that of independent eye-witnesses on behalf of the nation. We carried this to the length of absolutely refusing to be any charge upon the public expense, paying for our accommodation, our rations, our servants, and the hire of our motor cars. More than once were we pressed to take honorary military rank, but we steadfastly declined in any conceivable way, even if only by implication, to abrogate our perfect freedom in the rôle to which we had been appointed.

The basic idea of the censorship in France rested upon some curious misconceptions. It omitted to realize that the war correspondents were loyal Englishmen, keenly anxious to win the war, and that, from the very nature of their calling, they were people of some intelligence with a certain knowledge

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of psychology. The Army, as a whole, recognized this. One of the most striking object lessons in this respect was furnished by our relations with the Second Army throughout the Passchendaele offensive. On the eve of the launching of that desperate operation General Harington, who was M.G.G.S. to General Plumer, sent for the war correspondents to Second Army Headquarters at Cassel. He said in effect: "You have all been in France for the last three years, and this fact is sufficient guarantee of your loyalty and discretion. I propose to tell you everything about our plans and objectives, and to leave it to your judgment and prudence to help in the common task of beating the enemy." He was as good as his word. Step by step and day by day he took us through that offensive in his staff room at the Cassel Casino, telling us everything even down to the Zero hour; showing us everything down to the routing of supports.

When General Harington was leaving for the Italian Front, the war correspondents went in a body to bid him farewell. Perry Robinson, of *The Times*, as the doyen of the group, made a nice little speech, thanking him for his extraordinary kindness, and ending up by expressing the hope that he had never once found cause to regret the confidence he had reposed in the correspondents. His reply was brief and emphatic: "Rather not!"

Let me venture to give two instances illustrating respectively the necessity and value of censorship, and the vexatious absurdity of censorship. Early in 1916, when we were still starved for ammunition, I went up to Annaquin to see a heavy battery zone shoot. In the course of my message I used the words, "From the high vantage point in which I was posted," etc. Colonel Hutton-Wilson sent for me and said, "I am taking out this sentence. There are only two high vantage points in Annaquin, the Crassier and the Brewery. In both we have O.Ps. Your message may draw German fire upon these." This was good censorship, and none welcomes this sort of vigilance more than a war correspondent. Even the great Homer was caught nodding.

The other side. During the attack by the Guards at Ginchy, in the first Somme offensive, the fighting was very desperate, and our troops were in a very tight corner. Colonel John Campbell, commanding the 3rd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, seeing his men caught by a furious machine-gun fire, sprang out of a shell-hole, snatched a silver hunting

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horn from his pocket, blew heartily upon it, and shouted "Tally-ho! Forrader—forrader—forrader!" It was just the magnetic touch of valiant leadership: the men cheered and were irresistible. For this act Colonel Campbell most worthily received the Victoria Cross.

This was good, legitimate, and dramatic "copy" for the war correspondents, all of whom told the story to the glory of the Guards. When the newspapers came to hand every possible reference to the incident had been cut out. The temporary officer of the Post Office Rifles, who by that time had been in France about nine weeks, had taken it upon himself, without a word to anybody, to eliminate the story from all messages. I tackled him upon this, as I have no doubt my confreres did. His answer to me was: "Tut, tut! Do you suppose that I was going to pass such a direct clue to identification?" Identification, mark you, when the Guards and the Germans had been engaged in bitter hand-to-hand fighting for hours, and when the corpses of the fallen were as thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa!

The war correspondents had a long struggle to maintain their independence of organization as the representatives of the British nation with the British Army. But we were finally swamped by the sheer weight of influential seekers after soft jobs, and became a mere unit in a preposterous medley which included Allied correspondents, neutral correspondents (I am positive it would have included enemy correspondents if they could have got them), propaganda "experts," cinema operators, photographers, and the Lord knows what else. The Hon. Neville Lytton was put in charge of this common melting-pot by General Charteris, and his chief ambition was to make it a big, imposing "command." He has written a book called "The Press and the General Staff," in which there is a little about the Press and a little about the General Staff. He was a most delightful companion, but he revealed his view of his job pretty effectively when he announced shortly after joining us that he "intended to do a great deal of entertaining."

On one occasion his distinguished brother, Lord Lytton, who had just been appointed to a post of control in the great propaganda service, came to Amiens and called a conference of the war correspondents. He was evidently under the impression that we were completely under his control. He began by paying a graceful compliment to our work, and then

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said he had arrived at the conclusion it was time to have a change of policy. The public, he thought, demanded something more than the form of messages which we sent. So he proposed that Reuter's should continue to send simple news messages, and the remainder of the correspondents should devote themselves more to human pictures of the war. As he had specifically laid down a formula for Reuter's, I took upon myself to reply. I said: "My Lord, I believe you have now been in charge of this new department for at least a whole week. You are addressing five men whose collective ages are considerably over two hundred and fifty years, and whose journalistic experience probably aggregates one hundred and fifty years; men who have been chosen for the posts they occupy presumably on account of their professional aptitude. Do you think it quite reasonable to pit the conclusions of one week against such a combination of experience?" I am sure that he was under an error as to the relation in which he thought he stood towards the war correspondents, but I mention the episode to show the deadweight of soft jobs for nice people which it was sought to impose upon our little organization.

I have spoken of propaganda. This began, as so many of our efforts have done, in a desultory, unorganized manner. Many a time have Filson Young and myself lit a fire in the bitter winter of 1916-17 with stacks of propaganda literature which never got further than encumbering the hall of our château. I frequently represented to General Charteris that in the war correspondents he had a most effective medium for really good propaganda if properly employed. Again and again I am sure we might have misled or puzzled the enemy by a single adroit sentence, giving the impression of some indiscretion which had slipped past the censor.

But although we were never given any such opportunity, we were occasionally involuntarily made to deceive our own people. I recall, still with a tinge of indignation, one particularly flagrant case. During the long days of bitter fighting up the Pozières Ridge, the First Army was anxious to lend a helping hand to the hard-pressed Fourth Army. The First Army Commander thought that a surprise attack on the Aubers Ridge might startle the Germans, and cause them to send reinforcements to that sector, which would relieve the Somme front. The attack was duly delivered by two divisions. It achieved no success of moment, but it certainly made the

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enemy uneasy. I motored from Amiens to First Army Headquarters to get an account of this operation. If I remember aright, First Army had asked that a war correspondent should come up. I lunched with Colonel Twiss, who gave me the full details, and was particularly desirous that the most should be made of this attack, since he thought it would really hoodwink the enemy. I afterwards heard that Army Headquarters telephoned to G.H.Q. to the same effect.

Well, I wrote the despatch, and told what the Germans already perfectly well knew. But what they did not know was as to whether this was merely a preliminary to bigger things. My message duly appeared—as a ten line paragraph, describing a " raid " carried out on the Aubers Ridge front. The chief press officer told me he was not responsible for this monstrous distortion: that he was acting on instructions received from Intelligence. What was the result? The Germans laughed at us as preposterous liars. The First Army received me very coldly next time I called at headquarters. And people at home, when they began to learn the truth from the heavy casualty lists, and from the inevitable leakage of facts, expressed their opinion of a war correspondent who could cable such deliberate misrepresentations. In short, Reuter's correspondent stood discredited for a fatuous act which deceived nobody, which effectively neutralized the good purpose of the First Army, and for which he had absolutely no responsibility.

However, enough of destructive criticism. " We learn in suffering what we teach in song," and I trust that the perception which comes with the perspective of time will enable those who are responsible for the machinery of news censorship in war to realize the anomalies and crudities which are merely vexatious and futile without being in any way effective. The nation must and will have news of the progress of any war in which it is engaged. It is a primary essential that such news should never hold anything likely to prove of value to the enemy. Censorship is indispensable, but it must be qualified. What respect could a war correspondent have for the opinions of a youth half his age, with no conception of military strategy nor tactics, who maybe was an articled pupil, or a musical critic, or a lawyer, before he put on khaki and was then promoted to a comfortable and tolerably safe post. And without respect for the censor a

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very undesirable condition of things exist. The position is one of such importance that, in my humble opinion, it should be filled by a very senior Regular officer, whose judgment and whose authority carry their own conviction. It should most certainly never be filled by one whose primary thought is the fear lest he may lose it, and who, in consequence, carries the conception of censorship to the point of *reductio ad absurdum*. The war correspondent must equally conform to a high standard of qualification, but of this the War Office should be competent to judge. His real rôle should be kept steadily in view—namely, that he is the independent eye-witness on behalf of the nation. For the nation never will accept the official eye-witness, whatever injustice may be done by declining to regard his versions as a faithful record of events.

HERBERT RUSSELL.

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THE INDIAN BUFFALO

THE wild Indian buffalo is not an ornamental denizen of the Indian forest. He is ugly to look at, and can be an ugly customer to deal with. Those who have seen his debased domesticated version in India or Egypt can form some idea of what *Bos Bubalis* looks like. Both are slate-coloured, knobby, and nearly hairless animals, unwieldy in appearance, and of most ungainly movements. But a good wild buffalo bull redeems his looks by the most magnificent horns and by his hugeness generally.

Of the largest pair of horns in existence at the present day, the longest horn measures between six and seven feet, but these are of unrecorded date and place of origin. Imagine the size and strength of an animal that carried between twelve and thirteen feet of solid horn. Trophies of this size are not to be had nowadays. The best recorded measurements fall a little short of six feet. I am always a little shy of the height measurements of the larger wild animals, but a good authority puts the height of a good bull at a little over six feet, or more than eighteen hands. I have seen or shot none so high.

The buffalo is a devotee to water. He must always be near it, and often in it. Fully submerged to the muzzle, he will lie thus for hours at a time during the hot hours, quite immune from insects. Being a large animal he requires wide spaces to live in. His habitat, therefore, is in or near great river-beds, where are endless miles of twenty-foot high reed beds and grass coverts, or he may be found where there are dense bamboo brakes, with intervening glades. But a river or swamps must never be far off.

The buffalo may be hunted on foot or on elephant back; where reeds and grass grow more than twenty feet high, elephants are necessary. In more open country, stalking or tracking on foot is possible. But however tackled, the hunter has to deal with an animal that will often take the aggressive. When he does so, he means business. His charges are not mere demonstrations to scare away an intruder, but are inspired with a determination to get home and do mischief. Straight shooting is therefore advisable, and the use of a rifle that will give something of a knock-out blow. An old bull buffalo is not plated with armour, as is the

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rhinoceros, but he has a neck-skin of astonishing thickness. A large-bore rifle, firing a high velocity charge and a solid bullet of hardened metal are to be recommended. The claims made by some rifle-makers as to the efficiency of their small-bore rifles on very big animals or dangerous carnivora are extravagant. Pea-shooters, no matter what their muzzle velocity, trajectory, etc., may be, are not merciful to large animals. That is the real argument against them. The risk to the sportsman's own life is a matter of individual taste. The least we can do for animals, whose lives we take, is to take them as suddenly and as painlessly as possible.

As buffaloes love remoteness not many will be found near railways. To get a good head often means hard travel at the hottest season of the year. Nor can the sportsman merely choose his ground and go there. He would be up against the Indian Forest Department or some private owner. From one or other he must get a permit, and the permit will limit strictly the amount of game to be shot, and the period for shooting it. On the whole, the Forest Department is fairly human to deal with. Tell its representative what you want, and when you want it, and he will be reasonably helpful to meet your wishes. Sometimes, especially if the application be personal, he will do more and give you some very good advice.

In this way I went for my first buffalo hunt. It was April, the weather warm and going to be much warmer. I had fixed up the matter of a permit some months before. Early birds get the worm ; and in a shooting district there will be usually one good shooting block—that is, the area covered by the permit—and several applicants for it. A very hot afternoon saw me and my camp equipage at the end of a long railway journey. The wants of a single person on a month's shooting trip are not many, but if any of them are fotgotten at the start they will not easily be supplied later. The most careful thought is necessary, therefore, to take everything, and not to forget the spares—the spare rifle, the reserve ammunition, the second hat, the extra pair of boots, a few medicines and bandages, and a little knowledge as to their use. I had checked all these things with as much care as if I had been pushing off to the North Pole. There now but remained to take on a few fresh vegetables, and to warn the local postmaster that he was to let my runner have my letters on demand.

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A march of over a hundred miles lay before me. Two little bullock carts were ready before dark, and these carried my kit, servant and self. At 9 p.m. it was cool enough to start, and we creaked away along a good road into the darkness. For the next eight days we travelled by night and lay up by day. Civilization, in the shape of rest-houses and cultivation, was gradually left. We spent the long days by the roadside under what shade was available, and the nights in uneasy slumbers on a cart. Nightly we were passed by His Majesty's mails, carried by a naked man, a torch in one hand to scare off bears, a staff with loose jingling rings on it in the other, and always at a jog-trot. Sometimes a groaning wain, carrying one enormous teak log, dangerously protuberant, would come cruising out of the dark, its driver fast asleep, its patient bullocks pulling throughout the long night. These things wanted careful avoiding, for a touch from a log and we should have foundered. Needless to say, our own drivers were also usually asleep.

On the sixth day the metalled road ended and we plunged into the forest. Our track was now nothing but boulders. On either side bare, almost leafless trees walled us in. There was nothing impressive or ancestral about them, for this was not the teak forest proper. There are few less lovely things than the forests of the Indian plains during the hot weather. But this is the best and healthiest season to shoot in. The fierce sun and forest fires have licked up the dense, impenetrable undergrowth and long grasses. You will hardly hear a mosquito whine. The forests are what is called " open "—you can see to shoot, and you will not get fever. Better still, animals must come to water, and watering-places are now few. Along our track were platforms built high above the tree-tops for the fire-watchers. Quick intelligence and accurate location of a forest fire are what count most in limiting its range.

I saw a bear (sloth bear) one morning, a buffalo on another, and on a third a few grass huts which were so part and parcel of the forest as to be almost invisible. This was a village of Ghonds, aborigines of sturdy build, friendly, not the least shy, whether men or women. The latter quite unveiled, strangers to the vile custom introduced by Mahommedans to Hindus, and by Hindus to nearly all India, for women who wish to be called respectable to go veiled. One of the men took me to a marsh, where he showed me a hole

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and naïvely gave his Deputy Commissioner away. "Here," he said, "the Burra Sahib sat one night and shot a cow bison." A double crime against the laws of the Forest Department. No animals, bar carnivora, may be shot over water, and cows may never be shot. These simple folk still called their Deputy Commissioner "Burra Sahib"—*i.e.*, the great sahib. They knew him by no other name, nor till recently did the people of any other part of India speak of a Deputy Commissioner except as the great sahib. For he *was* a great sahib in fact as well as in name. But we are altering all that now.

And so on the eighth day we came to the banks of a river and to a huge tamarind tree. Although the river was wider than the Thames at Westminster, it was not one of India's great rivers—far from it. A good atlas will just show it, a bad one not at all. It ran in many channels over its stony bed, the water clear and lukewarm, fordable in most places. Far different would it be during the rainy season. Then it would be a mighty rolling volume, chocolate in colour, and far outstripping its present limits.

The people here had just reached that stage in civilization at which they had a slight preference for cash over kind. A friend had told me that four years previous all his payments had been made in beads and similar trinkets. But I had brought both small change and beads, and I was glad that payments could be made with the former. When I held a handful of glowing coloured beads and compared them with a mean-looking little two-anna piece, I was bound to confess that the appeal of the beads in that remote spot, far from commerce or shops, was distinctly greater than that of the two-anna piece. But the latter was a much more convenient method of trading.

In a very short time a hut was rigged up. Here all these little forest men carried miniature battle-axes. When not in use, which was seldom, these were worn hooked over the shoulder. Their owners were very expert with them. Four stout saplings and a few lighter poles made the framework of my bower, and fresh green boughs roofed and walled it. The result was a cube-shaped dwelling, cool, fragrant, and far better than a tent. Even the hot wind lost its sting after passing through those leafy walls. But the hut was not rain-proof. In the case of a sudden storm, my tent was pitched close by. I had not come all this way without

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knowing that I should find a good tracker at the end of my journey. Good trackers and shikaris are scarce and growing scarcer. For no native may now, as formerly, hunt game or carry even a bow and arrows. The Forest Department laws bear terribly heavy on these people in many ways, but not least as regards killing game. Men who cannot hunt themselves will never become trackers; and trackers are now either old men or young ones who have learnt the game despite the laws of poaching.

My opening talk with Sewa, the tracker, who now presented himself, was something as follows :—

" Well, Sewa, what about game ?"

" There are tigers."

" But I don't want tigers. I want *Bun Bhainsa* (wild buffalo)."

" There are two tigers. One—over yonder—has been killing regularly this month past. One—over yonder—has killed three times in ten days."

" Yes—but I said *Bun Bhainsa*."

" Oh ! *Bun Bhainsa ?*"

" Yes, *Bun Bhainsa*."

Followed a pause, during which Sewa scratched his leg reflectively. Evidently he had a tiger bias. But of course. Why not ? Government paid a handsome reward for every tiger bagged. Shikaris usually looked on this reward as their perquisite. No buffalo reward, therefore no buffalo bias. But this was a matter easily arranged, and we got down to that enthralling business of the first talk about prospects in a new jungle with a man that knows it well.

Next morning I was up at 4 a.m. and, with the tracker and his assistant, we went silently about our business. The buffalo drinking-place lay several miles distant on our bank of the river. On the way we looked up some less likely places, but found nothing had been there recently. Arrived at the favourite drinking-place, we had an hour to wait for daylight and went to sleep on the warm sand. When it was light the trackers started business. This was the close perusal of a very muddy spot, which showed scores of tracks, old and less old, some of them a foot deep. From these my companions proposed to unravel tracks that were but a few hours old, and by following them to come upon their maker who would be lying up for the day in some shady place. But after half an hour's intense scrutiny they pronounced

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that no buffaloes worth shooting had drunk there during the night. We then made a long cast through the forest on the chance of picking up tracks, and by midday we were back in camp. We saw a bear and a cheetal stag. I fired no shot, being unwilling to disturb the jungle. For some time our route lay along a tiger's tracks.

Next morning we were again afoot early, and floated silently downstream in a dug-out. The forest stood close up to either bank. There was not a sound. It was difficult to realize that animals lurked in those voiceless shadows. Yet when we slid past some of the sandflats that ran out from the bank, there were always tracks to be seen on the white sand in the bright moonlight—tracks that passed from trees to water, and from water back to trees. Oh, what might not we see if we had but night-eyes !

The dug-out rustled quietly on to a sandy beach. Where it touched land was a tiger's track, written on the smooth sand in capitals, whose edging had not yet been blurred by the morning wind—square, masculine tracks. It required no expert to pronounce them to be a few hours old, and a tiger's. A tigress's would have been less square, more rounded, and more feminine. Straight out he had marched from the forest, had had his drink, and had then marched straight back. He had neither paused nor hurried, for the tiger has no cause to fear. No other tracks would have shown a similar nonchalance.

We struck away from the river, and were to seek tracks at a marshy backwater some miles away. My thoughts had already ranged thither and my eyes were anywhere but on the ground. But a tracker's never miss anything. Sewa suddenly came to a point. His companion joined him. A few muttered words and a very brief examination amply served the present occasion. A single track shouted " large solitary bull buffalo," and it said more. It was on a hard, bare piece of ground, and clearly printed in the surface dust. Had it been made at any time before midnight, up to which hour a strong wind had blown, it must have been blurred or obliterated. It began to fade with the morning breeze which now came in puffs, as we looked at it. Sewa pronounced it to be no more than an hour old. I could scarcely believe that even the largest buffalo had so huge a foot, for had half an inverted soup-plate, with a cleft in its forward circumference, been firmly pressed in the dust, it would

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have left just such a mark as we were looking at. This bull had drunk and had been sauntering, grazing as he went, to his lying-up place. And as his pace must have been slow and the sun was now making itself felt, he would not be very far off. We at once started in pursuit. For an hour we progressed. Tracking is usually slow and often very tedious work. We had come perhaps half a mile. The sun was now fairly well up. There was no shade here. The ground was as hard as iron, there was much sheet-rock, and some thin wispy grass and a few bushes. A sauntering animal goes lightly; he brushes through things rather than breaks through them as a galloping animal will: he does not leave bits of his coat sticking to thorns. But up to here the two men—the one backing the other—had worked slowly but continuously forward. Then there was a check. I had a full half-hour to admire and watch their ceaseless diligence and their meticulous scrutiny of every inch of ground, almost every grass blade.

The buffalo seemed at this point to have taken to the air, for there was no apparent reason why ground, exactly similar to that which had showed tracks up to here, should suddenly cease to show them. But at long last the sleuth-hounds found again, and we passed on into bamboo forest—great clumps of fifty-feet high bamboos, giving grateful shade, but covering the ground with crackling leaves. The very place for a wise buffalo to lie up, for bare feet or rope-soled boots made equal noise. We lost tracks here again. Sewa left his companion to continue at them and made a bold cast forward to some more likely-looking ground, one hundred yards on. I was remaining where I was. But a wise tracker has no wish to work forward uncovered by a rifle. He beckoned me to follow him and to keep close up. We passed to a leafless area and again went silently. The wind came in hot puffs from several directions, but never from behind us. We were approaching a clump of bamboos, round which grew some low, sparse grass. Sewa had his eyes and attention glued to the ground, or he would probably have seen what that grass held. I had looked at it and dismissed it as poor covert for a hare. Sewa was twenty paces from it, and I two paces behind him, when there started into view from the midst of the grass the huge slate-coloured form of the animal we were seeking. Sewa vanished from my front. The buffalo stood for some seconds, looking at me. A nice sitting

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shot, thought I, as I came to the present and drew a bead, when lo! the buffalo seemed to have vanished, leaving only his great wet muzzle to shoot into. His horns, much foreshortened, were just visible, his forehead was gone, there was no throat to be seen, the bulge of his sides could just be seen. It was useless letting off into his muzzle, or at a horn, or grazing his side. During those few seconds I remembered having read that a buffalo facing you with his nose poked out and up—a habit of the domesticated buffalo also—gives nothing to shoot at. Only now did I realize it. I was conscious at the back of my mind of a great scuffling and a snapping of branches a little to my right. This was Sewa trying to get into a thorny tree which was much too slender to bear him. But I did not realize this at the time.

I had remained motionless at the "present," and the buffalo, deciding I was a natural feature of the landscape, but quite sure that Sewa was not, suddenly launched himself, not at me, but so as to pass about ten yards from me and at Sewa. Had I realized that he was not making off, but for Sewa (whom I imagined to be well up his tree by now), I should have fired at once at the point of the shoulder. This would not have killed, but might have anchored him or brought him my way. As it was, I held my hand till I could see and shoot into his neck. I was thus following him round with my foresight when Sewa, clinging to the top of his inadequate thorn-tree, swam into the extreme angle of my ken—Sewa describing a descending arc on that slowly bowing sapling towards the buffalo, the buffalo making a straight line towards Sewa. I marred the completion of an arresting geometrical problem by firing into the buffalo's neck. But I was a little too late to render complete salvation to Sewa, for the buffalo, though he dropped to the shot, was carried forward by his rush into the tree. He flattened this out and lay on it. Sewa was shot off his perch and lay some yards away.

As a shot even in the neck will not always kill a buffalo, the first thing to do was to get between the prostrate man and beast, and the next to fire the second barrel into the buffalo's forehead. I then turned to the tracker, who lay apparently lifeless—but no, not quite so bad as that, for he was groaning. And when he repeated, in strong emphatic tones, that he was dead, I felt there was hope. I even ventured to point out to Sewa that he was under a misapprehension—that it was the buffalo that was dead, and Sewa who lived. On this he

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took heart, arose, and found himself no worse save for a certain thorniness and a bruise or two. He was able to walk round the buffalo and curse him heartily.

I was inclined to think rather small of Sewa for not in the first instance having spotted the buffalo, before the latter had seen or heard us. But I was wrong. The buffalo had been lying in an old dry wallow, and was invisible to human eye till he had got to his feet. At the wallow we picked up the tracks, and found that at the point where we had lost them, they had diverged sharply to the right over many yards of perfectly bare sheet-rock, and entered the wallow from a direction at right angles to that of our approach to it.

As to the tree of Sewa's choice, I suppose it was a case of any port in a storm; but only a few strides farther on was ample accommodation for single men, and complete safety.

I have alluded to this buffalo's track as resembling that made by an inverted soup-plate—and truely he had immense feet. I think their size impressed me more than that of his horns, and they were good ones.

L. L. MAXWELL.

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PER MARE PER CŒLUM

DAWN at sea. A pale sun peeped timidly over the horizon, and slowly the night receded. The icy breeze wrinkled the ocean's surface with tiny ripples which grew at each succeeding puff, until they merged into one another and the bosom of the ocean rose and fell in a majestic swell. Dawn; and as the light of day gained strength it showed the heaving expanse untenanted and bare.

An hour passed. The sun had risen and with cold aloofness surveyed the heaving waters from a cloud-flecked sky. And, watching, he beheld a curious phenomenon at his feet. In the broad hollow between two of the crestless rollers there suddenly appeared a dark object, tapered at one end and immense, rising leisurely from the surface, casting a barb of foam to either side, and growing larger and larger until it assumed extraordinary dimensions and the form of an enormous submarine. From point to point the vessel measured anything up to three thousand feet; in breadth at her broadest, from eight to nine hundred. Near her stern an otherwise unbroken deck was interrupted by a kind of superstructure which traversed the ship from side to side. Wet from her submersion, she glistened in the dawning.

* * * * *

The solitary occupant of the diminutive monoplane which came shrieking out of a bank of dense white cloud moved rather wearily in his padded leather chair and yawned. "Five minutes to six," he murmured, and glanced from the clock on his instrument board to the domed window above it. Nearly eight miles below him lay the sea, a leaden stretch of apparently motionless water, broken here and there by intervening clouds, but reaching as far as the eye could follow to the left, to the right, and ahead.

"It was about here that he said I was to expect to find her. Surely it was. . . ." Captain Hostis fumbled at a drawer under his instrument board and drew forth a slip of paper, a sheet torn from a note-book, and on which a couple of pencilled lines had been scrawled. "Yes"—he ran his eye hurriedly over the written lines, and replaced the paper in the drawer—"I am right for locality. Perhaps I had better go down and peep under that bunch of cloud over

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there. G—— in all probability has his eye on me, and if I show conscientiousness to-day it may help him to forget yesterday's affair. Curse him! How was I to know the prefix had been altered in my absence? Anyhow, it was lucky for me that the sub-chief recognized me and ordered 'cease fire' when he did." So musing, over an occurrence which had gone near to robbing his High Seas Fleet of a valuable member of its air arm, Captain Hostis pushed forward a small control lever which he held lightly in one hand. At once the grey tract of water, beneath, canted up and appeared to rise towards him.

A mass of cirrus cloud, which he had been on the point of running into and which had been hurtling forward, seemed abruptly to change direction and soar above, as the tiny machine, diving at forty degrees from the level, descended from the heavens, as though to meet a dark object which at the same moment appeared on the surface of the water below.

Quick as thought, Captain Hostis flicked the control lever back to the vertical; down sank the horizon as the monoplane broke off her meteoric plunge, and the "bunch of cloud," which her pilot had dived to look under, rushed forward and engulfed her. It was the sky now that was tenantless, but in that brief instant Hostis had seen all he wanted to see, and he had bethought himself of that great principle of war peacefully enunciated by one who never had thought seriously of war, and who nevertheless had contrived here and there to lay down in a nutshell what War Lords throughout the ages had gone to infinite pains to express in volumes, "*Pour vivre heureux vivons cachés.*"

Ere seeking the seclusion of the cloud-bank, Hostis had observed the grey mammoth of the deep breaking surface, and had noted the smooth, rounded deck. He needed no further contemplation to tell him what lay below. Had he not in his own land similar craft? The *Herakles* and the *Zenda* were both of this persuasion. He had himself served a course on each of these vessels, had owned his own battle-plane on each, and had travelled far round the globe, sometimes on the surface and sometimes deep submerged, in the company of his fellow flying-officers on these two craft. He recalled his first astonishment when he had been initiated into their innermost secrets. The repair park aft, complete with the necessary equipment for reconstruction and the most difficult salvage; the wonderful selective principle of machine

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storage whereby any particular battleplane, bomber or minute scout could be whipped out from its corner in the vast entrails of the carrier and emerge ready for immediate ascent almost before the command had ceased echoing in the senior officer's cabin ; the gigantic condensers which delivered the solidified spirit, as and when required, ready for packing into the reserve and service containers of the five hundred odd machines on board ; the hundred and one home comforts which these two vessels provided, and which made service on them one of the richest plums that ever hung temptingly before a service already well endowed ; the indescribable vastness of the virgin decks, when, the vessel on the surface, he had stolen out to greet the moon in the long night-watches while his brother officers slept below—all this he recalled in a flash, at sight of the emerging craft below. Not caring to remain longer where potential danger lived so close, elated at having so successfully completed his mission, unaware that the craft below contained anything more wonderful than his own submarine carriers were designed to hold, he set his controls to " climb " while still in the bank of cloud, and, eschewing the use of his wireless telephone at this juncture, rapidly scribbled the draft of his report to headquarters on a pad strapped round his leg above the knee. He smiled contentedly as he readjusted the oxygen supply, while his craft, standing almost upright, attempted to outpace the sun in a race to see which would first attain the heavens.

* * * * *

Had Captain Hostis been able to see inside the chart-room of H.M.S. *Tremendous*, he might have felt less satisfied. Standing at a telephone behind the captain of the vessel, who sat at a table strewn with papers and maps under a bright ceiling-light, was an officer in pale blue uniform. He held the receiver in a detached fashion while he absently " chinked " the base of the telephone itself against one of the brass buttons on his tunic. In the middle of the room two flying-officers, both in pale blue, stood before a chart spread over a large table close to a periscope. At one side, contemplating a small-scale map hanging from the wall, was a fifth individual, also wearing the pale uniform of the air, but with one point of divergence in that on the left breast he carried a large woven " L," where his brother officers wore instead the double wings of the aeroplane service.

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Air Commodore Digby-Morris, Deputy Director of Airships, genius of the Lighter-than-Air Service, muttered in an undertone to himself as he moved his finger here and there across the map.

"I wish I could come with you, Scatterbrains. Honestly I do. I have seen many a town bombarded from the sea, but never from the air." The captain of the *Tremendous*, girt in the monkey jacket of the Royal Navy, pressed the tobacco further into the bowl of his pipe, and blew a cloud of smoke across the room. "Digby-Morris," he continued, raising his voice, "I'm talking to *you*."

The D.D. Airships looked round and smiled. "I heard you. I daresay you do, old man, but your job is to keep this tub of yours ready for us on our return. Why is McIntyre fidgeting like that with the telephone? Have your people mislaid the heavier-than-air craft? I nearly barked my shins on one of them just now coming up from my quarters"—this to the officer at the telephone. Squadron Leader Alan McIntyre made no reply, for at the same moment his attention was taken by a voice at the other end of the wire. With an even "All right—stand by the emergency machines," he rang off, and replaced the instrument on the captain's table.

"Seeing as how we are now breaking surface," he said lightly, "I think I will go on deck. Are you coming, Sir?" The captain had already risen to his feet. The distant sounds of electric bells ringing at various points of the vessel, calling the ship's crew to their stations, penetrated the room.

"You didn't suppose I was going to sit here, did you, and let you venture out by yourself?" Captain Fortescue leered as horribly as his kindly weather-beaten face would permit, and caught McIntyre by the arm. "Why, under five seconds they would bring you down again feet first, with a 'found drowned' look in those eyes of yours! Come on, Brainy One." He linked his disengaged arm in that of the airship commander, and together the three moved towards the door where the two other occupants of the room were already waiting. As they reached it the telephone started ringing. Squadron Leader McIntyre swung round, stepped across the room, and removed the receiver.

"Hullo?"

"Hullo, Sir! Ponsonby speaking, Sir. Hostile machine

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under observation fifteen miles to north-east at 41,700 feet, approaching. I am despatching Martineau and Cooper. They're just leaving."

"Right. Carry on."

McIntyre replaced the receiver and joined his companions. "It's a curious thing," he said, as, having recounted the message, he hurried with them on deck, "they must have got wind of our approach by some means or other. Provided," he added, "we can catch this fellow before he has time to do any harm, it won't matter much."

They emerged into the dawn. On either side of them and in front stretched a vast expanse of level deck; except for a knot of men in the foreground it was bare. An officer hurried up and came to attention. Addressing McIntyre, he pointed to the east, where the rising sun reared his white face above the horizon.

"Cooper and Martineau have left, Sir. Can you see them? There, in line with my finger. The hostile machine is behind, and above those clouds. It had turned before they took off, so if they can overtake it they should have it cold. They will have the sun behind them."

All eyes were centred on two fast-receding pin-points of light to the left of the sun, where the burnished surfaces of the pursuers flashed in its rays.

* * * * *

Captain Hostis laid down his pencil and consulted his chronometer.

"Not so bad, not so bad," he soliloquized," "two minutes to do that little matter of nineteen thousand feet! The Old Man will be cursing his servant for bringing him his shaving-water. Shall I burst in on him and be cursed too for my pains, or wait a bit?" He paused, and glanced down through his concave window. "Lead! Nothing but lead!"

He surveyed the grey sea beneath him with disgust. Then, staring towards the distant horizon, he leant forward and gave a grunt of satisfaction. Where the ocean stopped and the sky commenced, a vaguely-defined line, little more than a shadow, had appeared. With a gesture of impatience, Hostis stretched out a hand and drew towards him a kind of telephone—a combined ear-and mouth-piece. Releasing the control lever and leaving his machine to take care of itself, he put both hands to the instrument and worked a

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small switch up and down a few times. Then he placed the mouthpiece to his lips and waited. After a second or two there came a voice into the little enclosed cabin, a voice which demanded in a monotone who was calling.

" Central headquarters here," it said and repeated. " Central headquarters—are you wanting us ?"

Hostis moved his lips. " Captain Hostis speaking, Captain Hostis. Put me on to the Chief of Staff. *Terra-cotta* is the word of the day. *Terra-cotta* and priority."

A moment of quiet. On the horizon the blurred line had taken form and substance.

" Hullo ?" Captain Hostis straightened in his seat, and the muscles of his neck rippled slightly. " The Chief of Staff ? Hostis speaking, Sir ; Captain Hostis. I am on my way back. Mission successfully completed. At 5.58 I sighted one British carrier breaking surface precisely as and where anticipated. Avoided detection by means of cloud. No incident. No . . . ."

One side of the cockpit where a life-belt had hung swinging from a hook level with Hostis's shoulder, suddenly disappeared. A noise comparable with the blast of a charge of gun-cotton rent the atmosphere. For one instant Hostis sat sphinx-like, an empty hand cupped before his mouth. His lips momentarily continued to work as though completing the sentence he had started. Then he slid from his seat and crumpled up, prevented from further progress by his belt. Where a second previously the horizon had stretched unmoving from left to right across the domed window, it now executed an insane " general post," with the sky and the leaden expanse of water for partners. But Hostis's eyes saw nothing. . . .

Long before the crumbling machine had reached its last resting-place, two hawk-like craft above had wheeled about ; as they came out of their turns and settled on even keels, barely a hundred feet apart, a light flashed swiftly from the hull of one—

Dash, dot-dash-dash, dash-dash-dash-, dot-dot-dash . . .

" Your bird, I think !" And Flight Lieutenant Martineau, in the cockpit of the other, retorted briefly in the same language—

Dot-dot-dash-dot, dot-dot, dot-dot-dash-dot . . . .

" Fifty-fifty. Oh, most modest of men."

* * * * *

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" Stand by all hatch controls—Uncover !"

Captain Fortescue, R.N., leant over the rail of the low bridge near the stern of H.M.S. *Tremendous* and glanced along the shining deck which stretched away in front of him. As he looked, the deck, still wet from its recent immersion, parted down the centre and opened up, each half sliding outwards towards the sides of the vessel. The broadening gap disclosed, not the hollow interior which might have been anticipated, but what resembled an inner skin of a peculiarly glossy material. From underneath came the note of a bo'sun's pipe, and the sounds of ordered activity. The decks continued to roll back. The gap, but a minute ago a mere crack, now almost spanned the ship.

Air Commodore Digby-Morris stepped up to the captain of the *Tremendous* and thrust an envelope into his hand.

" We're off now, Fortescue," he said, " you might hang on to this—just in case. So long ! Expect me back in three hours' time." Then, turning on his heel, he ran quickly down below.

The forward part of the ship now presented an extraordinary appearance. Beyond a narrow edging of deck round the sides it was void of covering. Aft of the bridge the vessel had remained unaltered, and here a good acre of deck still glistened in the sunlight.

A sharp word of command rose above the sound of hurrying footsteps and moving mechanism in the vast inside of the vessel. It was caught up and repeated from points nearer at hand and from points more distant ; immediately the ' inner skin ' which had seemed to be an integral portion of the ship, rose, slowly at first and then faster, to reveal itself, far from being a part of the *Tremendous*, an airship of stupendous size built to fit exactly into the hull of the vessel, and so beautifully proportioned that her size was forced upon the mind unconsciously. As remarkable perhaps as the airship herself was the speed at which she rose from her hold, to the accompaniment of only an occasional megaphoned word of instruction from her captain, leaning, with the Deputy Director of Airships, from her forward gondola. She had been " topped up " to a nicety ; her swivelled airscrews, turned to their horizontal plane, barely revolved and yet the monster ascended like a piece of gossamer. And now, picked out in black on the tail of the " dazzled " hull might have been seen her name—*Airmastodon II.*

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The airship was clear of her parent vessel. A bell was heard to ring in one of her gondolas, and at once her airscrews accelerated and pivoted back in unison to the vertical. But out of all proportion to the speeding-up of her propellers, the airship moved off at a gait which, growing at every second, showed her to be very nearly as fleet as her escort—a cuneiform array of dainty biplanes, at that very moment " taking off," as one entity, from the deck abaft the bridge of the *Tremendous*.

" Close hatches."

Captain Fortescue pulled out his watch and followed the departing airship with his eye.

" Ponsonby," he addressed an officer in Air Force uniform, who had just joined him on the bridge, " those two huntsmen of yours should be back by now, shouldn't they ? Aren't those they up there ?" He pointed to a spot in the eastern sky.

Flight Lieutenant Ponsonby, Chief Administrative Air Force Officer, spun round and followed the captain's gaze. " Yes, sir," he exclaimed, and whipped out a whistle from his breast pocket. He blew twice and immediately a knot of overalled men came tumbling up on to the restored deck, spreading out fanwise and taking up positions in a broad semi-circle with their backs to the bridge.

* * * * *

The hunters had returned. As quickly as their machines had previously been brought up, they had now been returned to their allotted places below. Flight Lieutenants Martineau and Cooper, summoned to the bridge, were recounting their adventures to the captain of the carrier.

" Cooper sighted him first, sir, going hell-for-leather at 43,000. He gave me the tip, and together we climbed and got under his tail. Cooper's guns had frozen and he was busy getting the heater going again, so I opened fire first."

" Yes, and a pretty mess you made of him, too !"

Flight Lieutenant Cooper shuddered. " My contribution was quite superfluous. Imagine, sir, that machine of mine you saw just now cut in half as clean as a whistle. I could see the wretched fellow slide forward against his belt like a sack of potatoes, all limp and horrid. Ugh ! If you will excuse us, I'll take Martineau down and find him something to stiffen him up !"

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They all laughed, but the laughter was forced, at any rate in the case of the two pilots, and neither of them needed any urging to go below. Hardly, however, had they saluted and commenced their descent from the bridge, than an exclamation escaped from Captain Fortescue. Looking back they saw him staring skyward; irresolute they stopped dead and caught their breaths. Far away in the north was a blur against the heavens. Quick as a flash the captain of the *Tremendous* sprang towards the telegraph. But his second-in-command, Parnell, a blue-eyed giant with the three rings of a Commander, R.N., on his cuff, was there before him. Without a word he seized the control-handle and the indicator-needle swept round and halted in front of the word " Submerge."

Bells rang out all over the ship; their notes percolated through the open hatch below the bridge.

" Below decks, everybody !" Captain Fortescue spoke quite quietly but a glance he threw towards the northern sky and a slight movement he made towards the rear of the bridge showed that delay was out of the question.

* * * * *

" Whump !" A column of water fifty feet in diameter and a hundred feet high remained for a moment poised upright, mushroomed over at the top, and then fell in a dense shower of spray across the half-submerged deck of H.M.S. *Tremendous*.

" Prepare for sustained barrage from all after batteries !" The gunnery lieutenant, standing before a periscope in the fire control room opening out of the chart-house, drew back from the speaking tube and glanced over his shoulder into the adjoining chamber towards the captain of the ship, seated at another periscope. " They're preparing to attack in formation, sir. That was a sighting shot from one machine detached ahead." Then, into the speaking-tube, " Right ! Stand by !" His right hand, resting on a switch under the inclined and graticuled mirror of the periscope, suddenly stiffened. A shiver ran through the vessel, and the muffled sound of a series of rapidly succeeding detonations pervaded the two control-rooms. The gunnery lieutenant looked into the mirror. Across the background of blue sky a curtain of black and brown smoke-balls had risen and divided the sky in two athwart the path of the ship. But the detonations ceased as suddenly as they had commenced. The stern of the

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Tremendous was now awash, and the last gun had shot its bolt and receded into its " shell."

" Thirty seconds more warning, sir, and we could have put up a smoke screen in addition. As it is . . ."

A noise as of thunder filled the air. The vessel shook and rocked. Captain Fortescue, motionless in his seat, pushed over a lever ; the floor, already tilted, dipped still further. The gunnery lieutenant held on to the base of his periscope and set his jaw. Quiet succeeded the tumult. As in a dream, he heard a cool voice from the chart-house murmur, " Hard a port ! Stand by the bulk-head controls." He pulled himself together and bent over the mirror in front of him ; it was opaque and dark ; he stepped back, and a jagged section of the cupola-shaped ceiling struck him down where he stood. The cascade of water which swept down into the room lifted his inert form and carried it ghoulishly into the chart-house.

Captain Fortescue, both arms tightly encircling the column of his periscope, pressed his lips to the speaking-tube and bellowed, " Close number forty-five bulk-head !"

* * * * *

Air Commodore Digby-Morris helped himself to another kidney. " You had better finish the remainder before McIntyre shows himself, Gardner !" He pushed the dish across the table, with a grin, and proceeded clumsily to harpoon the elusive delicacy with his fork, held in his left hand. His right sleeve hung empty by his side, and he sat sideways, his legs crossed. Squadron Leader Gardner, captain of the *Airmastodon II*, clad in an oil-stained leather flying coat, raised his eyes to where, in the doorway of the cabin, a healthy-looking officer, covered from head to foot in padded overalls, was standing struggling to divest himself of a pair of binoculars whose sling had entangled itself in his collar.

" What cheer, McIntyre !" he greeted. " Do you hear that ? Come here and let me get 'em off for you, or I'll do as the commodore suggests and see your well-earned breakfast off."

The newcomer did as he was bidden and subsided into a chair next to the airship commander. " How is the arm, Sir ? Any better ?" He looked across to the Deputy Director of Airships.

The Air Commander reached for the toast-rack. " Dear

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Sir," he replied, " I feel I must testify to the wonderful healing properties of your balm. For four minutes I endured absolute agony, and my medical advisers gave up all hope of saving me. Now, however, thanks entirely to a shilling size pot of your pomade, I am hale and hearty. That is to say," he concluded, " it's confoundedly painful, and I'm like a bear with a sore head. Any news of Dickey ?"

" None, sir." Squadron Leader Alan McIntyre, commanding officer and crack pilot of *Airmastodon II's* aeroplane escort, shook his head. " The last that was seen of him was by Gabrielle, who spotted him this side of the objective, flying quite normally, although a trifle left wing down, after the barrage-line had been crossed. No one spoke him, as he appeared to be making to regain station."

Further conversation was here interrupted by the sudden appearance in the doorway of a non-commissioned officer, holding in his hand a message form.

" Intercepted signal, sir," he said, handing the form to the airship captain. Squadron Leader Gardner glanced at it and laid it down in front of the Air Commodore ; then, without a word, he rose to his feet, crossed the room, and, pushing aside a curtain, disappeared from view.

Air Commodore Digby-Morris studied the typewritten slip of paper for a few seconds, and then likewise got up and went across the cabin in the wake of the airship's commander. Squadron Leader McIntyre leant over the table and turned the message form round. On it appeared the following :—

" *Translation. To Chief of Staff. Enemy submarine carrier sighted and attacked at* 6.19 *a.m. Believed hit. Am standing by* " (here followed a few crosses, denoting a passage which had baffled the decoder). " *Officer Commanding 3rd Offensive Patrol.*"

A low whistle left McIntyre's pursed lips. Simultaneously a perceptible quiver ran through the airship. The officer commanding the escort pushed back his chair and picked up the binoculars from the floor beside him.

* * * * *

One by one the little biplanes moved up along the slanting corridor as each in turn was brought to engage her undercarriage in the claw of the moving belt. Willing hands saw her safely hooked on ; a voice of brass sang out, " Stand clear !" and the group of mechanics doubled back to draw

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forward the next. At the top of the " corridor," as each machine approached, a door slid back, and without stopping the biplane emerged on to the back of the airship and proceeded leisurely along it towards her bows. Arrived at a point some twenty feet distant from the mouth of the " corridor," she emitted a puff of blue vapour from her exhaust pipes as her engine sprang into action, and then, already possessed of an adequate flying speed from the airship's own momentum, detached herself and soared upwards and ahead. By the time the next astern had made her appearance from the " corridor," the one before had added herself to a half-completed " wedge " five hundred feet ahead of the *Airmastodon II.*

Thus, quicker than it takes to tell, the big airship's escort went out to its battle-station.

In the *Airmastodon II's* control cabin, Squadron Leader Gardner turned to the Deputy Director of Airships and pointed straight ahead through the thick curved glass of the window.

" There they are, sir, just above that first bank of cloud, a good fifteen miles away. Do you see them ?"

He lowered his hand as the Air Commodore nodded, and turned away to speak to an officer in white overalls who had come into the control-room. The Deputy Director of Airships remained at the window, his eyes fixed on a spot in the west where a cluster of faint dots was moving slowly from left to right among the clouds.

" Forty-eight I made it that time," he mumbled, and started counting once more.

* * * * *

McIntyre moved restlessly in his seat. Despite the heater which ran through the lining of his outer overalls, the cold was beginning to worm its way into his body. Surely it was possible to build a hermetic cabin at this stage of development ! With a gesture of annoyance he sat forward and ran his eye over the various indicators on his instrument-board—air-speed dial, aneroid, fuel-level gauge, oxygen-supply indicator, engine and machine-gun thermometers. Then he looked out on the world. Immediately before him—some fifty yards ahead and as many below—was the leader of the escort ; he could see Gabrielle's head through the glazed back of the leader's cabin moving from side to side as its owner sung. Gabrielle was a devil for song—he said it

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relieved the monotony of leading a pack of helpless children through the uncharted skies!

To either side of Gabrielle's machine, by pairs higher than the machines in front, were the machines forming the two arms of the "wedge." McIntyre occupied a position to himself midway between the rearmost couple, and above them, so that he had the whole formation in front of him plough-like, only instead of his machine controlling the plough, it was the plough that governed McIntyre.

Airmastodon II was signalling the escort. In a mirror by his head McIntyre saw the airship, a hundred yards behind him and a thousand feet below, suddenly start speaking. From the forward gondola under her blunt nose a white light flashed rapidly:—

"*Escort fall astern. Remain in the sun and do not attack until 'Airmastodon II' climbs above you.*"

McIntyre glanced down. From Gabrielle's machine in her capacity of leading member of the escort, an answering light flashed acknowledgment, and at once the plough wheeled round to port in a faultless curve. Only the veering clouds and the foam-crested waves beneath showed that any variation in course had taken place. As, instinctively, he lightly pressed his control-lever to one side, and altered the position of his rudder-bar, he scanned the sky to his front. A wall of scudding cloud, radiantly white in the sunlight, curtained off the sky a mile or two ahead. Somewhere behind that screen paced to and fro a swarm of angry wasps, waiting to sting, and waxing impatient at the delay.

McIntyre caressed the milled gun-triggers on the grip of his control-lever as, a few moments later, he brought his machine out of her turn and "straightened up" exactly midway between the two rearward members of the escort, and astern of its charge.

* * * * *

The leading machine of the waiting fleet turned away from the advancing wall of vapour, and led the patrol back for the fortieth time over the tract of sea where the British carrier had submerged less than three hours previously.

The *Airmastodon II*, hurtling from the centre of the cloud bank, drove fair and square into the middle of the hostile formation, dealing out death with an unsparing hand.

Taking the hostile fleet completely unawares, she passed

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straight through its ranks, enfilading each set line with the murderous fire of her 4-inch machine guns, firing practically horizontally from her port and starboard turrets. The stricken members of the enemy patrol fell headlong like birds from a covey, to spin over and over at increasing speed—racing down towards the grey ocean-surface far away underneath. Those that escaped the lightning onslaught of the infuriated airship whipped about and sought safety in numbers. Never did shaken force more quickly recover, never decimated host reform into tighter phalanx. But the *Airmastodon II* was quicker still. In her own length she swooped around, her engines opened out to their fullest capacity; unaccompanied and fearless she bore down on the hostile fleet, devastating the reformed ranks of the enemy with a raking scissor-barrage as she came.

Huge holes sprang into existence on her hull, but, unwavering, she held her ground, and aggressor and counter-attacker closed head-on. Those of the *Airmastodon II's* adversaries that, at the last minute, swerved aside, instantaneously formed up again astern of her; those that held on, fell at ranges of five and even two hundred feet or simply burst into fragments and vanished. As the survivors lashed round to attack the demented giantess from behind, the *Airmastodon II* abruptly reared her nose and darted aloft, to leave her pursuers standing. Simultaneously a wedge of tiny single-seaters streaked down from out of the sun, passed under the hindmost units of the hostile group, and rose swiftly into positions under the climbing battle-planes.

It was over in a flash. Each of the scouts selected its prey, waited until collision appeared unavoidable, gave a little shake to its head—the most carefully-adjusted of sights are not always infallible—and turned to starboard.

McIntyre, swerving to get out of the path of his particular adversary, glanced down; on the wind-chopped water immediately under him he espied an emerging form.

"Good old Fortescue!" he exclaimed, and banked over still farther to get his sights into alignment with an as yet uncrippled foe on his starboard quarter.

* * * * *

"Steady there, steady! Stand clear the bumpers! Port-an'-starboard make fast!"

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Squadron Leader Gardner turned away from the open control-room window, handed his megaphone to a waiting Flight Sergeant, and followed the Deputy Director of Airships down the slanting gangway. The *Airmastodon II* had returned to her cradle. Despite her injuries—her huge body was riddled like a sieve—she had retained in her upper regions sufficient of her non-inflammable gas to maintain her buoyancy and, skilfully handled, had had no difficulty in manœuvring down to the *Tremendous*. A rising wind had made it necessary to raise the telescopic mooring-mast in the bows of the parent vessel; to this she had been coaxed and her troubles were over as soon as the *Tremendous* had succeeded in swinging dead into the wind.

So now the decks were closed once more; but the *Tremendous* did not submerge, and on her bridge a little knot of officers, and on her deck a crescentic line of mechanics, waited, their upturned faces turned towards the orient. High up in the firmament a wedge of small black shapes was hurriedly approaching; now by common accord the shapes dipped, and the sunlight played on their highly-polished wings. Then, round they spun, and down, negotiating an invisible spiral staircase—each machine a fixed component of an exquisite whole—as though reluctant to forsake their celestial sphere.

The final turn had been accomplished. Out darted the wedge to describe one perfect " S " low down astern of the *Tremendous*, and the next moment the wheels and air-bags of the leading machines skimmed close above the heads of the group on the bridge; as the whole escort touched the deck together, a score of ghost-like figures closed in on them, and held them firm.

* * * * *

" If you please, Sir, you are wanted on the telephone."

The Deputy Director of Airships descended the companion-way as agilely as his injured arm would allow him, and made hurriedly for the chart-house. On arrival he was met by Commander Parnell. " Your Chief-of-Staff, Digby-Morris, is waiting to speak to you. Here you are!"; he handed the Deputy Director of Airships the telephone and moved over to the periscope.

The Air Commodore took the vacated chair.

" Hullo, Sir? Yes, Digby-Morris speaking, Sir.

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Digby-Morris. What's that? They have just returned. Oh yes, they saw them off all right! Gabrielle and Johnston are still missing, besides Dickey whom I reported earlier. Only McIntyre and myself injured, but not seriously. Hullo, are you there, Sir? I suppose you know that Fortescue was killed? Awful shame; he was drowned in the chart-house just after he had submerged. Oh, quite! We bombed it to blazes!"

The Deputy Director of Airships stood up and addressed the carrier's acting captain:—

"Parnell, could I see Fortescue again? Oh, and by the way, there's a letter I gave him in case of accidents."

Commander Parnell looked up from the periscope and pointed silently to a drawer in the late captain's desk.

A. J. INSALL.

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LIEUTENANT GOLDSMITH'S FOLLY

ON April 8th, 1824, Lieutenant Hugh Colvill Goldsmith, R.N., commanding the cutter *Nimble* in the preventive service, was employed searching for smuggled goods in the neighbourhood of the headland known as Treryn Castle, near the Land's End. Having searched and found nothing, and there being nothing in particular to do for the moment, Goldsmith decided to land in order to pay a visit to the celebrated Logan Rock, which he had never seen. This is a mass of granite, weighing some eighty tons, poised on a natural pivot on top of a mass of rocks forming a small cliff; and, though it was stated at the time that the strength of one man sufficed to "vibrate" the stone, yet it was generally believed that it was beyond the power of man to remove it from its pivot. Goldsmith had undoubtedly heard this belief expressed; he knew also that a few years before a party of seamen had tried to remove the rock, and had failed.

In an idle moment he decided that now was the opportunity of putting the popular theory to the test. He had a boat's crew of nine men, and he brought them up to the rock, the only tools of any kind the party had with them being three short handspikes. They began by trying to lever the rock off its pivot with the handspikes, but without the least result. They then all took hold of one edge of the stone and began to rock it. Gentle at first, the movement increased rapidly till presently it seemed to be getting beyond control. Goldsmith called to the men to "stand from under" lest the stone should fall upon them; and soon the stone did in fact rock itself off its pivot. It slid a little way, by the best account no more than thirty-nine inches, and came to rest again. Goldsmith and his boat's crew departed, quite unconscious that they had done anything exceptional. Probably their view of the case was that the stone came off its perch so easily that it was a wonder it had not done so before.

He very soon learnt that the countryside took a decidedly unfavourable view of his action. Attacks on him appeared in the local press, and a veritable uproar followed. As presumably there were few, if any, spectators of the deed, it is not remarkable that public opinion, as voiced by the press, should have been ill-informed. The journalists made the

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case against Goldsmith as black as they could. They said that he with his men "came on shore for the purpose of removing from its situation that great curiosity the Logging Stone"; they hoped that Lieutenant Goldsmith "is not of the family of the celebrated natural historian and poet," quite possibly knowing at the time that in fact he was; they said that he did not find the duties of his station sufficient to occupy his attention, "and as a recreation for himself and his crew of idlers devised the overthrowing the Logging Stone." They called him, of course, barbarian and Vandal; and to increase his offence, alleged that he employed fourteen of his men to unship the rock with handspikes and a screw-jack. There was at least a touch of pathos in the conclusion of the *West Briton*:—"What renders the act most atrocious is that two poor families, who derived a subsistence from attending visiters to the stone (the journalist spelt as did Miss Daisy Ashford) are now deprived of the means of support." After all this it is not remarkable that they decided that he had disgraced his own name, and the honourable profession to which he belonged; and that they had "no doubt that the Admiralty and the Commissioners of Customs will mark their sense of the *service* performed by Lieutenant Goldsmith in the proper way; and that, as to replace the Logging Stone is beyond human power, they will give the perpetrator of the outrage cause to remember the deed."

They appear to have said a good deal more, of which we have now only incidental record, such as that while he was wasting his time in mischief, a gang of smugglers was busy running a cargo round the corner, an accusation which Goldsmith thought it worth his while to deny to his official superiors. Imaginative writers of more recent date have decided that the loss of the stone reduced a whole village to penury, and even that Goldsmith went in danger of his life; but of this last consideration, naturally enough, there is no trace in Goldsmith's letters.

It will be noticed that the complainants called on the Admiralty to punish the delinquent; and perhaps they were surprised when the Admiralty made no sign. The fact is that the case was not one for the Admiralty; Goldsmith was an officer in the preventive service, and as such was under the orders of the Navy Board, which in its turn enjoyed a considerable degree of independence from the Admiralty, though subordinate to it. The Admiralty would have no

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official cognizance of Goldsmith's action unless the Navy Board reported it to them; but Goldsmith had committed no service offence, and the Navy Board saw no occasion to take any such step. From first to last, all that the Admiralty heard of the matter is contained in two letters from private persons, who had read an account of the incident copied into the London press from a west-country newspaper. The first of these correspondents was anonymous, signing himself "A Mischief Hater and Anti-barbarian"; the second, perhaps the same as the first as he was careful to say that he "disapproved of an anonymous accusation," was a Mr. W. C. Dyer, of Charlotte Street; and the burden of both letters was that "the most signal punishment should be inflicted on these modern Vandals." The first letter is not even marked as having been read to the Board; the second, dated 17th May, was read but not answered.

Meanwhile things were happening in the west country. It would seem that the outcry, though doubtless it shocked Goldsmith by its misrepresentations, served to convince him that he had committed a serious offence; and he, being undoubtedly an honest fellow, set himself to think how best he might make amends. A meeting of local notables met to consider the matter, many naval officers resident in the neighbourhood being among them, and they, as would be expected, took a much more reasonable view of the case. Whether by their invitation or at his own suggestion Goldsmith explained the matter to them, adding that he thought that the best amends he could make would be to put the stone back where he found it. This would cost money, even if Plymouth Dockyard would lend the necessary gear, and Goldsmith had no money. A lieutenant in the preventive service was ill-paid, and was not likely to have any unless he had recently made an important seizure of tubs, and Goldsmith had had no such luck. The committee, therefore, if indeed it called itself a committee, agreed to raise a fund, and called on Goldsmith for an estimate. He named a sum of £150, and as this seems to have been accepted as reasonable, he was able to get to work.

He began on May 22nd by writing to the Navy Board. One can read a certain zest of determination into his letter, and picture him as spurred by the popular belief that to replace the stone was beyond the power of man. He wrote:— "I venture as an officer of the Navy to solicit your assistance

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to enable me to execute a task of no mean description in which I am about to engage. Referring you to the accompanying letter for the particulars thereof, I most respectfully entreat you will allow me to be furnished with the articles mentioned in the enclosed paper from the dockyard at Plymouth, very few of which can be obtained in this neighbourhood. It being my intention to direct the undertaking in person, the materials will not be out of my possession, and shall be returned to the dockyard in about three weeks or a month.

" The chief of the articles will be sent back without injury, but whatever deficiencies may occur I shall be ready to pay for. . . . Your compliance, Gentlemen, will be esteemed a distinguished favour."

The Navy Board answered that he could have the gear on the understanding that he returned it in the time stated, and paid for such damages as it suffered, and that they were his affectionate friends.

In his application to the Board Goldsmith enclosed " a plain and simple statement of the real facts." The substance of this has already been published, for he wrote it in a very similar letter to his mother. He said that " Not being at all aware of the value attached to the Rock, and having heard likewise that attempts had often been made to remove it, I was led to try also, and most unfortunately succeeded. The act, I may say, was the thought, or perhaps the thoughtlessness, of a moment. The only instruments with which the attempt was made were three short handspikes, but these being of no use were laid aside, and the nine men who were with me took hold of the rock with their hands, set it fairly a rocking, and by that means threw it over upon its edge whereon it rests, a little below its original site." It will be seen that there is a considerable difference between this statement and an account published some twenty years ago that " the giant rock at last slid from its horizontal base and thundered into a chasm below. But for this fortunate check in its wild plunge, it would have been precipitated into the sea."

Goldsmith went on : " This you will see, Gentlemen, is a very different account from that which the base slanderers have inserted in the public prints. . . . I am truly anxious to make every reparation for the regret which this act has occasioned, which I can only effectually do by replacing the

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rock. The task will be a difficult one, and one which the people seem to think can only be effected by an engineer. I am willing, however, to show that a naval officer may sometimes accomplish arduous objects as well as other professional men, and with your assistance, Gentlemen, I have no doubt of succeeding. . . . I trust the engagement is not one in which you will regret seeing a naval officer concerned." He also enclosed a letter from a solicitor at Helston, agent to Sir Richard Vyvyan, the owner of the rock, admitting that the act was one of mere inadvertency, wishing him success in his efforts to replace the rock, and promising every assistance in his power.

Things, however, moved somewhat slowly. Goldsmith's letter of thanks to the Navy Board for promising him the help he asked for is dated a month later, on June 23rd; and on July 2nd we find him writing that he cannot get any large spars to use as sheers unless at great expense; and that small spars and boards for stagings cannot be had for love or money. These things were not in the original list of wants; but the Navy Board passed the demand on to the Commissioner (corresponding to the modern Admiral Superintendent) at Plymouth, and acquainted him that "we are desirous of affording to the lieutenant any accommodation that may be granted without inconvenience to the service, and, therefore, request he will supply the articles in question if they can be spared."

The Commissioner was Captain William Shield, who when a lieutenant more than thirty years before had stood before a court-martial for hoisting a midshipman up to the topmast cross-trees in a girtline, "without a guy to keep him clear of the top"; and he does not seem to have been so sympathetic to Goldsmith as the Board was. At any rate he made difficulties about the issue of the large spars—six of twenty inches diameter was the demand—on the ground that no material addition to the original demand was authorized, and that this addition was material. Finding there was a hitch, Goldsmith wrote again in justification of his demand, explaining that he was asking no more than Mr. Jackson, the Master-attendant (another well-known character, about whom there are many yarns) thought necessary; "I do assure you, Gentlemen, I am perfectly aware of what I am about. I know I have a weight of between sixty and seventy tons to lift, and to place to a great nicety. . . . The means

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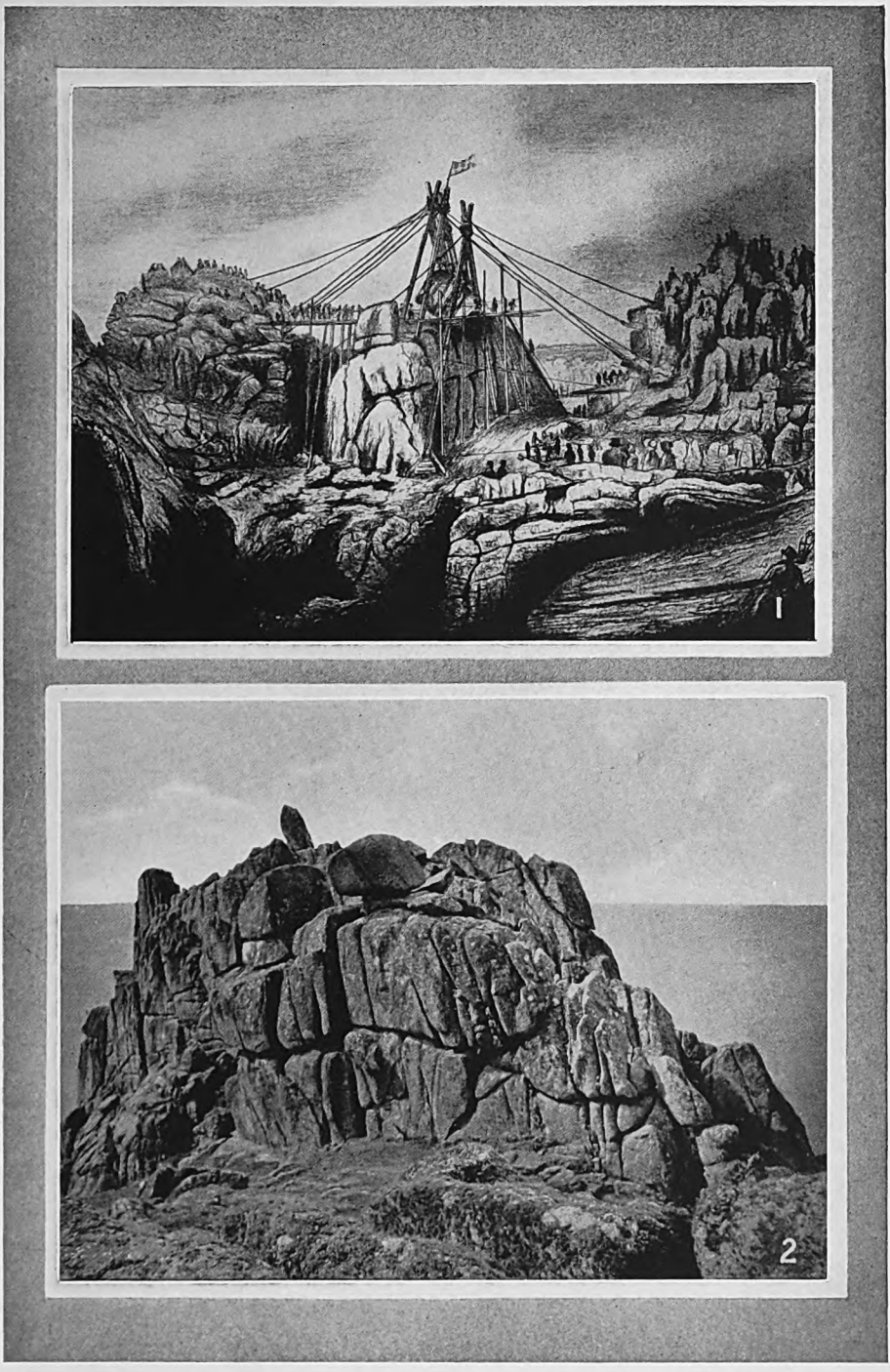

[*Photos : Preston, Penzance.*

1.—REPLACING THE LOGAN ROCK.

2.—THE ROCK REPLACED.

It will be seen balanced on the top of the wall of rock facing the reader.

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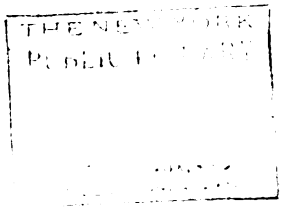
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solicited are really not more than sufficient, allowing for casualties. I feel, too, my credit at stake, and am not willing to commence my task without good tackling."

Then there was another hitch. The Commissioner having reported to the Board, and the Board having given orders that Goldsmith's demands were to be supplied, a correspondence which occupied August, on September 6th the Commissioner wrote again to say that none of the gear had been applied for. So the Board wrote to Goldsmith to ask why not. His answer was simply that this was the first he had heard of the issue being authorized; that to his great disappointment he had met with what he could only consider as obstruction from the Commissioner, who was by no means as sympathetic as the Board, and even appeared to be delaying the execution of the Board's orders. The fact was that the Navy Board had directed a letter to be written to Goldsmith, advising him that the difficulty was adjusted, and that he would get his gear on application, but that the letter had never been sent.

The Board minuted Goldsmith's letter "Why did you keep the poor man in suspense?" a query addressed to the clerk responsible for the letter. His excuse, which seems to have been accepted though it sounds somewhat lame, was that the letter was written, but that owing to changes on the Board it was impossible to get signatures, and that Mr. Somebody Else had promised to advise Goldsmith semi-officially, which it seemed he had failed to do. At any rate Goldsmith's next demand, which was for six crab winches, was complied with promptly enough; from which we may decide either that the Commissioner thought that he had teased him enough, or that Goldsmith did not know what backlash to expect in the working of the department. Enough of the correspondence survives to make it seem probable that Goldsmith, in his anxiety and impatience, formed an unduly unfavourable opinion of the Commissioner.

It took time to get all the gear, much of it heavy, to the spot; possibly also there was delay in recruiting and drilling the men to be employed. It is stated that "the Admiralty lent men"; but there is no trace in the papers that the Admiralty—the Navy Board rather—lent a single man, though it is probable that Goldsmith was allowed to employ some of his cutter's crew. The inference is that labour was

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engaged locally, and paid for by Goldsmith out of the fund raised for replacing the stone.

Whatever the causes of delay, it was not till October 29th that the actual work of replacing the stone began. A detailed technical account has been published of what Goldsmith, no doubt, justly, must have regarded as a very creditable piece of seamanship; and it is unnecessary to say more here than that on November 2nd the stone was lowered exactly into its place amid the cheers and flag-waving of assembled thousands. Of course, there were disgruntled people who said that it did not rock as well as it had done before; but as there were others who would have it that it rocked even better, we may decide that Goldsmith had succeeded in performing his task in a proper seamanlike manner.

Unfortunately, this is not quite the end of the correspondence. It is a pleasant little touch to find that when, on November 19th, Goldsmith reported to the Navy Board that the task was completed and the gear back at Penzance ready to be put on board a lighter, he added to his thanks: "Without the assistance of the materials which you directed to be lent me, it was impossible the undertaking could have succeeded." It appears probable that when he underlined the *you*, he was drawing a comparison between the Navy Board and the Commissioner, not to the advantage of the latter.

It is, however, less pleasant to be reminded that he had undertaken to pay for damages, and that the bill had now to be met. Though the local committee had accepted Goldsmith's estimate of £150, only £95 had in fact been raised, and even that with a good deal of difficulty. Fortunately, the expenses had been less than the estimate, but even so Goldsmith was already some £30 out of pocket; and in April, 1825, he received the bill for depreciation of the stores used. It amounted to only £31 9s. 5d., which he confessed was less than he had expected; but he had no cash in hand with which to pay it, and had to ask to be allowed to pay by instalments. The Navy Board made no difficulty about this, suggesting three instalments, the first at midsummer, the others at intervals of six months; and to this he agreed. He was clearly gambling on the lucky chance of sweeping up a good crop of tubs, for, as he himself put it, "the pay and emoluments of my command are excessively small." But the lucky chance did not come till the end of

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the year, and in December he was explaining the position to the Board, and asking for further time. The Board did not make any particular difficulty about it, for his circumstances were perfectly well-known to them. They answered in effect that he was free to suggest dates for payment convenient to himself, but that, once they were arranged, they would rely on his being punctual in keeping to them.

Apparently the seizure he referred to, with perhaps one or two more to follow, helped him over the stile; for we find him continuing in the service. He died at sea in the West Indies sixteen years later; and although by his own ability and good conduct he came very well out of his difficulty, yet no doubt one of the wishes of his Cornish enemies of 1824 was realized, for he had occasion to remember the Logan Rock to the day of his death.

L. G. CARR-LAUGHTON.

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REMINISCENCES OF CONSTANTINOPLE

TOWARDS the end of 1920 life in Constantinople was fairly settled, and the local population had taken the Armies of Occupation as a solid fact, and incidents were few and far between. Almost every Greek and Armenian Ottoman subject had discarded wearing the fez and now sported European headgear. They looked upon the occupation of Turkey as final, and laid themselves out to make the most of the troops. Almost every café and *brasserie* (local term for "pub") was owned by either a Greek or an Armenian, and the Bomonti Brewery, which supplied beer, was also in the hands of the Greeks. Most of these people made fortunes. The Turks could be distinguished by their fezes and demeanour. Almost 5,000 ex-officers of the old Turkish Army resided in Constantinople, and they were all in a very bad way. Pensions had ceased to be paid, and most of them existed on the proceeds of what household effects they had to sell. Many of them possessed priceless porcelain, pictures, etc., but there was no market for these outside the Bazaar, and the owners were much too proud to advertise or put up their possessions for sale. Again the Jews, Greeks and Armenians scored, and purchased these treasures for little outlay. I knew many of these officers, and it was rather tragic the way they all tried to hide their poverty.

The more flash cafés were run by Russians, though most of them were financed by local Greeks and Jews. They were well run as a rule, though villainously expensive. Their chief attraction was the waitresses. All of them were, according to their own account, of noble blood, and countesses and princesses were as common as flies. To those who knew, the vast majority of these ladies were of more common clay, though one or two were of good family and possessed titles. However, it did no harm, and no doubt a few princesses in a restaurant gave tone to the establishment and attracted the public, especially the Americans. I never attended an American party without being introduced to princes and princesses. Constantinople was full of them, and most of them claimed close relationship with the late Emperor.

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There was a good deal of entertaining going on among the foreign community, and numerous dances at the Embassies, etc. The British community entertained the least of all, except for small private dinner-parties. They kept very much to themselves in the club at Harbie. The most entertaining parties were given by the American High Commissioner, and much the most cheery. There you met every nationality, including the Turk, and it was strange at first to see the Turkish ladies dancing with officers and others. Many of the Turkish Imperial Family attended the American Embassy dances, and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. All the local Greeks and Armenians turned up twice a week to the *thé dansant* at the Tokatlian Hotel and the Saturday night dance at the Pera Palace Hotel. These dances were most popular with the "dagos," and they turned up in force. The music was as a rule excellent, and the dancing quite up to date. If one had nothing else to do, it was amusing to watch them. Many of the young girls were quite pretty, but as they grow older they run to fat.

During this winter, 1920-21, the only incidents I can recall were the numerous fights between our soldiers and Yankee sailors. How the feud started I do not know, but there it was all right. Time and again our men had to stand up to the Yanks, and many a good scrap occurred at the numerous night haunts. A good deal of the blame can be laid on the dry laws of the American Navy. The men could not spend their pay when at sea, so when they came ashore they hired the biggest cars, engaged the most fascinating fairies, and played hell generally. It was a common sight to see several cars dash through the Grande Rue de Pera full of American sailors and their lady friends out on a binge. I know the friction between our troops and the Yankee sailors caused a certain amount of perturbation in high quarters.

Sport in Turkey in pre-war days was very good, and quite large bags of woodcock and duck were obtained within a few hours of the capital. Things have changed since then, and game of all sorts is becoming scarcer every year. I speak of Constantinople area only, as I was only able to get away for a few days at a time. Partridges are plentiful on the Gallipoli peninsula, especially near Krithia, but few and far between near Constantinople. I saw only two pheasants

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altogether, both of which I shot. There are plenty of duck and snipe on the lakes Buyuk Tchmiji and Kutchuk Tchmiji, some few hours west of Constantinople, and hares on the hills. Wild boar are fairly numerous in the Alemdagh Forest, across the Bosphorus, and in the Belgrade Forest, about twenty miles east. They take a lot of finding owing to the ignorance and stupidity of the local huntsmen. During a couple of seasons' experience in Turkey, when no opportunity was lost of getting away from the cobble-stones of Pera, I never once found a man who knew anything of *shikar*. The *shikari*, as we know him in India and Africa, does not exist; and even when you get a sounder of pig in a narrow ravine, with every chance of getting the old boar, the odds are that the local "ape" will spoil the show, and you never smell a bristle. However, pig-shooting is a poor sort of game, though preferable to kicking one's heels in the club or watching the "dagos" dance at the Tokatlian Hotel.

The local Turk ambushes his birds. He builds a very low mud hut, with a grass roof, in an open space in the marshes, fairly well concealed, then ties up some half-dozen tame ducks at some ten yards' range, guaranteed to quack. I crawled into a hut one day and watched the procedure. The owners are generally youngsters, and I have never seen a full-grown man at the job. The youth whom I visited had four ducks tied by the legs some ten yards from the hut; they had about six yards of line tied to their legs, and were pegged about six feet apart. Presently a few wild duck made their presence known, and the tame command quacked lustily. Down came an old drake, followed by a couple of females, and after flying round for some time they pitched among the tame ducks. Immediately the latter flapped to one side to the full extent of the line, and the boy banged and killed the drake. He had only a single-barrel muzzle-loader. He popped out and collected the drake, whilst the tame ducks foregathered once more and quacked louder than ever. I am sure they thoroughly enjoyed the sport. They appeared to take no notice of the report of the gun, and knew perfectly well what to expect. The celerity with which they flopped to one side directly the wild duck touched ground was remarkable, and they took no chances, as they used up every inch of the six yards of string. I believe these decoy ducks are quite valuable and command high prices. I presume they are judged by the power of their

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lungs. One sportsman mistook a bunch of these birds for the wild variety, and, after a successful stalk, browned the lot, with disastrous effect. It cost him many liras to square the irate owner.

Belgrade Forest lies some fifteen miles to the north-east of Constantinople, and is reached by a light Décauville railway which was built by the Germans during the war. The line runs from the top end of the Golden Horn to Shift Alen, a small village near the Black Sea. The lignite mines are here, and they supply the tiny engines with fuel. Another route is via Buyukdere, on the Upper Bosphorus. A road of sorts leads from the Bosphorus into the forest, and you can always hire gharries for the day. This part of the forest is too popular during week-ends, and is generally full of shooting parties. I tried it one week-end with Colonel A—— and Major L——, but never again! We got a few cock, but could have made a good bag of Armenians and Greeks. The place stank of them.

Early in 1922 quite a large party of us went to Shift Alen, including two princes of the Blood Royal. They were most keen, and had the makings of good sportsmen, though they were somewhat Prussian in their ways. Both of them had been at the Kaiser's Court for a few years, and they had not recovered from the effects. However, they improved on acquaintance, and we became great friends. Politics were strictly taboo, and I never allowed anyone to mention either the political or military situation as it existed at that time. We were out for sport, and tried to forget our individual troubles.

The Belgrade forest covers some 400 square miles of territory, and in the early spring is really beautiful. The majority of trees are oak, then beech and ash, and magnificent specimens, especially in the northern portions. Towards the coasts of the Bosphorus and Black Sea the forest has been greatly reduced by indiscriminate cutting by the local inhabitants, as the greater portion of the wood and charcoal supplied to Constantinople comes from Belgrade forest. The felling of trees is forbidden by law, but it goes on all the same. The Inter-Allied Forces of Occupation were not guiltless, as the Greek contractors employed by the armies cut down thousands of beautiful trees to supply fuel to the troops. Apparently, previous to the winter of 1920 no supervision was maintained, and as the Décauville railway

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was used to bring in the wood to Constantinople, whole areas adjoining the railway were cut bare. This saved the contractors transport, and one prominent Turk said to me that our occupation would ever be remembered if only for the devastation the Allied Armies of Occupation caused to the Belgrade forest. I fear he has every right to say this. It must be remembered that the water supply of Constantinople greatly depends upon the forest, and the wholesale felling of the trees there was bitterly fought against by the Turkish Ministry.

This indiscriminate felling of trees was a great mistake—I almost said crime—as with a little supervision sufficient timber could have been cut to supply the Armies of Occupation, and the forest greatly improved in the meantime. The Turk was justly incensed, but at the same time he took no trouble at all to improve the forest. The result was when the Allied Forces occupied Constantinople the forest was much too dense, and the trees were killing each other for want of room to grow. Subsequent to the autumn of 1920 the felling of timber was strictly supervised and the fundamental principles of good forestry adhered to, with the result that the forest was improved, as only one tree in three was ever felled. The areas allotted to the contractors were those which needed thinning mostly, and were well away from the Décauville railway.

Life went on much as usual for the first six months of 1922. The usual night haunts were well patronized ; officers brought their wives out, and Constantinople was quite gay—the usual grousing at our prolonged stay out in Turkey, and the usual wild conjectures as to what was happening. My Turkish liaison officer kept me fairly well informed as to what was happening in Anatolia, and the Kemalists I knew in Constantinople were confident that things would begin to hum in the autumn. A racing syndicate opened up the racecourse at Makrikeuy, and meetings were held every Sunday. Most people, who can, go up to Therapia in May and June, or spend the summer months there. All the Embassies move to Therapia, and Tokatlian's Hotel and the Summer Palace are the centres of society. I obtained three months' leave and followed the crowd with my family, and rather lost touch with events. The climate at Therapia and Buyukdere is quite different from that of Constantinople during summer, and ever so much pleasanter. At Buyukdere

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it is even cooler than at Therapia, though they are separated by only a few miles. I heard from my Turkish friends occasionally, and E. Bey, who was with Kemal's cavalry, sent a little news to his relatives in Constantinople, who passed it on to me. They, however, did not know anything more than was known at Headquarters.

On August 24th, Prince —— called on me. He knew something, but would not tell me. However, I gathered something was in the wind. A few days after Kemal launched his offensive.

From now on, life was full of alarms. All the Greek and Armenian Ottoman subjects discarded their European headgear and assumed the fez. Everyone you met had a different version, and one quite expected to see Kemal and his army having tea at Tokatlian's any day in the week. The Greeks demanded to be allowed to occupy Constantinople. Their army was advancing on the Tchalda lines—it was rather amusing, and no one lacked conversation. The Constantinople Club had the usual club strategists, and as most of the commercial magnates lunched there it was interesting to get their views. Then came the news of Smyrna, and this sobered people up. I got the full details from the American officers who were there, and they appeared to be of the opinion that the fire was started by the Armenians. However, it is all history now, but the news at the time greatly upset my Greek friends. Up to this period, the success of Kemal and his army did not affect the Allied Forces of Occupation, and our officials continued to work in harmony with the Turkish officials in Constantinople. Incidents were few and far between. As a matter of fact, the people who felt the change most were the adherents of the Sultan and the Palace people themselves. The nearer Kemal got to the coast, the more frightened they became. After Smyrna the wind was vertical!

On the morning of September 9th I got a wire from G. S. to report myself at once and bring field kit with me. That was all, and no idea as to destination. I packed up and caught a ferry-boat, and was at headquarters at 5.30, when I was informed that I was to proceed to Broussa first thing next day, along with a French and Italian officer, and endeavour to save Broussa from sharing the same fate as Smyrna. I would leave at 7 a.m. the following day on a destroyer. The Kemalists were driving the Greeks

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before them, and Broussa was expected to fall at any moment.

Up betimes and got on board the *Sepoy* at 7, to find that they did not sail until 11. The *Sepoy* had orders to wait for the French and Italian members of the Inter-Allied Commission, but found they had already left for Mudania the previous evening. However, the British Navy has a way with it, and I was entertained right nobly. We eventually moved out, and after a quick run I was decanted at Mudania at 12.30, but what a change from my previous visits! The whole beach and three small piers were crowded with refugees, and a state of chaos reigned. The place was one seething mass of Greeks—men, women and children—with all their possessions heaped round them.

I reported myself to the Greek Base Commandant, but he could not help me. The last train to Broussa had left at 9 a.m., and my French and Italian colleagues had gone on the train, and no more trains would run. The Turks were just outside Broussa, and Heaven only knew what was happening. Anyhow, he didn't. I had met this officer before, and he knew me, but I could see that to get to Broussa before it fell required some doing. By the grace of fortune, Major S——, our liaison officer with the Greek Army, blew in, and after two hours of hard swearing I got hold of two Ford cars, with two Greek officers as chauffeurs, and managed to make a start. The start was all very well, but it took over an hour to go the first mile, as the road was packed with terrified Greeks. The whole place was also littered with war material—guns, ammunition, supplies, and enormous forage heaps. When they set fire to these the fun would begin.

We passed numerous parties of soldiers on the way, but I saw no preparation to defend the line of hills which guard Mudania, and which appeared to me to form an excellent defensive position. As we came along in the *Sepoy* we had seen several empty ships hurrying to Mudania; but even with the best of organization the Greeks would never embark those 40,000 refugees before the Turk appeared on the scene, unless some sort of opposition was put up. I knew a division of Greeks were at Gemlik, about fifteen miles further east, and they could have been moved to cover Mudania, and incidentally to escape westwards themselves. The whole way along the route the villages were burning—both Greek

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and Turkish. I asked my Greek officer the reason, and he stated: "We go out of Asia for good this time. We won't leave a stone or head of grain standing for our enemy." He spoke the truth, for the Greeks destroyed everything they could before they were pushed out.

About three miles short of Broussa I met my two colleagues, arguing the point with General Soumelas, the Commander of the 3rd Greek Army Corps—Lieut.-Colonel Ciampi, Italian Army, and Commandant Oliveur, French Army. They immediately greeted me and apologized for having hurried on before me, but they only carried out their instructions, and expected to see me at Mudania.

I found that they had requested General Soumelas to guarantee the safety of the Moslem mosques in Broussa, and had asked him to find arms for the thirty Turkish gendarmes, who were commanded by a French officer, to mount guard over the Greek and Armenian convents and the French and Italian Consulates. We had no representative in Broussa. An unarmed man is as much use as a sick headache in this part of the world. To these demands General Soumelas gave an unqualified refusal and would do nothing.

It has been my good fortune to witness many scenes in various parts of the world. I have seen white troops stampede, but I have never seen a High Command in such a state of fright. The staff there must have numbered some eighty officers, and they had only one thought—their own skins.

Finding that it was impossible to get anything out of these people, we drove to Broussa and made our way to the Greek headquarters of the Town Commandant. Picking up the French Commandant of the Turkish Gendarmerie, one Captain Renedino, we made a line for the Greek Town Commandant at the Hotel de Ville. Again we met with a refusal, and he would not assist us in any way. This officer suffered from the same malady as prevailed generally, and was in a dreadful panic. He agreed after some discussion to hand the town over to the Allied Commission at 8 p.m., as he understood the Greek troops would be clear of Broussa by that hour. As a matter of fact, shortly after we departed this gallant officer was seen galloping out of the town along the Mudania road, and we never saw him again. Captain Renedino marshalled his thirty Turkish Gendarmes minus arms, and we posted them at various points—convents and

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French Consulate—and then waited to see what would happen.

The Turks were by this time in the southern end of Broussa, and machine-gun and rifle fire was going on all round. The Greeks, however, were making a very feeble stand, retiring as fast as they could; only a few rounds of artillery fire were used. The French Consul reported that some Greek soldiers had set fire to the French Consulate before clearing out, but the fire was quickly extinguished. I failed to verify this, and rather doubt its accuracy. What they did do I saw myself, and that was to blow up their own cathedral, the explosion setting fire to some forty houses near to. This was done most deliberately and prepared beforehand. No doubt but that the Turks will get the blame.

Whilst all this was going on I thought I would see what had happened to the two motor-cars I had got from the Greeks at Mudania, but not a sign of them could I find. Unfortunately, I had left my field-glasses and haversack in one, but they went also, and I never recovered them. When I returned to the hotel I found my French and Italian colleagues had hoisted enormous flags through the central window, and proudly waving in the breeze between them was an equally enormous red Turkish flag. They had left no room for the Union Jack, even if I had been supplied with one. However, when the townspeople turned up to cheer the Allies after the last Greek had cleared out, "*Vive l'Angleterre*" was vociferated no less than "*Vive la France*" and "*Viva Italia.*" About 8 p.m. the firing died down, and the hotel was invaded by a small army of brigands, covered in belts of cartridges. They were most picturesque and entertaining. These lads came from Mount Olympus, and had worried the life out of the Greek garrison of Broussa the whole time the occupation lasted. As the hotel was dry as far as real drink was concerned, I mentioned whisky to the chief brigand and his immediate staff. They knew the name and brightened up considerably, and did in a bottle of Johnny Walker in a few minutes. As my stock was limited, I considered a bottle was quite sufficient to cement friendship, so discreetly retired to the background. Hearing my name mentioned by a heavily armed and truculent-looking warrior, who had already downed two good strong nips, minus water, and seeing him advance upon me with a most amicable leer,

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I promptly fled. The only whisky in Broussa belonged to me, and I had yet to interview the corps commander and his staff. It was too expensive, so I crept up the hillside behind the hotel and watched the pursuit in the dark. I could see the flashes of the rifles far down the Mudania road, and hear the rattle of machine guns. No heavy guns were firing. Towards midnight everything was quiet, all Greeks having fled to Mudania; unless the Greek 11th Division, holding Gemlik, had already moved westwards, their escape appeared doubtful unless they had got away before.

Early on the 11th I met Colonel Nafiz Bey, commanding the Turkish 1st Division, and he told me he was pushing the Greek rearguard all he knew, and that he expected to cut off the Greek 11th Division and either capture or destroy them. I saw many Turkish troops, but only four light guns drawn by bullocks. I think these four guns were the only artillery with the 1st Division. I saw no traces of heavy wheel traffic on the Mudania road, and am sure I should have noticed the marks of heavy artillery. The Turks looked a hard-bitten crowd, and were full of enthusiasm. They were well clothed, but very short of boots. The absence of foot-gear is apt to mislead one when judging their equipment, as vast numbers of Turks prefer their national footwear—viz., soft leather shoes covered with bandages, sometimes packed with straw.

At 11 o'clock the Commission called on General Shukri Pasha, the commander of the Turkish Third Army Corps. His arrival was heralded by enormous crowds round the Hotel de Ville; almost every Turkish *hanoum* was there to welcome her deliverer. We had quite an ovation on the way to the headquarters, and the crowd was most affable. Shukri Pasha is a comparatively young man, well set up, with a ruddy complexion and steel-blue eyes. He received us quite warmly and promised to carry out all our recommendations—and, what's more, he did. He was not communicative, but promised to send us back to Constantinople directly the situation at Mudania was settled. He saw no further use in our presence at Broussa, and was only too eager to get rid of us. During the day many Turkish troops passed through the town. They were a middle-aged army, and I noticed very few young soldiers. I saw no more guns, and don't believe they had any. If they did, they must have been "pack." About 4 p.m. a large batch of Greek prisoners arrived,

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numbering some seven or eight hundred. They were marched through Broussa and placed in barracks to the south of the town. They were a pitiful crew, and cheering Kemal Pasha as they passed the hotel. Their youth was most noticeable, and their eyes showed the dread at their hearts. I saw one of their Turkish guards raise his whip and lay it across one wretched man who was not cheering Kemal with sufficient fervour. It was a sad procession, and their cheers for Kemal made it all the more pitiful. I saw no officers, but they were brought in later in ambulance wagons and country carts. During the whole of this time the behaviour of the Turkish troops and the inhabitants of Broussa was most exemplary. No incidents occurred, and wherever I went I was saluted by all officers and men. The local townsmen invariably stood up when the Commission passed by. At 8 p.m. a large crowd of locals turned up at our headquarters and cheered the Inter-Allied Commission. We had to go out and bow our thanks.

Guns were firing early on the 12th from Mudania direction. Later I saw Shukri Pasha, and he told me he expected to capture the whole of the Greek 11th Division. They had attempted to escape down the coast of Panderma, but his troops had been too quick for them. He said the Greek troops had failed to make a stand at Mudania, and after a short fight they had fled. The Greeks had stampeded, and, led by their general, had fled on board a steamer which was taking on Greek refugees, and pushed off. Whilst the stampede had lasted, 75 Greek women and children were pushed off the piers into the sea and drowned.

Shukri Pasha stated that his troops were at that moment in occupation of the heights behind Mudania, and well within rifle shot of the beach. He had machine guns in action before the steamer got clear, and he said that he would have been fully justified if he had opened fire on the general and his staff, but that if he had done so the forty to fifty thousand refugees packed on the beach would have panicked and gone into the sea. I certainly believe Shukri was right. I afterwards saw several dead bodies of these 75 women and children who were drowned. No one took the trouble to retrieve them from the sea. Late in the afternoon more Greek prisoners arrived. They also were cheering Kemal Pasha. I felt very sorry for them, poor devils! By cheering their enemy, I suppose they hoped for more lenient treatment. Many of

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them were very exhausted, and had to be helped along by their comrades. I saw no act of brutality, and the Turkish soldiers and inhabitants paid little attention to them. Indeed, the average Turk is not very emotional. After bitter years of suffering at the hands of their traditional enemy, and release from bondage of their ancient capital and holy places—well, I have seen a great deal more excitement over a football match at home.

In the evening I strolled round the town by myself, and met an old prisoner of war who served under me in Egypt. He was very glad to see me, and said he had heard that I had been sent to Broussa to save the mosques from being destroyed by the Greeks. I wonder who told him that? He was not very communicative, and what seemed to worry him most was the attitude of the Constantinople Turks, and whether the British would let the Greeks in from the other side. I assured him that this would never happen. He made the usual statement that they were all sick of war and longed to settle down with their families again.

The next day the bazaar was opened, and the supplies appeared plentiful. Hundreds of country carts were arriving with produce, and the bazaar was packed. I bought several metres of beautiful Broussa silk. Silk was being purchased by a large number of Turkish officers, presumably to send to their wives. In the afternoon the Commission paid official calls on the Commandant de la Place, Colonel Neury Bey, and the newly-appointed Vali. Both were most friendly. They informed us that Shukri Pasha was making arrangements to send us back to Constantinople. That was good news, as I wanted to get back now that we had carried out our instructions, and not a man, woman or child had been touched—nor a mosque destroyed. After dinner a foreign consul reported that the Greeks had murdered an entire village on their flight to the coast. He had seen 65 corpses of women and children, outraged and mutilated. He made a great to-do about this, though when I asked him to take me out to the scene of the outrage he hedged. I have always thought that our friend the consul was currying favour with the Turks. I never heard of any official complaint or report on this affair. This particular consul remained at Broussa for some months, but eventually was given twenty-four hours to pack up and clear out. His opinion of the Turk was slightly modified when I heard his story in Constantinople.

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The next day was very hot ; at 10 a.m. we were informed that we could leave that afternoon, and conveyances would take us to Mudania. The railway line was out of action and could not be repaired. We drove round and said good-bye. Shukri Pasha had left at dawn for Panderma, but he sent an aide to say good-bye and to thank us for our help, etc. Eventually one lorry turned up for our kit and two two-horsed carriages for ourselves. One young Turkish officer came with us as escort. After saying farewell to the various officials we took the road to Mudania. Very few Turkish troops about, but we passed the four-gun battery I saw before trekking towards Mudania. The crew looked fagged out. Signs of destruction were everywhere, and the Greeks had flattened out all the Turkish villages and farms during their retreat. Numerous corpses decorated the road—one in particular, a very big man, now swollen out to enormous dimensions. The Turks had decapitated him and placed his head on his " tummy." The *tout ensemble* was, though ghastly, very comical, especially as his executioners had fastened one eye open with a pin. This gave the face a diabolical wink.

Towards Mudania the corpses were thicker, and some hundreds showed the spot where the Greeks had made their final stand. It was not healthy to delay, so we made our weary " gees " trot out to get to windward of the scene. Mudania appeared just as crowded as ever, and chaos reigned supreme. The refugees hugged the shores, and the three piers were packed like sardines. I noticed guards had been posted, and I saw Turkish soldiers carrying water to the women and children on the piers. Several steamers lay off the shore, but some hitch had occurred and the refugees were not being embarked. It was a dreadful sight, and brought home to one forcibly the horrors of war. A pity the politicians could not be made to do the refugee act now and then. A course of refugeeing would do them all a lot of good. On the beach I met the late major-domo of the Hôtel d'Anatolie, in a wretched state of fright. He and his family were on the beach, and after a life of fat living and ease he felt the privation more than most. In previous years when I stayed at Broussa he was ever my *bête noir*. How often I had cursed him for lack of attention, bad food and worse drink, and met with scant courtesy ! Now the situation was reversed, and he grovelled at my feet. Poor devil ! I could not help

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him, though I asked the Turkish commandant, one Ismail Hakki, whom I knew, to let him get away as soon as possible. The French destroyer *Toureg* lay off, and we eventually got on board her and put off to Constantinople.

A couple of American ladies suddenly appeared out of the blue and asked for a passage to Constantinople, so they travelled with us. Their opinion of the Allies was particularly pungent, and won't bear repeating. I made my way to the captain's cabin and stayed there until we hit the quay at Galata. The French naval officers were most kind, and gave us an excellent dinner *en route*. Before leaving Mudania I spoke to Ismail Hakki Bey, and he told me the refugees were quite safe and in no danger. He would see that they were protected until they all left. This promise he carried out.

GUNNER.

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THE ARMY AND SOCCER

IS Association Football as played in the Army to-day in a healthy state, and is it played everywhere in the manner it should be? After viewing some matches in various classes of the game recently, the writer came to the conclusion that all was not as it should be, and was prompted to make the following observations.

As everybody is aware, in civil life Association Football is sharply divided into two types, amateur and professional. The conditions regulating whether a player belongs to one or the other do not interest me, but the methods adopted by the players of the two types do concern the Army. These methods are pretty well known. The amateur, not having to think of the bread-and-butter aspect of the matter, plays a freer, perhaps a more robust, but certainly a less foul game than the professional. There being no money on the result of every match, the amateur need not, and does not, take so seriously the decisions of the referee and the incidents of the game. In addition, most amateur clubs pride themselves on maintaining a sporting attitude. The result is that amateur Soccer, if less skilful, is certainly a more attractive spectacle than the professional game of the same code.

The point as regards the Army is, are we to follow in the paths of Corinthianism or professionalism? The answer to that question is, of course, "In the footsteps of the amateurs." Yet, though generally agreed in principle that soldier football should compare favourably with the best amateur game, in practice there is an ever-present tendency for our footballers to copy the professionals. The causes are apparent. Professional football is considered by the masses of the civil population as far superior to amateur Soccer. Consequently most of the rank and file watch professionals at every opportunity. Quite unaware of amateur traditions and customs, it is only natural that when these men come to play themselves, they should copy the methods of the football "gods" they have been brought up to admire. The result is that in certain teams in the Army there are men who constantly appeal to the referee and do not play to the whistle, who display temper when faced with reverses, who use their hands when their goal is in danger, and who even have to be sent off the field for foul play. In addition, there are

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many who introduce the minor crimes associated with professional football, such as pattern-making with the ball, passing back, and playing to the gallery. The spectators, too, at inter-unit matches use expressions and adopt methods which come straight from the stands of a professional club. In some formations the real *raison d'être* of leagues is lost sight of. A league is primarily an organization for arranging fixtures between a number of clubs. No one objects to the prevalence of a healthy desire to be top of the league, but when on account of an inter-unit match a fierce rivalry centres around the winning or losing of two points, and when players decline to turn out because a match is merely a "friendly," one wonders whether the Army game would not be the better without leagues.

If Soccer were not such an important feature in the life of the average soldier, one could afford to let matters stand. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, Association Football plays a very big part in the life of the rank and file. It has a remarkable hold over both the masses in the Army and in civil life, and it is idle to ignore it. In the Army this influence can be allowed to operate for good and for evil. If the Soccer fever in a unit be controlled, it can be of great assistance in maintaining discipline. Suppose, in a station where some of the objectionable features copied from professional football are prevalent, there is one team well under control which is noticeable on the field of play for the fact that it never questions a referee's decision, always plays to the whistle and plays in silence, never fouls or displays temper, etc., etc., such a fact will be generally known and will have an excellent effect upon the unit to which that team belongs. The possession of the most sporting team in the station will act as a bond to hold the whole of that unit together. In that it is a matter which touches the interest of nearly everyone in the unit, it is one that should not be neglected. On the other hand, if we have the reverse case, the case of a unit with a disgraceful team, constantly in trouble with the referee, disliked by other teams, and allow such a state of affairs to continue, the game is clearly bad for discipline. Both players and spectators get out of hand, and both will tend to adopt the idea that, once on the field of play, there is no need to behave as at other times, that there the man is temporarily the civilian again, and can act as civilian players and crowds are allowed to do.

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If general acceptance can be obtained for the contention that there is an ever-present struggle going on in the Army between the methods of the amateur and the methods of the professional, wherein lies the remedy? How can amateur methods be encouraged so that they can oust those of the professional? Some may place the blame of what happens in certain games on the shoulders of the referees. This is probably correct, though only in a minor degree. Certainly a bad referee can quite spoil a game and will provoke players. Players should, however, be sufficiently self-controlled to receive calmly any treatment at the hands of the referee. The remedy lies really in the hands of the unit officers, and the officers in charge or playing in a team. For instance, the behaviour of the Army representative team of this year in a certain match was most noticeable. The behaviour was exemplary, and was put down to the fact that not only were two officers playing, but the whole team was at all times under the eyes of directly interested officers. There would seem to be little doubt that the solution to the difficulty under discussion can be found in the relation of the officer generally towards Association Football.

What is the position? Can it be denied that 90 per cent. of officers have no use for Soccer? And is not the reason for this that an officer, if interested in football at all, confines his interest to Rugby Football? As a game to play, most of those who have had equal opportunities of learning both games will agree that Rugby is preferable by far to Association. As a spectacle, few who have seen, for instance, an Army and Navy Rugby match will ever be tempted to watch Soccer when a Rugby game is to be seen. The reasons why the average officer prefers to interest himself in Rugby are quite plain, and admitted. But the fact remains that the men's chief recreation is the playing or watching of Association. It is the duty, therefore, if it cannot be the pleasure, of an officer to interest himself in the Association game.

Almost every unit of any size earmarks an officer to take charge of the football team. Much depends on the officer selected. If possible, he should be a good enough player to be included in the side. Failing that, he should certainly be a player and know the game thoroughly. He must be an officer of personality, ready at all times to make his influence felt. If he cannot play in the team, he should be present at

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most of the games played and see that the game is conducted on the right lines.

It is not sufficient, as sometimes happens, for the officers of a unit to be content to detail one of their number as the Officer i/c Soccer and leave it at that. All unit officers should take an interest in the men's game and be present to watch matches. Probably, without the issue of any instructions on the subject, the mere presence of the officers amongst the spectators will lead the latter to abandon the less desirable forms of touch-line support.

The question of Soccer in the Army is one which should be taken up with the young officer before he becomes an officer, or even a cadet. In fact, looking at it from the point of view of the officer parent who intends sending sons into the Army, the question really arises as soon as his sons are to go to school. Most Army fathers will probably wish their sons to learn Rugby in preference to Association Football, as being the finer character-forming game. The writer is emphatically one of those. Yet it is open to discussion whether this point of view is not a selfish one, and whether a parent is not doing more for the Army by sending his sons to a Soccer school rather than a Rugby one, so that when they come to join units they will be of greater value. Certain " non-Rugby " schools have in recent years adopted the practice of playing Rugby in one of the two winter terms. A boy then may learn both codes, and can then later concentrate on the one he prefers. Such a practice insures that boys at least understand both games thoroughly even if they cannot play them. At the cadet colleges the matter should be carried a stage further. Just as a cadet is expected on leaving to be acquainted with details of interior economy in units which tend to increase the comfort of his men, so he should be given some instruction in the organization and conduct of Association Football in the Army, which also means so much to the men.

In conclusion, let it not be forgotten what a big opportunity lies open to a young officer, on joining a unit, if he possess both character and knowledge of the Association game. It is possible for him to possess an influence throughout the unit comparable only to that of the commanding officer and, possibly, of the adjutant.

B. C. DENING.

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THE BROKEN ICE

THERE curved a fringe of broken ice to mark the turn of the tide,
A glacier sheet of solid ice, far up the sheer cliff side ;
The face of the cliff was frozen hard, as hard as the stone below
The sea had wrought from the fallen cliff unnumbered years ago.
Not a sign of life along the shore save a seabird's mournful call,
With—pierced by the fitful thresh of oars—a dank fog over all.

The galley from out the dripping screen drew slowly into the bay,
White gleamed her mast and her folded sail, white shone each plank and stay ;
But red were the shields along her side, redder the mist-dulled steel,
Red as the flame upstream where showed the furrow of her keel.
Fiercely arose her glittering beak—snake-headed with eyes afire,
And fierce above the creak of the bench arose an oarsman's ire ;
" Are we but serfs that we bend our backs, do we flee the coast in fear ;
" We who have harried and burnt at will ? Wait for a home-wind here,
" Since this with the gear we carry now is the final trip for all,
" Swing her around and head for the beach, I'll have no homeward crawl.
" Never again shall we waste our strength or gall our hands with the sweep,
" We'll Northward go with the oars inboard. Who's for the shore and sleep ?"

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Sweet was the call of the homing run, but sweeter the
thought of ease ;
The keen stem took the frozen sand with the crash of wind-rent
trees ;
Though little the steaming rowers recked as they clambered
overside,
Beneath her keel lay broken ice to mark the turn of the tide.
About a spluttering driftwood fire rare goblets passed and
passed
And wilder grew boasts of raid and rape come to an end
at last,
With talk of sumptuous days to be and well-stocked steads
inland,
While ever the swift tide backward ebbed across a mile of
sand,
Till clamour died out along the shore, save only a seagull's
cry,
Ere—piercing the thin grey cloak of fog—the thresh of oars
clashed high ;
Threshed high as a fleet, like wraiths of doom, avenging closed
the bay,
To head onshore where the smoke proclaimed a stranded
galley lay.

*There's a fringe of broken grey sea-ice to mark the turn of the
tide,*
A glacier sheet of solid ice far up the sheer cliff side ;
The face of the cliff is frozen hard, as hard as the stone below
The sea has wrought from the fallen cliff unnumbered years ago.
Not a sign of life along the sands, save a seabird's wailing call,
With—edged by the sobbing of the flood—a grey fog over all.

D. P. CAPPER.

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A PILLAR OF HATE

VERY soon after Peace—according to this latter-day fashion of naming the circumstances under which we exist—had commenced to brood turbulently over the land, the village of Mallaby was endeavouring to reassemble its scattered components into the homogeneity of a community, some slight stir had been caused by the arrival of a new and unknown owner at Grimms. For that unkempt relic of an ancient manor had long been untenanted, and had lain forlorn and unwanted on the threshold of the village. Mallaby as an entity had been predisposed to welcome the stranger—nay, even to fête him: for the only item of information which could be gleaned was disclosed in the letters "V.C.," which, with a host of others, followed the name of Colonel Caraway. But Dr. Effort, a hard-headed man with many books of reference, announced that the decoration had been won in the Afghan War, when the colonel was but a junior officer; and this, of course, changed the complexion of the matter and saved Mallaby the necessity of quitting for an instant the main battle that raged within it.

For the village of Mallaby was at that time behaving like an atom which, despairing of the success of science, was endeavouring to explode itself. So furiously was the contest waged that, had not every other town and village in the country been similarly engaged, the very London papers themselves might have been fit to give daily bulletins of that parochial conflict. To put the matter briefly—and it must be understood that it is only because this chronicle concerns that which is past that details, then so pregnant, can now be waived—Mallaby was endeavouring to decide the particular form that its war memorial should take. For this reason was Colonel Caraway permitted, while the bugles of the rival camps blared across the hotly-contested ground, to slip without ostentation into possession of his newly-purchased home.

Grimms suited its latest owner perfectly: indeed, he had exercised much comparison and selection before deciding on it. There was a vagueness, an intangibility, about it which appealed to him intensely. It was the place for a man who wished to live within certain defined limits; yet, once within them, to be without the necessity of making up his mind. It was the very dwelling-place of inaction. The sole remaining

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wing of a once flourishing manor, it lay on the flank of the village isolated among some hundred or more acres.

And once within these boundaries, there was no reason why Colonel Caraway should take into account the activities of any man other than himself; for, by the mercy of Providence and the conformation of the ground, no betraying signs of these were visible. The village lay but a few bowshots from the nearest boundary of Grimms; yet the long, low ridge, along which the wall ran from the road to the river, rendered any mutual contemplation impossible. Colonel Caraway could go to Mallaby whenever he felt socially inclined, and the mountain could dispatch itself piecemeal to Mahomet; but Colonel Caraway could, if it pleased him, sport his oak; retire within his shell; and neither see nor be overlooked by any man. This potential security it was that pleased him most.

Beyond the item of information which Dr. Effort had so fortunately placed in its true perspective, Mallaby's knowledge of its latest inhabitant was, on his first arrival, *nil*. It grew synthetically from discoveries made by individuals and pieced together in those assemblages which, from some natural advantage, had come to be regarded as the seats of Mallaby's 'change. The vicar had uttered pious gratitude that, in spite of the agnostic spirit of the age, the newcomer had, if he might say so, struck a blow for the Old Faith in appearing in the long-empty pew which still pertained to the owner of Grimms. Mr. Galbraith had elsewhere put the matter more forcibly when, after losing his third game of chess, he remarked to Dr. Effort: "So far as I can see, the poor chap suffers from face. He holds himself together as long as he can, then he screws up his features and lets them go suddenly; and, by Jove! they fly about all over the place! Do you think he's one of those shell-shocked people?" The doctor had puffed reflectively at his pipe before replying. "Can't say," he said; "you don't generally find the old soldier—his sort—recognizing its existence, though no doubt some of them get it in one or other of its manifestations. Mind you, I know no more than you do what's the matter with him. He may have been badly knocked about; but he hasn't consulted me yet."

What the president of the medical board which had finally invalided him had said was: "You'll be all right, Caraway, so long as you keep a tight hold on yourself. Mind you

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don't let anything irritate you." At Grimms he could retire from any source of irritation, and from the security of his ring-fence could contemplate the undiluted face of Nature, where there was no sign of the presence of man . . . excepting always that simple obelisk on the hill-top.

It became a matter of comment that the colonel's appearances in the village grew less and less frequent. This was thought to be a pity; because, the novelty of his idiosyncrasies having worn off—their cause having become partially explained—those who had shed their first awe of him were prepared to instal him in his rightful position of coryphæus. Mallaby was a village without a squire; and it was felt that one who had served with such distinction right up to the end of the war (for Dr. Effort had been able to make further inquiries) might rightly take his place as a leader. An estrangement with the vicar was considered a pity, and an olive-branch was thrust by common consent into the reluctant hands of that injured ecclesiastic.

The occasion was the completion of that memorial which has been previously mentioned as having set Mallaby in a ferment. The suggestion had first been mooted in Miss Biddle's pure apartment, and, spreading out with tentative, octopus-like wrigglings, had found general favour. The elegant cross, mediæval in style for want of a more modern articulation, to which all Mallaby had subscribed, now stood swathed but complete on the village green. What could be more fitting than that Colonel Caraway—in full uniform, and, of course, wearing his V.C.—should perform the ceremony of unveiling Mallaby's war memorial.

So the vicar, who was at heart a kindly man, though accustomed to exert some authority in his own small way, passed through the iron gates of Grimms. With him went Mr. Puffin, representing agricultural prosperity; Joe Mace, cobbler, as commercial delegate; and Bill Hodding, spokesman of the ex-service party.

The colonel received them kindly, and from his sideboard pressed hospitality on them; hospitality which the lay element imbibed in silent approval while the vicar propounded the purpose of the deputation. Their plans, however, were abruptly upset by Colonel Caraway refusing to take any part or lot in the ceremony.

"Wars!" he had said. "Wars! What do you want to remember the war for? Surely it's a thing to be for-

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gotten !" And when the vicar had urged that it was their own dead they sought to commemorate rather than the actual war, Colonel Caraway had replied with some brusqueness : " Well, spend the money on those poor wounded devils who can't do a full day's work to support their wives and children ; who are without the comfort, the ease, that is their due. *That's* what your chaps would have voted for if they were here to-day. *They* don't want tombstones—too many already. Cold stone won't help *them* to a higher glory than they have earned !"

The vicar pointed out that the money had already been spent. Further, he thought, the feelings of the bereaved demanded greater consideration. His fellow-delegates re-echoed his sentiments. Colonel Caraway drew himself up, and the preliminary twitchings of his countenance warned them of the impending explosion.

" There are some of us whose feelings deserve consideration, too—who want to forget that damned war !" he well-nigh shouted. " Pillars of hate or relics of an ancient bogey—according to the political alliances of the day—that's what they'll be in a few years' time, these war memorials. And later on, if they're built well enough to stand the test of Time, and when the names on them are obliterated, they'll be mere objects of curiosity to the casual tripper and temporary supports for the village drunkards. Man, I tell you, memory is so short that within a year or two it will be nobody's business to tend the withered flowers and broken pots that will lie around them . . ."

The vicar held up a soothing hand and endeavoured to interpolate a rectification of the distorted perspective. But the colonel was thoroughly wound up.

" Look at that monument on the hill-top ! Which of you now remembers or cares anything about South Africa ? Are the people you see up there pilgrims ? Pshaw ! They're just trippers who can't go for a walk without some point to terminate it—who feel pleased with themselves when they realize they are standing on the highest point in the county—who like to find somewhere where they can scratch their own beastly names. War memorials ! . . No . . . I'll have nothing to do with them !"

Therefore, while Mallaby held devout ceremony on the village green, Colonel Caraway enjoyed his dignified leisure within the confines of his ring-fence. Saving only that

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simple obelisk on the hill-top, which peered down on him wherever he walked or stood, there was naught to remind him of the existence of his fellow-creatures with whom he so often found agreement most difficult. As he paced his secluded acres he began to wish that even that monument were removed from the landscape.

When some impulse, or possibly a nebulous desire for social intercourse, again led him into the village, he made a solitary progress up the wide, straggling street. The vicar, on observing the approach of the gaunt, formidable figure, suddenly recollected the urgent necessity of paying a parochial call on the occupant of the house he was passing. Unfortunately—and in his haste the vicar had not observed the fact—it happened to be the " Three Feathers," at that hour in a state of legal closure. Miss Biddle found occasion to cross the road. Dr. Effort started his car with such suddenness that he stopped the engine and had to make imaginary adjustments while the colonel stalked past. Joe Mace, who at all times leaned towards the doctrine of Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky, thrust an unmended pair of boots into the colonel's hands and remarked that the colonel could —— well take his work elsewhere. Bill Hodding alone supported the colonel: but as he did not hear the argument which took place at a later hour in the bar-parlour of the " Three Feathers," the colonel was unaware of owning this adherent.

But, as even the doctors who had handled him were not certain, how could Mallaby know what unseen damage that eye-removing bullet had caused? How could it tell what hells the colonel had been through when he never so much as alluded to them? How could it guess what images those hells had implanted in that overstrained and possibly lacerated brain? Dr. Effort, whom the colonel had not yet consulted, had said in all charity that allowances must be made for a man who was disabled: for a crippled member often bred an equivalent distortion, a blind spot as it were, in the unseen brain. But Mallaby was not disposed to forgive quickly the slight that had been cast on it.

The colonel retired within his ring-fence, and told his only confidant, his henchman, ex-Bombardier Hunt, that so far as he was concerned Mallaby could go to blazes—in quick time, or slowly and by numbers, as it pleased. Then he settled down to forget Mallaby entirely; for that man's nature did not easily endure contumely. The minor occupa-

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tions into which he now threw himself were fishing, pottering and thinking—all in small quantities. His major pursuit was to do nothing—gloriously, unashamedly and without interference. Under his regime the tumbledown house continued to shed its contributions to the tendrils of Time, and the tangled garden ran hopeless riot among the indigenous weeds. Bombardier Hunt became his sole means of communication with the village, and there was naught to remind him of the perversity of mankind : saving only that somewhat obtrusive monument on the hill-top.

Colonel Caraway could not occupy himself with the diversion of so many retired commanders—the diversion of wife-baiting ; for he had been thoughtless enough, having always been too busy soldiering, to omit to provide himself with the essential material. Nor did he embrace that other favoured pursuit of bombarding *The Times* with newly-discovered philosophies such as are discarded by undergraduates in their first year. He was content to chew the cud in the cow-like manner in which the fiercest bull will sometimes ruminate when there is nobody looking and nothing to irritate it.

But there is always the possibility of the undisturbed bull ruminating itself into utter stagnation ; a state of existence for which Colonel Caraway, try how he might, was never really intended. When the first glamour of his retirement was beginning to show signs of wear, the devil, or one of his assistants, with whom most old men seem to have acquired a nodding acquaintance, took possession of his one roving, blue eye, which saw more than ever one eye was intended to see, and cast it round in search of some distraction.

At first the cause of annoyances were varied and slight enough. Bill Hodding, who " obliged " with occasional weed-cutting in the colonel's reach of the river, withdrew much of his hitherto unqualified support after an incident in which some succulent worms, the property of Bill Hodding, had figured prominently. The wavering sympathies of Mr. Puffin were finally alienated over a matter of straying cattle. Even Dr. Effort, who had been accustomed to fish the Grimms water for years, found his privileges brusquely withdrawn over a trifling matter which was, all said and done, merely a difference of opinion such as frequently arises between anglers.

The ground thus cleared, the particular devil which had

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been detailed to operate on Colonel Caraway did his work slowly but, like that of a rival establishment, exceedingly thoroughly. Soon that roving blue eye cast itself upwards to the hills, where many men have found inspiration. Once again it lit on that simple obelisk which dominated its owner's domains. It began to irritate Colonel Caraway.

It was a plain, simple obelisk, such as one glimpses from the train or the highway till the encircling woods again hide it from view. Such a monument as finds its counterparts all over this England of ours. They bear inscriptions relating to South Africa (as did this one), the Mutiny, the Crimea, Waterloo, Blenheim. Some, being older still, bear no inscriptions at all, and leave the uninitiated wondering at England's greatness.

After a time, the devil meanwhile working efficiently and with subtle discrimination, the colonel was startled to find that, when he looked at it, that otiose monument began to speak to him. " Hullo !" it said, in a voice as gentle as any lady of the night might use, and with the same husky throatiness. Colonel Caraway, by developing an immense preoccupation in whatever happened to lie near at hand, found that he could put the echo of that voice behind him. Because of this the inhabitants of the garden began to assume individual shapes as he peered with new interest among the twining wilderness whose very lack of definition had hitherto been his delight. Then the devil in charge of him put in longer hours, and presently the colonel heard a voice calling with the insistence of a June cuckoo : " Here I am ! Here I am !" That roving, blue eye, by now disgusted with what was no more than an incoherent conglomeration, dwelt longer and more uncomfortably on the hill-top.

It was then that the colonel's antithetical inner self began to sit up and take notice ; and Bombardier Hunt found himself hustled into a state of unwelcome activity. Amongst the tangle of his garden the infatuated warrior continued to seek an anodyne. Firstly the weeds disappeared, which was an undoubted improvement. But then, to the bombardier's disgust and dismay, and to the acceleration of the sweat of his brow, the tall plants of the garden were ruthlessly uprooted. There was no mistaking the order : moreover, the colonel bent his own back—usually so ramrod-stiff—in this frenzied task of reorganization. Barrow-load after barrow-load were thrown, like victims of a plague, to fester in the pit. Heads

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and spikes of riotous bloom were trampled down without mercy. Hollyhocks, so long established that they fancied themselves trees; roses that had spread towards each other till their limbs intertwined; Michaelmas daisies, whose march nothing short of a stone wall could arrest; columbines who had danced like fairies into every space that afforded a foothold; swathes of iris; belts of pansies; girdles of pinks and tangles of forget-me-nots were cast down, scattered and annihilated without remorse.

When at length the colonel and Hunt paused to take breath the garden lay before them, bare as the Sahara. Colonel Caraway straightened his back after labour and cast his roving, blue eye on the hill-top. Whereupon a voice cried out to him in the hopeful tone of one who did not intend to be forgotten. "Hullo! Hullo! Here I am!" it cried unblushingly.

So the colonel cast his eye down again. And he hied him to the gardens of Messrs. Trimmit & Secateur, the noted topiary artists. Thereafter the colonel and Bombardier Hunt dug them many holes. And they arranged, and rearranged, and patted the earth, and rammed the earth; and walked backwards the number of steps adequate for criticism, and cocked their heads on one side, and quarrelled, and reunited, till at last they were able to survey the fruits of their labours.

And behold, where once had been a placid, smiling garden (though a trifle untidy), there stood an orderly array of little trees: horsemen and peacocks and impudent little cocky-olly birds; globes, pyramids and anchors; spirals, dolphins and rectangles. Among, between and around them crazed-paving meandered geometrically.

The colonel raised his roving, blue eye to the summit of his labours, and found that he gazed no more than five feet from the ground. Whereat he heaved a sigh of relief, sold out further Victory Bonds, and with the proceeds purchased statues, lead figures, bird-baths, and sundials until the garden appeared to set for a chess tournament.

For days he roamed contented among his toys, trimming here, adjusting there, and fondling everywhere. Peace descended on him until he knew them all by heart. Then and then did that devil, who may have been biding his time or peradventure had been busy elsewhere, resume his machinations. Colonel Caraway permitted himself in the hour of his

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assumed triumph to cast his eye defiantly on the hill-top; whereupon the mocking voice snapped back like an over-provoked echo: "Here I am! *Here I am!*"

Had he, even at that stage, taken anyone into his confidence, Colonel Caraway might conceivably have been rescued from the toils of his obsession. But his estrangement with Mallaby had not become lessened by reason of the blood-thirsty warnings to trespassers which now plastered the banks of his stream and the confines of his domains. Moreover, in his pig-headed folly, he had purchased a great iron bar, *and* a padlock, so that his gates became closed to visitors potentially helpful as well as to mere intruders.

That simple, harmless monument on the hill-top mocked him from afar; and he permitted it to do so. Why, he could not—would not—say: perhaps because there was no one to whom he could confess his weakness. It reminded him, possibly, of the abstract idea of war, which he had wished to put from him; but its greater offence was that it obtruded on his solitude and refused to be shut out for an instant by stone walls, barbed wire, notice boards, or iron bars. It was the unwelcome guest . . . the stranger within the gates. It peeped at him in his bedroom. It winked at him when he was shaving. It peered through his dining-room curtains. It leered at him as he emerged into the garden. It slapped him familiarly on the back as he wandered among his fantastic shrubs. It had ceased to be merely what it was. It had become an ever-present torment on which he dared not look. And the people who walked to it like ants on the horizon irritated him to desperation. Why couldn't people be content with a simple walk? . . . Why must they always choose some fixed point as an objective?

But so long as he kept his gaze rigidly on his contorted shrubs, not suffering that wandering, blue eye to deviate one hairbreadth from the particular bush under consideration, the colonel found that he was still able to defeat the insistent voice. But all too soon, as has been said, he knew them all by heart and became impatient at the slowness of their growth. Familiarity defeated concentration: what time the lure on the hill-top drew like a magnet.

So the colonel, as one fighting in the toils of a vicious habit, took further measures of defence, and hustled the wretched bombardier until not an ounce of suet remained on those well-covered bones. More and more in these hours of

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beleaguerment did old military habits—deemed forgotten—reassert themselves. The colonel reviewed his battalions and decided to re-marshal them. All the bosky horsemen were dug up and planted again in a serried squadron before his very windows. The arborescent peacocks were arrayed in front of them; and, for the outer defences, rank upon rank of globes, pyramids, anchors, spirals, dolphins and rectangles, each to each, stood mustered in battle array. Some, resenting this treatment, withered immediately. And the devil-in-charge worked overtime.

The voice called from the hill-top: "*Here I am!* HERE I AM!" And as the colonel, throwing one wild, haunted glance over his shoulder, dashed into the house he seemed to hear a taunting, echoing refrain: "I see you! *I see you!*"

From that moment the colonel hardly left the house. Winter had enveloped the land, and the hill shouldered bare and bleak against the sky. Sometimes—rare, precious days—it would be swathed in mist; and the colonel would stride amongst his dying shrubs, gulping in fresh air as a ship provisions for a voyage. Then, when the mists drifted away, he retired into the house . . . and pulled down the blinds.

Feverish sounds of activity reverberated within those crapulous walls. The old, neglected house awoke to the smell of paint and size and fresh-planed wood; to the clang of hammer and the hiss of saw; to the *thud, thud, thud* of the varnish brush and the muffled roar of the inexpert paperhanger in the toils of his creature. By the spring, considering the amateur status of its decorators, it had become a miraculously new-looking house, spick and span as it had not been for centuries. But the returning sun awakened old yearnings in Colonel Caraway, so that the blinds went up with a bound . . . to be re-drawn with a panic-stricken clatter.

The voice had not forgotten how to call: and the fictitious courage oozed out of its victim, leaving him a shivering wreck.

The colonel went to the scarce-used sideboard and found the tantalus half-full. After that he repaired to the cellar and augmented his supplies. A week passed, and the roving, blue eye became red-rimmed and bloodshot; a fortnight passed, and the colonel was speechless—his mind without form and void; a month, and he had drunk himself round

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into sobriety—a white-faced, shaking, stooping wreck of what had once been a man. He was very weak, but piteously sober. All the crude spirit in America could not have made him drunk—though it might have mercifully killed him.

He tottered out to a seat which flanked his dead battalions and stared listlessly at the grass at his feet. A worm stirred amongst the decaying leaves, and he eyed it with feeble interest. A few months ago (or was it a thousand years ?) he would have deluded himself into the belief that a careful and scientific study of that creature and its kindred would have kept his attention riveted to the ground . . . would have defeated the magnetism of the hill-top. But now he knew better. . . . Why should a man be so haunted . . . so hagridden ?

The devil-in-charge chuckled and himself had visions of retiring from a busy life. His work had been all too thoroughly accomplished ! Only a miracle, or some trivial common-place, could now save his victim : and, by the grace of all the powers of darkness, the probability of either was banished from within the boundaries of Grimms. But, as it turned out, the devil was wrong—as even devils can be. Bombardier Hunt, worn and threadbare Bombardier Hunt, unconsciously supplied both these phenomena in one action.

Bombardier Hunt, searching among his personal treasures, discovered an old trumpet. Bombardier Hunt thought that he hadn't strength enough left to blow it. And then Bombardier Hunt indignantly declared to himself that he had. Thus and thus to Colonel Caraway, still idly turning the dead leaves at his feet and fearing to look upwards, came the common-place . . . and the miracle.

Quavering through the morning air and muffled by the intervening house rang the forgotten notes of an obsolete call ; a call that in his youth had sent Lieutenant Caraway storming up some Pathan-held hill-top—bigger hills, more formidable hills, than that one yonder. A call that had sent Captain Caraway, D.S.O., hurtling up the hell-raked slopes of Spion Kop. A call whose later equivalent had impelled Colonel (temporary Brigadier-General) Caraway, V.C., D.S.O. to pound impetuously with his brigade over the craters at Messines.

Colonel Caraway heard the call . . . and arose. Ramrod-stiff he stood : and that roving, blue eye gazed steadily on the foe. The morning was clear with the excessive clarity

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that precedes rain ; and the colonel subjected his adversary to a scrutiny as thorough as an eye trained to inspect could impart.

He observed that harmless monument. Not as you or I would observe it, but he observed it thoroughly, detail by detail. Item, four flanking posts fashioned like guns ; item, a base of five steps and a pedestal ; item, an obelisk pointing to the sky ; and item, lastly, the finial of that obelisk.

Colonel Caraway dived into the house. Presently he was back at his old stance, his trembling hand holding battered field-glasses. Yes, he was right ! Those three hair-like spikes must be . . . were . . . the points of a lightning-conductor. Verily the builders, in insuring their handiwork, had laid down material for its destruction !

During the days that followed a wondrous change came over Colonel Caraway. Not so much was it manifested by cheerfulness as by the demeanour of a man who has a definite plan, of a gambler in possession of an unplaced trump. The cellar remained unvisited. The colonel even found consolation in reading ; and did not quail when he learned that a Labour Government had been some months in power. Hunt received instructions to remove at his leisure the decaying legion of distorted bushes, and to purchase herbaceous plants . . . tall plants that lead the eye that enjoys them upwards.

Meanwhile Colonel Caraway sat patiently expectant. . . .

They came at last, those summer storms. Tidings of them reached the colonel before ever their advance guards muttered at his gates. Then, when the thunder rolled up to him and the heavy drops began to fall, he emerged from his door and strode into the open. The picnic party and the trippers had scurried down from the hill-top, where no shelter lay ; but Colonel Caraway set his face towards the position they had vacated. Above him, round him, raged the storm ; Heaven's artillery roared and flashed incessantly. The colonel, black with rain, quickened his step. One fear alone was his . . . a fear that he might be too late.

He reached the hill-top during a lull : but the second wave was advancing. Feverishly he climbed the slippery granite steps in search of what he sought ; and, as the new cycle rolled up to him, he found it. It terminated in three hair-like points, that malachite-green copper strip at which he now tugged so furiously. He strained and wrenched till,

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having freed some inches of it from the masonry, he produced that which he had carried so guardedly in his pocket. Above the tumult of the storm rose the shriek of a saw on metal: and ere the first flash spurted overhead the lightning-conductor lay severed in his hand. The upper end he tucked into a gaping joint—such a chink as some gigantic force might attack. An image of destruction rose sharp-pictured in his mind: a mighty stroke . . . a crashing and a rending . . . then, perhaps, a smoking shambles of helpless rubble. The thought of many days flashed once again through his mind: "South Africa . . . who remembers it now? . . . who has money to spend on it? . . ."

That cool-headed maniac then rested on his arms to lower himself from the pedestal of his doomed victim. Hampered, he was, by the slippery surface, and lashed by the torrential rain. The toppling crags of heaven towered over him. As he gained the ground, the most mighty flash that his eye had ever seen split open the overhanging sky. He stumbled . . . recovered . . . stumbled again and sank back . . . into darkness.

* * * * *

They found him some hours after the storm had abated. Mr. Puffin himself, in search of thunder-scattered sheep, first espied the gaunt figure. One hand was held over the throbbing of an eye—an eye once so blue . . . once so roving. Anon the staggering figure steadied itself against the solid masonry; anon it groped questing, patting the unyielding surface with anxious hand. The earth glittered in the smiling sun, and the wrath of God mumbled faintly in the farthest distance. Above that pathetic, insignificant figure towered a simple obelisk, which enshrined the glorious memory of certain men.

But, as they led him down, the face of Colonel Caraway was wreathed in a seraphic smile: for never again would he be called to look upon that pillar.

RICHARD CORNER.

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THE TIGERS OF MAHOR

THE tiger is a much-maligned animal. It is represented as the embodiment of cruelty and bloodthirstiness. But man, who has attributed this character to the greatest and most noble of the carnivora, is surely himself no less bloodthirsty and cruel. It is no more cruel for a tiger to kill a bullock than for a man to perform the same act. The tiger at any rate kills for food alone, and he generally despatches his prey more swiftly and with the infliction of less pain than does man. Moreover, while the tiger is obliged to kill for the maintenance of existence, man is under no such obligation; he can live perfectly well, as thousands do, without eating flesh. Indeed, it is at least doubtful whether man was intended to be anything but a fruit-eater, like his arboreal ancestors. Yet forty thousand animals are slaughtered daily for food in the United Kingdom alone; and a recently deceased sportsman had a record of half a million head of game which he had killed during his life. Again, tigers do not assemble in armies to wage war on others of their species; they live generally in comparative amity, although I have known a tiger kill and devour another of his own kind. But that was an exception, and we have cannibals in the race of man.

In 1922 some 1,600 human beings were killed by tigers in India, and the annual mortality in that country due to wild animals amounts to between 3,000 and 4,000, in addition to 20,000 people killed by poisonous snakes. That is a very large number, the deaths from these causes thus amounting to a total of 24,000 a year in a population of 300,000,000, or one in 12,500. But let us examine a human record. In the same year, 1922, there were 8,000 murders in the United States of America, which, in proportion to the population, amounts also to about one in 12,500. So we find that in the United States human beings are as destructive to human life as wild beasts and snakes are in India; indeed, they are doubly so, for in the same year the additional deaths due to manslaughter were 7,000.

Enough has been said to show that man, at any rate, has no occasion to stigmatize the tiger for possessing qualities which he himself has in a higher degree and with less excuse. It was my fortune to be intimately acquainted with tigers

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during many years (one of my feline acquaintances having even called on me in my house !), and I came across only one man-eater of that species, although I ranged vast and extensive jungles infested by these animals. The man-eating tiger had killed ten or a dozen Brinjaras, that nomadic and picturesque tribe whose mode of life renders them especially liable to the depredations of wild animals, although they suffer more in their flocks than in themselves. Unlike the man-eater of fiction, this tiger was not mangy ; his skin, even now nearly thirty years afterwards, is a peculiarly bright-coloured one, and all the teeth are good and sound. There was nothing to account for this animal taking to human prey. It was, however, in a year of famine, and perhaps the tiger had tasted the flesh of the dead or the dying victims of starvation, which he may have come upon in his wanderings. Such remains were only too common, as testified by the human skulls which were strewn about the country.

I rode out one morning sixty-three miles to the place where I killed the man-eater, but the jungles of Mahor were even farther than this, entailing a ride of seventy miles, which was quite enough in the hot weather with the thermometer at 100° in the shade. The first forty miles were through cultivated plain abounding in herds of antelope, where at times the great bustard, conspicuous from afar by their white heads, rose before the hoof-beats of my horse and flapped off on lazy wing. Beyond this, or at the edge of the forest, I passed an old-time haunt of Thugs and Pindaris, where traditions of fearful deeds still lingered in the countryside, and entered a deep valley containing many a tigerish ravine. Here a deer barked upon the hillside, and peafowl took up the cry with plaintive and echoing notes. A hundred yards farther on my horse splashed through a stream which flowed across the way, where the cause of these voices of fear in the forest was indicated by the fresh sign manual of a tiger impressed upon the margin of a pool.

* * * * *

My camp was pitched under an umbrageous mango-tree on the margin of a stream, now in March mostly dry, but containing still some extensive pools. On the far side of the stream an isolated hill, covered with bush jungle, rose to a height of a few hundred feet, and in the distance a great fort crowned a higher hill, now uninhabited except by the

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wild animals which roamed the surrounding forest. My men had pitched the camp on this spot a week before, but they had tied up only a couple of buffalo calves as bait, although they reported several tigers in the neighbourhood. This would not do. Water and cover were plentiful, and it was essential to success that the comings and goings of the tigers should be followed, and bait placed at all likely spots indicated by their tracks. The main valley ran far into the hills, where I followed it on foot for seven miles, examining paths and water-holes for tracks, and tying up buffaloes where these appeared to be fresh. I carefully measured the tracks, and thus distinguished those of two tigers and two tigresses. Next day there was no kill, although tracks showed that the tigers had been wandering during the night. I covered fourteen miles of country in another direction. I saw a fine sambur stag, and was following him when a herd of spotted deer appeared and saw me. I stood still, and they came walking towards me through the jungle a few steps at a time, the leader barking at intervals and approaching within fifty yards. When I moved on they followed me, still barking, for some time. It is said that the tiger will imitate the bark of a deer, and so bring his prey within range, but I have myself never observed such a phenomenon, and am inclined to doubt it.

No doubt tigers make a call at times resembling that of a sambur, but this is in no way imitative, and is generally a note of alarm. It happens to resemble the call of a deer. It might as well be said that the roar of a lion is imitative. For, if the lion does not " roar as gently as a sucking dove," Livingstone tells us that " a European cannot distinguish between the note of a lion and that of an ostrich." Yet it can scarcely be said that the lion roars in this manner in order to disarm the suspicions of the ostrich !

I had now tied out a dozen buffaloes, and it was only a question of time for tigers to come on some of them in their nightly wanderings, which take them periodically over the same ground, as revealed by the tracks written in the book of nature during the hours of darkness. On the following morning three had been killed by different tigers. The nearest was about two miles from camp, the next a mile and a half farther on, and the third eight miles up the valley. I decided to beat in succession from the first. Soon after the beat began a tiger appeared far away on the flank, and I feared he had

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gone when he was lost sight of; but he shortly roared loudly and galloped across open ground, where the shouts of the beaters drove him back, and he trotted up the nullah straight towards me, looking very angry. I dropped him a few yards off with a bullet through the nose, and finished him off with two more. Soon afterwards a spotted stag came galloping along the bank of the stream sixty yards off, and I shot it through the shoulders. The stag fell into a pool of water and both its horns dropped off. This was curious, for, although somewhat irregular in this respect, the antlers of the spotted deer are generally just matured at this season of the year, and are not ready for casting.

We now went on to beat the other place, where the tracks showed that the kill was the work of a tigress. Here the watercourse narrowed to a few yards in width, fringed by a strip of jungle. The tigress did not appear until the end of the beat, when she walked out between me and my companion, who killed her with a shot in the neck. The tiger measured nine feet eight inches, and the tigress a foot and a half less; each had three feet of tail, which I found to be the usual length in the Deccan. Measurements were made in a straight line between uprights. If all tigers were measured in this manner, I fancy we should hear less of the ten and eleven footers, for of a large number killed I have met with none of ten feet in length. Yet we are asked to believe that they have been shot up to twelve feet long, and an old edition of an encyclopædia records one of eighteen feet! The tiger is a symmetrical animal, so one can see, by sketching it out on a wall, what a "dragon of the prime," one of even twelve feet would be! The third animal, a tigress, was killed next day in bamboo jungle eight miles from camp without trouble. When shot through the body the animal seized a piece of rock in her teeth and broke two canines in the process.

The march to the next camping-ground was not without incident. After a ride of some ten miles we entered a narrow mountain pass about a mile long. Here a great storm arose. The pass was deluged and we arrived at a Gond village at the outer end in a bedraggled condition, having lost on the way one of our baggage camels which fell into a ravine and was killed. But the aboriginal inhabitants of the village proved to be kind and hospitable, and extended to us such a welcome as one does not always meet with in India. They placed a house at our disposal and furnished us with blankets.

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while our clothes were drying. Another eight miles brought us to our new camping-ground, in the vicinity of which I expected to find tigers, as I had shot a number two years before. These animals are never long found wanting in haunts that suit them, and if one is killed off it will be replaced in course of time. Not at once, if it is killed in the hot weather, for at that season of the year tigers have generally settled down ; but they wander during the cold weather and the rainy season, and so take up their abode in vacant places suited to their habits, where game or cattle and the requisite shade and water are to be found. I was not disappointed. Next day a kill took place on the bank of a river a few miles from camp. After the beat had proceeded for some time, a tigress made her appearance, breaking from the cover in front of me and was crossing the stream when she was turned by a man posted in a tree ; she passed the river again, but was fortunately turned by stops, and came out near my companion, who shot her through the body. She dashed into the cover with a fierce roar. Almost immediately her mate appeared, took exactly the same course, and was shot in the same manner. Both had disappeared in the jungle, evidently hard hit, and we walked them up and found them lying dead close together.

When the beat was over, two aborigines came in with news that a tiger had killed a buffalo during the morning at a place ten miles off, where I had previously killed a tiger. A daylight kill is unusual in this hot season of the year, when tigers, impatient of the heat, usually do their hunting by night. We rode off to the place and beat the beast out. My companion was seated in a tree a few feet from the ground ; he wounded the tiger, which attempted to spring up at him, taking advantage of a tall ant-hill which was close to the tree. It appeared as though the tiger might pull him from his precarious perch, when I shot it off the ant-hill, and he finished it off with another bullet. In a tree safety is not to be found at a less distance than about twelve feet from the ground, and several instances have occurred of sportsmen being thus pulled down and killed. Personally I prefer to shoot from the ground where this is favourable, but it is generally advisable to get into a tree, not for the sake of safety, but to keep out of sight, for a tiger does not look up. There is no " safety first " in tiger-hunting ; the first thing is to be sure of getting a shot !

We marched nine miles up to the head of a valley, where

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the tents were pitched in a wild and dense forest, not far from a hamlet near which I had bagged three tigers on a previous occasion. On exploring the country I found tracks of a party of three—a tigress and two cubs nearly as large as herself, and of another tiger and tigress. But in the evening a heavy thunderstorm came on and drenched the forest; after dark the spotted deer and peafowl calling on the banks of the watercourse gave warning that the monsters of the night were on the prowl. But in the morning tracks showed that they had made off across the hills, the weather being cool and water everywhere after the heavy rain. There was another thunderstorm and clouds gathered in the evening. The moon was visible at fitful intervals through the clouds that had massed over the hills, and in the distance, far away, flashes of lightning proclaimed storms in more than one direction.

This morning a kill was reported some three miles from camp, in a strip of jungle on a peninsula enclosed by an almost dry watercourse on either side. I decided to drive the tigers towards the neck of the peninsula, the guns being posted one on either side where there was a comparatively clear view. Soon after the beat began a tigress trotted across in front of me, about a hundred yards off, but I let her go as she was on the way to my companion. I was momentarily expecting to hear his shot when another tigress followed on almost the same line, and I dropped her dead with a bullet through the heart. Then came a tiger which turned into the watercourse below me; I shot him in the back, and he turned and saw me and charged up the hill at me with a roar. I rolled him over with a bullet that entered at the neck and came out under the skin of the hindquarters. These were the two cubs, each nearly eight feet in length. The old tigress had not given my companion a shot, which was unfortunate, for I might have killed her also. We beat the tigress out again next day, but she charged roaring through the beaters without showing herself to the guns.

We found two more tigers in dense bamboo jungle on the hillside. They went towards my companion, who had a difficult shot at the tigress, and missed her. The tiger then turned back, leaving his mate, and entered an open space fifty yards from me, where he roared angrily and executed a kind of gambado; I shot him through the body, and he crashed into the bamboos in the direction of the beaters,

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some of whom seemed likely to get mauled. I followed on the blood tracks, and found him lying dead about a hundred yards off.

We had now bagged nine tigers in three weeks, and, having three or four weeks left, there appeared to be promise of a good bag. But the weather was not favourable. Clouds again gathered, and at night a gale of wind nearly blew down our tents. It was pleasant to wake in the cool of the early morning and listen to the birds tuning their notes; the pea-fowl and jungle-fowl calling in the bush, and the spotted deer barking down the river. But what we wanted were hot days and nights, with no breeze to stir the scented air among the leaves of the forest, and no rain to fill waterholes where the wild beasts quenched their thirst. The two surviving tigresses were wandering and wary, and we decided to move to fresh ground. Men were collected to carry our light baggage across the mountains, the heavy baggage on carts and camels having to make a long detour. Our way lay at first along a beautifully wooded glen, watered by a pebbly brook. On either side rose lofty and rocky cliffs, from which huge fragments had been torn by wind and weather and hurled into the vale below. Trees and shrubs of various kinds grew on the margin of the stream. Bright peacocks glittered in the sunlight, and monkeys, grey and brown, swung from branch to branch. Ever and anon a crashing noise in the thicket announced the movement of some larger beast, alarmed at the unwonted presence of human intruders in these untrodden solitudes. We then passed through a steep and narrow valley, and climbed a precipitous and rugged path to the plateau above, which I had traversed on first exploring this country two years before. A march of some fourteen miles brought us to our new camping-ground, and a dozen miles farther on we next day pitched our tents on the shore of a lake in the domain of my old friend, the Gond Raja Hanmant Rao, to whom I had on a previous occasion given a tent and a saddle, and whom I now presented with a hunting-knife.

Here heavy rain fell; the tents were no longer water-tight. We moved into three deserted temples, one with a large veranda in front, pillared on granite columns, which an old Brahmin told me was a thousand years old. There was also a Mohammedan mosque which had once been a Hindu temple; but during some religious troubles the

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Mussulmans took a cow and cut its throat in the temple, and thus desecrated the whole group of buildings. Thus even in this remote spot, far from the busy haunts of man, warring creeds were frequently in antagonism. Now they seemed to be at peace, for there were several prominent followers of the Prophet in the village, and one of these was the Raja's minister.

In the dense jungle near the temples I found the remains of two calves killed by a panther. One of these animals had the previous night entered a hut in a neighbouring hamlet, where a woman, a dog and a child were sleeping side by side. The beast seized the child, instead of taking the dog, its usual prey, and dragged it some distance before being driven off. The child died next day.

This place was a hundred miles distant from the nearest railway. It had seldom been visited by white men, and formed an oasis in the depth of a vast primeval forest, the haunt of wild beasts that were rarely disturbed by human intruders. The old fort, over which brooded a thousand years of jungle history, the temples, reared by long-forgotten hands, the stone embankment of the lake, crowned by gigantic trees—all these were witnesses to the vicissitude of all things, worn by the relentless hand of Time. But the Spirit of the Solitude is eternal!

> "Let my temples fall, they are dark with age,
> Let my idols break, they have had their day.
> On their deep-hewn stone the primeval sage
> Has figured the spells that endure alway.
> My presence may vanish from river and grove,
> But I live forever in Death and Love."

In the early morning I heard a tiger roaring not far from camp, and during the day found many fresh tracks. But more rain fell, and it was not possible to locate the game in this immense forest. I decided to leave this ill-omened spot, which had been productive of tigers in my previous visit, and we once more crossed the plateau by which we had approached it. Two long marches of over twenty miles brought us to our destination on the bank of a considerable stream. A great deal of rain had fallen, the ground was carpeted with verdure, and nearly all the trees had burst into foliage, giving the jungle the aspect it wears in the rainy season. Next day I found a pool of water at the head of a deep ravine in the hills, where a large tigress had rolled in the mud.

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The tracks of the tigress are easily distinguished from those of the male by their more oval form. We discovered a wild Gond hunter living in the depth of the forest with his family. He had constructed a rude dwelling place at the head of a valley, where he supported his family entirely by the produce of the chase and the products of the jungle. He was at first somewhat wild and frightened, having never before seen a white man, but a dose of rum and a rupee rendered him amenable to reason. He had many tales to relate. He had lately witnessed an encounter between a tiger which I was looking for and a bull bison which inhabited the hills some five miles from camp. The tiger had attacked the bison twice, each time getting on to the bull's head, but being shaken off, had retired from the combat. This tiger, said the Gond, was in the habit of following him when he was out shooting; it would march to the sound of his gun, and seize any animal he wounded. I tramped fifteen miles in search of the bison, but did not find them; when I eventually killed the tiger, it bore no marks of the encounter. On my return to camp from this tramp, with the sun temperature at over 100° in the shade, I heard of a tiger ten miles off; we rode to the place and killed it without incident. It was a weary ride, for I had a bad attack of fever on the way. That night I heard a continuous caterwauling of peafowl, which was taken up at midnight in the hills about two miles from the camp, and thence spread to the river-bed not far from us, indicating the course of a beast of prey on the prowl. The big bison-fighting tiger had come down from the hills, and killed a buffalo. The beat was badly carried out, and the animal escaped without affording a shot. But he killed another buffalo five miles up the river. Our way to this spot lay through some of the most beautiful country we had seen. The river contained broad reaches of deep water, flowing between banks clad with verdure, and reflecting in its glassy depths the tall forest trees and graceful clumps of bamboo that grew upon the margin. At times a gorgeous peacock, disturbed at our approach, rose noisily from cover and winged its way to the farther bank, and occasionally herds of spotted deer or single four-horned antelope were seen standing in the shadow of the trees. But most of this was wasted on me, for I was again attacked by severe fever, and had to ride supported on either side by one of my men, or I would have fallen from my horse. The beat was soon arranged, and I

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sat upon the bank of a ravine in bamboo forest. A moment before I had been shivering with ague, with a temperature of 104° and a hammer drumming in my head. Now my eye was clear, my nerves were steady, and a feeling of peace and quiet expectation succeeded to the disturbing effects of fever. I heard the beaters begin their advance, then the fierce roar of the tiger, roused from his midday siesta, and his heavy tread over the dry bamboo leaves that lay thick upon the ground. He approached from behind me and rushed, grumbling, past, with heaving flanks and tongue hanging out, dripping with saliva ; he paused for an instant not twenty yards off, listening to the noise that pursued him, and as he was springing down the bank below me, I shot him through the shoulders and sent him sprawling into the ravine with a broken back. This was an immense old tiger of a very light colour with a fine ruff round his head. We then rode on another five miles, the fever having mercifully left me, to a place in the hills where the tigress already referred to had slain a buffalo. But the ground was impracticable, and we did not get a sight of her.

Our time was now drawing to a close. A few marches took us back to the place where our camp had first been pitched five weeks earlier. Although we had killed three out of our eleven tigers from this camp, there was hope that others might have descended from the hills during the cool and rainy weather and occupied the vacant places. On the first night a panther killed a young buffalo, but wild dogs descended upon the scene ; they drove the panther from its kill and hunted it across the hills, where they were seen in full cry in pursuit. It is well known that these animals, so destructive to game, will kill panthers, and even tigers, and they have been found sitting under " treed " panthers as a dog will tree a domestic cat. On visiting the kill again I put up a wild dog and a pup, but they unfortunately escaped owing to bad shooting. These dogs will drive all the game out of the area of their operations.

However, next night a big tiger came down at the head of the valley eight miles off, and there killed one of my buffaloes. He devoured a large portion of the carcass, drank at a pool close by, and lay up in an umbrageous thicket for his siesta during the heat of the day. When disturbed, this tiger was very angry. He turned and roared at the beaters, who drove him bravely back with loud shouts ; he roared at

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my sepoy orderly, who was perched in a tree to cover a likely exit, and he refused to move from below the tree until the man threw his shoes in the tiger's face. The great beast came with a rush towards me, and I shot him through the top of the head. He sprang forward five yards and sprawled at my feet, where a bullet in the neck put an end to his struggles. This was the last incident of the expedition, and brought the bag up to a dozen tigers, a number that would no doubt have been largely increased had the weather been favourable, as it usually is at that season of the year.

R. G. BURTON.

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THE "TRENT" AFFAIR

"This villain here
"Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
"Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate."
(II HENRY VI, iv, 1).

THE last ministry of Lord Palmerston has not unreasonably been considered the culmination of the omnipotence and prosperity of England. Undisputed mistress of the seas, ruler of quarter of the inhabited globe, the "workshop of the world," her coffers filled to overflowing with the wealth of the industrial revolution, there seemed no end to her greatness. Then to be a British citizen was to be endowed with a halo of sacrosanctity—not ten years had passed since on behalf of a Portuguese Jew, of questionable reputation, but by accident of birth a British subject, the might of the kingdom had been set in motion. Yet, at this precise moment, at the zenith of her pride, magnificence, and, be it added, of her complacency, she received an affront which, from its sheer audacity, has rarely, if ever, been equalled.

The Southern or Confederate States in 1861 had seceded from the American Union, and had proceeded to maintain by arms this right of secession. Early in the autumn of that year the Confederate States realized that, despite their undoubted military superiority, foreign aid was imperative if they were not to be worn down and starved out by the blockade, which the North, by reason of its larger naval forces, were able to impose. Consequently, with a view of gaining to their side the governments of Great Britain and France, they dispatched two gentlemen as their accredited agents. These, Mr. Mason and Mr. Slidell, two secretaries, Mr. Eustis and Mr. M'Farlane, together with Mr. Slidell's family, ran the blockade of Charleston in the steamer *Nashville*, and, reaching Havannah, took passages upon the British mail steamer *Trent*.

About noon on the following day (November 8th, 1861), while abreast of the Paredon Grande lighthouse in the narrowest part of the Bahama channel, a large man-of-war showing no ensign was observed waiting ahead. "As soon as we were well within range," runs the purser's account,

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" we had the first intimation of her nationality and intentions by a round shot being fired across our bows, and at the same moment by her showing American colours. We were now sufficiently near to observe that all her ports were open, guns run out, and crew at their stations. On still nearer approach, she fired a shell from a swivel gun of large calibre on her forecastle, which passed within a few yards of the ship, bursting about a hundred yards to leeward. We were now within hail, when Captain Moir, commanding this ship, asked the American what she meant by stopping his ship, and why he did so by firing shotted guns, contrary to custom. The reply was that he wished to send a boat on board of us." This was immediately followed by a boat pushing off from the side of the *San Jacinto*—as the Yankee vessel was called—containing between 20 and 30 men, heavily armed, under the command of the first lieutenant (Fairfax), who came up on the quarter-deck and demanded a list of passengers. As his ' right of search ' was denied, the information required was, of course, peremptorily refused. He then stated that he had information that Messrs. Slidell, Mason, Eustis, and M'Farlane were on board, and demanded that they should be given up. This also being indignantly refused, Mr. Slidell himself came forward, and said that the gentlemen named were then before him, but appealed to the British flag, under which they were sailing, for protection. The lieutenant said that his orders were to take them on board the *San Jacinto* by force if they would not surrender.

At this point Commander Williams, R.N., the mail agent, came forward and protested vigorously. ' In this ship I am the representative of Her Majesty's Government, and in distinct language I denounce this as an illegal act—an act in violation of international law—an act, indeed, of wanton piracy.' The only answer the lieutenant deigned to make was to walk to the side and wave his arm. Immediately three boats, containing 30 marines and 60 sailors, officered and heavily armed, came alongside, the men leaping on deck, sword in hand. To resist was of course out of the question, " although," continues the purser, " from the loud and repeated plaudits which followed Captain Williams's protestation, and which were joined in by everyone, without exception, of the passengers congregated on the quarter-deck, men of all nations, and from the manifested desire of some to resist to the last, I have no doubt that every person would have joined

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heart and soul in the struggle had our commander but given the order." The four men were accordingly arrested and retired to their cabins to collect some luggage. A most heart-rending scene now took place between Mr. Slidell, his eldest daughter, and the lieutenant. The girl threw herself in the doorway of the cabin where her father was, resolved to defend him with her own life, till, on order being given to the marines to advance, which they did with bayonets, her father ended the painful scene by escaping from the cabin by a window, when he was immediately seized by the marines and hurried into the boat.

Lieutenant Fairfax now informed Moir that he had orders to take both him and his papers on board the *San Jacinto*. "You will find me on my quarter-deck; if you want me, you will have to come for me there," was the indignant captain's only retort as he walked away on deck. Thinking, perhaps, he had stirred up sufficient trouble for one day, the American officer did not press this second demand, and the *Trent* was allowed to continue her course to St. Thomas.

The storm of anger raised throughout the United Kingdom when, on November 27th, news of this seizure reached Southampton was at once violent and menacing. An indignation meeting was, amongst others, held in Liverpool, and a resolution unanimously passed calling upon the Government to demand full reparation. So gratuitous an insult, so flagrant a disregard of International Law, could not, and would not, be lightly tolerated. This feeling was all the more ominous by reason of the undisguised sympathies of the upper and middle classes in England towards the Confederate States. But the action of Captain Wilkes, of the *San Jacinto*, was too much even for the stomachs of those who favoured the North. "I am all against submitting," writes such a one, the Duke of Argyll, to Gladstone, "to any clear breach of International Law, such as I hardly doubt this has been." In effect, so menacing and widespread was the intensity and unanimity of opinion throughout the country that the accredited agent of the Federal States in London wrote home advising immediate submission to the British demands.

Nor did the Government take a less serious and decided view of the matter. If the Federals thought they were at liberty to trample underfoot the rights and immunities of neutral and powerful states, even with the laudable intention

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of paralysing their foes, they were to be undeceived. " The Yankees are living in a fool's paradise," remarked Lord Palmerston, who informed Delane, of *The Times*, on the same day, that the Cabinet had at once determined to demand full reparation. In the meantime, to strengthen their case, the Government sought the opinion of the law officers, the result of which (wrote Palmerston to the Queen) was that " it appeared to the Cabinet that gross outrage and violation of International Law had been committed, and that Your Majesty should be advised to demand reparation and redress." In their eyes the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell was all the more inexcusable, inasmuch as it was a violation of that very immunity from search which the United States had claimed during the Napoleonic Wars, and in support of which they had in 1812 actually gone to war with Great Britain.

At the Cabinet meeting of November 30th the above ideas and opinions were formulated in a dispatch drawn up by Lord John Russell, the Foreign Secretary, for transmission to Lord Lyons, the British Minister to Washington. " A peculiar interest," notes the biographer of Lord John Russell, " attaches to this document, as it was the last ever laid before the Prince Consort, and its language was modified in accordance with his suggestions." The original draft, written during the heat of the moment, became toned down in the funereal atmosphere of the sick-chamber at Windsor. In place of the more uncompromising wording of the earlier draft the final dispatch stated that " Her Majesty's Government were willing to believe that the United States naval officer who committed the aggression was not acting with any authority from his government, or that, if he considered himself so authorized, he greatly misunderstood the instructions which he had received. . . . For the Government of the United States must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow such an affront to national honour to pass without reparation. . . ."

In point of fact, however, there was never any question of Captain Wilkes having acted without, or having misunderstood, the authority of the Federal government. " General Scott," wrote Palmerston to the Queen on December 6th, " has said to Americans in Paris . . . that the seizure of these envoys was discussed in Cabinet at Washington, he being present, and was deliberately determined upon and ordered; that the Cabinet fully foresaw it might lead to war with England;

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and that he was commissioned to propose to France in that case to join the Northern States in war against England, and to offer France the restoration of the French province of Canada." How far this last is to be credited it is not possible to say here; in any case, as Palmerston adds laconically, "The French Government is probably thinking more about cotton than about Canada."

However unpropitious might be the attitude of the Northern States, there can be but little doubt that the Note, while not diminishing in one degree the determination of Great Britain to obtain satisfaction, did leave a door open through which the Federal government might retreat from its extravagant pretensions without suffering undue humiliation—all the more galling to a young nation in the midst of an internecine struggle. On the other hand, by the very moderation of its language, the position of the British Government was rendered, if anything, rather more secure. In a second accompanying dispatch Lord Lyons is ordered to leave Washington and repair to England, bringing with him the archives, if within seven days the Federals have failed to deliver up the two emissaries to British protection, and to offer a suitable apology for the act of aggression. In turn, the governments of France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia signified through their ambassadors that they regarded the action of Captain Wilkes as quite unjustifiable.

But the drafting of a dispatch will not heal a quarrel, and a protocol is no new skin to an international wound. The ill-feeling was intensified on both sides of the Atlantic by popular passions: in America by those of exultation: in England by those of anger. Lord John Russell's most necessary recognition of the Confederates in May, 1861, as belligerents, had much incensed President Lincoln. But it was the sustained press warfare that was embittering the relations between the two governments to a more critical extent. With very few exceptions the British press was thoroughly Southern in its sympathies and predelictions. John Bright was almost a *vox in deserto clamantis* when he complained that *The Times*—then at the height of its power and influence under the editorship of Delane—had failed to produce one fair and honourable and friendly article upon American affairs since Lincoln took office. No wonder the exasperated President received *The Times* New York correspondent with looks as "black as thunder." Indeed, the

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attacks upon the North in the English newspapers appear to have irritated the Americans more than any speech of Palmerston or dispatch of Russell.* On their side the American journalists were by no means disposed to turn the other cheek. It is characteristic of candid people—and the Americans, not without truth, pride themselves on their candour—that while they lose no opportunity of revealing the follies and failings of others, they resent a like exposition of their own. " In this year 1861," wrote Palmerston, " England endured the abuse of the American press, virulent as it was " : but whereas we bore it with our peculiar insular equanimity, American opinion was more sensitive of ours.

In an atmosphere so charged with electricity it would have been small wonder had the affair of the *Trent* brought about an explosion of war. No desire of conciliation, no evidence of repentance, came from America. On the contrary, Wilkes was fêted in Boston, and thanked in Washington by an excited Congress for his act. Like his British namesake a century earlier, he became a popular hero for having twisted the tail of the British lion. Even the government, through its Naval Secretary, registered its official approval of his " great public service." In fine, it appeared altogether improbable that the Federals would even design to accept the honourable means of retreat offered them by the modified dispatch. " I fear," wrote Lord Brougham to Henry Reeve, " that the Government of Washington will hold out. . . . They are in the hands of the mob—and one of the worst mobs in the world." The evil of mob-government, or, strictly speaking, of government reacting to " mobbism," is that, with its pernicious unbalanced psychology, it becomes a mere complex of passions devoid of all reason.

Happily the British Government left nothing to chance. Realizing that the surest way of bringing the American people, or at least their rulers, to their senses was to show them, in no uncertain terms, that England was in deadly earnest and prepared, if necessary, to enforce her demands actively, naval and military preparations were immediately set on foot. Orders were issued to the naval dockyards to hurry on the completion of battleships then in the course of construction, and that some sixty ships were to be got ready at once for the West Indian and North American stations. A number of

* " History of the United States," by J. F. Rhodes, iv, 83, quoted in Edward Cook's " Life of Delane," p. 132.

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ships then in the Mediterranean were instructed to collect with others at Gibraltar preparatory to joining Admiral Milne, then in American waters with a fleet of 38 ships, 6,200 men, and 500 guns. Military preparations were even more active and extensive, owing to the belief, widely held, that an invasion of Canada was imminent. Ships and transports to the number of 13 were chartered, and within a few days had put to sea carrying the 1st Grenadier and 2nd Scots Guards; the 15th, 17th, 18th, and 96th line regiments; 3 batteries of the R.F.A.; 5 of the R.G.A.; 2 companies of Royal Engineers; 2 battalions of Military Train, as well as 30,000 rifles, 1,500 Armstrong shells, and two and a half million rounds of ammunition. These were quickly followed by the 1st Rifle Brigade and the 16th Regiment, and orders were conveyed to all half-pay surgeons in Ireland to hold themselves in readiness. It speaks much for the promptitude of a Cabinet, which never had a reputation for being warlike, that within a fortnight over 8,000 men with guns and ammunition were on their way to Canada. Not without truth might Sir George Lewis write from the War Office that "We are making all our preparations on the assumption that there is to be war." Neither, despite the hastiness of these measures, were the lessons of the past forgotten. There was to be no "Crimean winter" in 1861-2. Each soldier on embarkation was handed a fur cap, a sheepskin coat, a chamois leather jacket, a pair of fur gloves, two flannel waistcoats, two merino under-vests, and two pairs of woollen drawers; and, by the kindness of Napoleon III, 2,000 snow-boots were dispatched from France.

Would the transports be able to navigate the St. Lawrence before the ice set in? was now the anxious problem. By putting on every ounce of steam the question was answered in the affirmative for all save one boat, which, finding the river blocked with ice, was forced to turn aside to Nova Scotia. From Halifax and St. John the only railway line to Montreal passed through the American state of Maine. It was necessary, therefore, to get leave of passage from the United States authorities—leave that, surprisingly enough, was instantly granted. The citizens of Maine thus had the curious experience of witnessing the transit through their state of trainloads of foreign troops, who might at any moment return—not as interested tourists.

The warmth of our troops' reception in Canada, and the

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spontaneous loyalty of the Canadians, who at the prospect of war with the United States had immediately increased their militia and begun fortifying their frontier, were not the least gratifying result of the crisis.

Having taken all needful precautions, and having forwarded a dispatch which few could maintain unreasonable in its demands, and none as quite unnecessary in its origin, the Government could afford to wait with something like equanimity the reply from Washington, where now lay the responsibility of peace or war. Owing, however, to the absence of electric telegraph, it would be some twenty days before the American Cabinet could receive the British Note.* It was this lack of telegraphic communication that helped to avert a war. Had the news of the seizure of Mason and Slidell reached London and Washington simultaneously; had the British dispatch been presented a day or two later in an America seething with excitement, and bitter against the sympathizers of her Southern " rebels," nothing probably could have restrained the hotheads in the Federal government from pandering to the foolhardy clamourings of a mob and so precipitating a war. But the mob, though terrible in its passions, is despicable in its memory. The affair was already three weeks old when the dispatch left London, and six by the time it had reached Washington. During these weeks the interest and events of the Civil War had tended to turn thoughts into other and domestic channels, causing thereby the effervescence to subside and more moderate counsels to prevail. Thus, when the British demand reached the hands of Seward, the American Secretary of State, it was found to be " courteous and friendly—not dictatorial nor menacing." In these circumstances, but not without difficulty, Congress was induced to agree to the required concessions. The envoys were liberated from the prison into which they had been flung, and handed over to British protection. Their landing at Southampton on January 30th was witnessed by a large crowd, but there was no cheering.

Thus was ended a crisis, short indeed of duration, but of an intensity that rarely fails to beget war. That this should have been avoided is all the more remarkable, from the British point of view, when it is remembered that the England of the fifties and sixties was an infinitely more irascible and susceptible old lady where her dignity was in

* The first transatlantic cable being laid in 1866 only.

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question than she became towards the close of the century, notwithstanding the growth of Imperialism. In truth, it may be taken as a sign of a different time that the arguments of prudence were allowed—to a certain degree—to control the blind dictates of honour on both sides. It would be idle to conjecture the results—and they may by no means have been wholly bad for England—had she thrown in her lot, as the Confederates dearly hoped she would, against the Northern States. There have been fought many honourable and glorious wars over meaner causes. Yet no man in his sanity would declare for war when " reason offers convenient articles of peace."

Seldom has British diplomacy registered so signal a triumph—not until Fashoda can we find a suitable comparison. It is true that the diplomatic victory was purchased at the cost of £5,000,000 spent in armaments and preparations. Nevertheless, had the counsels of John Bright and others, who resented what they called these " provocative " measures, carried the day, it is not improbable that a war would have ensued, and such a war that would have absorbed those five millions many times over. The want of telegraphic facilities undoubtedly helped to preserve the peace. But had the same mail which brought the English demands not also brought news of the British naval and military preparations, it may very much be questioned whether even Congress would have been willing, or rather would have dared, to consent " to climb down." There was no more effective douche for the heated chauvinists of Congress than the dawning realization that England was in grim earnest, and that to provoke her into joining the ranks of the enemy would be the masterpiece of folly. It was because of, not despite these preparations, that war was avoided.

Few cases illustrate more strikingly than that of the *Trent* the contention that remonstrances unsupported by arms are but " words mingled with air."

W. Baring Pemberton.

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A BLOT ON THE SERVICES

THE title of this article, which deals with the question of the employment of Regular sailors, soldiers, and airmen after they have left the Services, is not by any means an exaggeration. The heart-breaking cases which come under notice leave no shadow of doubt that the frequent unemployment of ex-Regular Service men is a blot with a capital "B"—a blot which adversely affects the popularity of the Services and militates enormously against recruiting. As an individual officer one feels so helpless. A short time ago I received a letter from a man who had done magnificent work while with the colours. "I have been all over England nearly, but I can't get anything to do. I am nearly beaten. I have not even got a change of clothing and very little of anything."

What can one do in these cases? There are, of course, the Regimental Associations, which undoubtedly do admirable work by affording immediate financial assistance in cases of actual distress, but from the point of view of finding employment are little more than post-offices to the representatives of the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen, and of kindred associations in the locality where the man in question lives.

But all this is so casual; moreover, the "personal element" is entirely lacking. What is needed is an influential Service official in each county or district to whom one can turn—a man whose job it is under Government to leave no stone unturned to find employment for the men whose names come to him from the various units. Such a man would have the whole influence of the Services behind him—an influence which must be enormous, but which at present has little or no weight when it comes to finding employment for the men who have given up so many good years of their lives to the colours. Further, it should be incumbent on the units of the various Services to take the matter up more seriously. The old traditions still hold good, and officers are now, as always, keenly interested in the welfare of their men; but their efforts are naturally concentrated on the serving sailor, soldier, or airman, and there is no official channel through which they can follow up the claims of the time-expired man.

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Let us see what actually happens in an infantry battalion —which may be regarded as typical of all branches of the Services—when a soldier is about to be returned to civil life— *i.e.*, to be discharged or transferred to the Reserve.

Some short period before the man is due to leave, generally about a fortnight or three weeks, but often very much less, he is brought before his Commanding Officer, who has a talk with him and asks him questions about his chances of future employment. The man's documents are then placed in the Commanding Officer's basket, and he proceeds to deal with them in due course, the principal item being the writing of the man's character in testimonial form on A.F. B 2067. This is hedged around with rather tiresome restrictions: the character must be in the Commanding Officer's handwriting; further, the slightest error or alteration invalidates the document, which has to be made out again. The Commanding Officer generally attacks this task with a sigh, for this is one of the many constantly recurring duties which conspire to side-track him from his main business of training his battalion. However, he does his best, and, assisted by information supplied by the man's company commander and by the man's conduct sheets, he produces something of this sort :—

> " This is to certify that the above-named soldier has 7 years' service and is hard-working, sober, and reliable. He has been employed for the past 10 months on the Regimental Police. He has a 3rd Class Certificate of Education obtained on the 3rd July, 1922. Trade before enlistment—— labourer."

Quite good, as far as it goes, but oh ! so monotonous. There must be thousands of these painfully similar documents floating round the country, and it is hardly to be expected that employers of labour should treat them with any great degree of enthusiasm.

Mais revenons à nos moutons. There are three forms which have a bearing on the man's chances of future employment, as under :—

1. Character Certificate, A.F. B 2067, already described.
2. Employment Sheet, A.F. B 2066, which gives his character from the civil employment point of view as assessed in his unit on October 1st of each year during his past service.

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3. A Ministry of Labour form containing date of discharge, occupation proposed on discharge, etc., and which incidentally enables the man to obtain an Unemployment Book under the Unemployment Insurance Acts, 1920 to 1922.

All these three documents are forwarded by the Commanding Officers to the Officer i/c Records at the time of the man's discharge. Records forward A.F. 2067 to the man at his home address a few days after he leaves his unit; they retain the employment sheet in their own possession, and forward the Ministry of Labour form to the local branch of the Labour Exchange in the district where the man is going to settle. Thus the man's main hopes of employment rest on these soulless documents and the Labour Exchange, and in a few days he finds himself as completely out of touch with the Army as if he had never been in it.

Before making any constructive suggestions with regard to action which might be taken within the man's unit prior to his discharge, let us for a moment discuss a suggested Government organization for providing employment for Regular Service men which germinated in July, 1922, but, in spite of a promising gestation, was apparently strangled at birth by an unsympathetic Territorial midwife. This organization, though slightly top-heavy in superstructure, contained proposals which were eminently practical and seemed in every way likely to have successful results. Its history was briefly as follows :—

In October, 1922, an Inter-Departmental Committee was formed, composed of representatives of the three Service Ministries, which, under the chairmanship of the Deputy-Chief of the General Staff, proceeded to deal with the question of the employment of ex-Service men. As a result of their deliberations a scheme was formulated, the outstanding feature of which was the utilization of the Territorial Army Associations in the bringing together of the ex-Service man and the employer. There was nothing exceptional about this, for the care of the ex-professional soldier has from the outset been an obligation placed on the Territorial Army Associations by Act of Parliament. The general outline of the scheme was as under :—

In the first place, a Central Body sitting in London, meeting as required, whose functions would be to bring to the notice of the Government any action that may appear to protect the interests of the Regular Service man; to explore

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all possible openings for an ex-Service man in civil life, especially in Government departments, and on this to formulate the policy to be adopted (*a*) by the Services in the preparation of the Regular Service man for return to civil life, and (*b*) by the Territorial Army Associations in their work of bringing the Regular Service man and the employer into touch. The composition of the Central Body was to be very elaborate and to consist of representatives of the Navy, Army, Air Force, Ministries of Labour, Pensions, Health, and Agriculture, Associations such as the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers, and Airmen ; also representatives of employers nominated by the Federation of British Industries ; and of Labour, both skilled and unskilled, nominated by the Labour Congress.

Secondly, the functions of the Territorial Army Associations under the scheme were :—

(*a*) To bring to the notice of the Central Body any suggestions which might prove of use in furthering the work of placing Regular Service men in employment.

(*b*) To form such organizations within their areas as would be necessary to carry out the policy laid down by the Central Body. These organizations were to consist of County Committees. In counties having large industrial districts and in counties too large to be efficiently controlled by a single committee, District Committees were to be set up as might be found necessary.

(*c*) Through the agency of the National Association representatives on the above committees, to introduce the Regular Service man to the prospective employer, if the local Labour Exchange was unable to find employment for him.

The secretarial work of these committees was to be undertaken by the secretaries of the Territorial Army Associations.

In order to prevent a hiatus—as so often happens at present—between the time a man ceases to be in the Service and the time when he obtains employment, information about him, entered on a special form of a far more common-sense nature than is rendered at present, was to be forwarded in duplicate three months before he left the Service from the man's unit to the Naval Depot, or Army or Air Force Record Office in question. Records in turn were to distribute these forms, one copy to the National Association representative

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of the Territorial Army Association County or District Committee concerned, and one copy to the local Labour Exchange of the district in which the man wished to settle. It was not considered possible or even necessary to make any monetary grants to the Territorial Army Associations in connection with this work. This was, I fancy, a mistake; at any rate, some provision should have been made to gain the fullest sympathy and co-operation of the secretaries of the Territorial Army Associations in the working of the scheme, even if the "sympathy" only took the form of providing each secretary with an extra clerk in his office.

Such, then, was this really helpful scheme. It was forwarded by the War Office to the Secretary, Council of the Territorial Associations, London, and by him to the Secretaries of the County Territorial Associations, after which it seems to have died an untimely death. No doubt the secretaries saw in the scheme extra work and no extra pay. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that if the scheme is ever revived they are the people who will have more say in its success than anybody else. They have the great advantage of being provided with an office and, most important of all, a telephone. They would constitute, in fact, the "influential Service official" alluded to at the commencement of this article as being such an essential when it comes to finding employment for ex-Regular Service men. In fact, in the above-described Government scheme it seems to me it would have been much better if the information about the man had been forwarded to the secretaries rather than to the National Association representatives of the Territorial Army Associations.

An energetic secretary, a real live wire, ready himself, if need be, to ring up any employer of labour in his county or district at a moment's notice, and with the whole influence of the Territorial Association—in fact, the whole influence of the Fighting Forces of Great Britain—at his back, would, I believe, work wonders. Such a secretary ought to have no difficulty in working up an organization by which every part of the county would be covered, and I am confident there are sufficient ex-Regular officers and others in every county sufficiently interested to become members of the Committees and to see that work was found.

The action of the units has been briefly touched upon in the above-mentioned Government scheme, the most

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notable and undoubtedly most sound proposal being that information about the man should be forwarded by his unit three months in advance of the time at which the man would be available for employment. A new suggestion is now put forward, that each unit should have an employment bureau in which everything that affects the man's future chances of employment should be noted and filed. The officer in charge would be responsible to the Commanding Officer for seeing that every opportunity for vocational training was fully exploited, and would also be responsible for the careful and detailed preparation of discharge documents. This employment bureau would in short take all the onus of the business away from the Commanding Officer, who is already full of work, and leave him nothing to do in this connection except to sign his name to the discharge documents. To take an infantry battalion once more as an example, it is suggested that the Battalion Employment Bureau should be under the senior major, who is, after all, the business manager of the battalion. A pious hope is added that the War Office might increase or alter the establishment so as to allow him a sergeant to work in the bureau. One hesitates to suggest anything that costs money, but if provision could be made to cover the cost of an occasional visit by the senior major of home battalions to the secretary of the Territorial Association with which his unit is connected, it would be of the greatest value. An occasional interview between these two worthies would be likely to clarify the situation and produce much more practical results than any amount of coldly official Army Forms.

The Navy, the Air Force, and certain branches of the Army have not, of course, a territorial connection to assist them, but this, though a valuable asset, is by no means an essential to the scheme. At the same time, to be successful the scheme must be worked on a county basis, and the county, under the ægis of its Lord Lieutenant and Deputy Lieutenants, must feel full responsibility for the replacement into industry of ex-Service men desirous of settling in that county, irrespective of the unit from which they come.

To sum up, the best solution of this difficult question of the employment of ex-Regular Service men would appear to be—

1. A more cut-and-dried, business-like attitude on the part of the units.

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2. A revival of the above-mentioned Government scheme with certain slight modifications, the most important of which is to make the secretaries of the Territorial Associations the corner-stones of the new edifice.

There is one other aspect of the matter to be considered. In the event of another great war, the Territorial Force Associations and their subsidiary committees could, if properly worked, be of the greatest assistance. They could be responsible for recruiting their area, and also take on the re-settlement of men in their county on demobilization.

The whole question is, of course, enormously complicated for the present by the existence, as an outcome of the Great War, of so many thousands of unemployed ex-Service men who are not *Regular* Service men, but this is a passing phase, and should the suggested scheme be adopted it would, of course, devolve on all connected with it to help equally all those who, although they were not Regular sailors, soldiers and airmen, have just as great a claim on their country.

No article which deals with the question of the employment of ex-Service men would be complete without a reference to the attitude of the Trade Unions, whose regulations with regard to apprenticeship have often been a stumbling-block in the past. Quite recently, however, a definite assurance has been given that the different trade unions will accept ex-Service men trained at the vocational schools in boot-repairing, carpentry, furniture and upholstery, bricklaying, painting, plumbing, plastering and decorating. This should do much to improve the situation, but it must be remembered that only a very small percentage of men are able to attend the vocational schools prior to their leaving the Colours.

In conclusion, what an inestimable benefit it would be if recruiting sergeants were able, in all sincerity, to assure prospective recruits that they could feel confident of being replaced in civil life on reasonable conditions, and there was little or no danger of their going to swell the already overstocked ranks of general labourers at the end of their period of service.

R. M. RAYNSFORD.

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THE STORY OF A WHITE ELEPHANT

EVERYONE who has been to Hythe knows the Royal Military Canal, or at all events that pleasant, shady portion of it which ends at the dam at West Hythe, but few will have connected this present-day haunt of canoes and skiffs with the tense political situation of over a century ago, or the numerous efforts to benefit from one of the most costly undertakings ever embarked upon by a British Government. In the very early years of the nineteenth century an invasion of England by Napoleon was regarded as imminent and Martello towers were erected in large numbers for the prospective defence of the south-east coast. In October, 1804, a report by Major-General Sir D. Dundas, then Quartermaster-General, recommended that, in addition to the Martello towers, advantage should be taken of the second and strong line of defence afforded by the heights which bound the northern side of Romney Marsh, and that "a canal should be cut at the foot of those heights which under their support would present a barrier insurmountable to an enemy in the probable situation of an invading one," while it was also pointed out that cattle grazing on the marsh "could be driven over the canal into safety."

The existence of these heights is due to the recession of the sea, as they originally formed the coast line of that part of Kent, and the village of Lympne was the *Portus Lemanis* of the Romans. Military opinion apparently received political support, for the "Edinburgh Encyclopœdia" of 1830, referring to the canal, states that "Mr. Pitt was its great promoter," and in November, 1804, only a month after the report was submitted, the work was commenced by contractors.

As designed, the canal was to be twenty yards wide and nine feet deep in the middle. It was crossed by no fewer than nineteen bridges constructed of timber "so as to be easily destroyed," and each of the bridge-keepers' cottages (which still exist) was equipped with a cross-cut saw for this purpose.

Starting on the coast at the village of Seabrook, which is now virtually part of Sandgate, the canal runs practically

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due west for about twelve miles, when it turns south to the small town of Appledore, and thence to the River Rother which it enters about two miles before reaching Rye. Passing through that town it follows the course of the River Brede to Winchelsea whence it becomes again a canal and finishes at a spot on the coast known as Cliff End about five miles east of Hastings, the total length being twenty-six miles. It was cut in an indented line with flanks for one or two guns about 500 yards apart, while the earth excavated was thrown up to make a parapet on the inner side and a military road constructed along the same bank. The western end of the canal was evidently not regarded as very vulnerable, but the portion in the neighbourhood of Hythe was strongly defended. In addition to the Martello towers, which were only about 400 yards apart, there were four forts along the coast. From east to west these were Fort Twiss, Fort Sutherland, Fort Moncrieff, and the Grand Redoubt, the last-named being about half-way to Dymchurch, and the only one still remaining though Fort Twiss is commemorated in Hythe by Twiss Road and until about twenty years ago Fort Sutherland was used to accommodate any overflow of officers attending the School of Musketry.* There were also at various points "detached batteries," but all traces of these have long since disappeared.

In June, 1805, the contractors failed to fulfil their time clauses, and the work was taken over by the Royal Staff Corps under the Quartermaster-General on behalf of the Government, the actual work being in charge of a Colonel Browne. This unit appears to have been a combination of Royal Engineers and Barrack Wardens, and before their disbandment, begun in 1837, they performed, as will be seen, a wide range of duties. However, the work progressed well with military labour and, although not finished, the canal was opened by the Duke of York in August, 1806. Considering the military and social importance of this event, there is an extraordinary absence of reference to it, and what appears to be an account in the *Kentish Gazette* indicates an entire lack of ceremony. The Duke of York had been on a tour of inspection accompanied by his brother the Duke of Cambridge, and presumably the latter was with him on his journey along the canal, but all we are told is that :—

* Now the Small Arms School. Fort Sutherland stood at the sea end of Fort Road.

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> "His Royal Highness slept at Sandgate on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning reviewed the remainder of the troops at Shorncliffe camp. Soon after, he set out for Hythe, where His Royal Highness and suite embarked on board a small cutter provided for the purpose, and proceeded up the new military canal as far as Rye, which is now compleat, and forms a junction with the River Rother; when he set off for Brighton."

This bears out the view that the western end of the canal was not considered of much importance, for in this quotation it is described as being finished on reaching Rye, although a further stretch of five miles of pure canal lies between Winchelsea and Cliff End.

Up to the time of its opening the canal had cost approximately £100,000, of which no less than £38,500 had been paid in land purchase and compensation, and for the next thirty years it was maintained on an elaborate and expensive scale. In 1807 the guns captured at Copenhagen were sent to Hythe to arm the flanks of the canal, and in 1810 barracks and stables were built there.*

The canal with its allied works was in charge of the Royal Staff Corps who were supplied with ten horses, while the same number of barges were maintained on the canal, and horsed by a troop of the Royal Waggon Train† stationed at Hythe. In spite of the extravagant control of the canal, it was appreciated that a certain amount of revenue could be derived from its commercial use, and on August 13th, 1807, the Royal Assent was given to an Act of George III "for maintaining a Military Canal and Road made from Shorncliffe in the county of Kent to Cliff End in the county of Sussex; and for regulating the taking of Rates and Tolls thereon."

Powers were given to erect toll-gates except between the bridges at Hythe or opposite Appledore Bridge on the road from Romney to Tenterden, while occupiers of land were exempt from tolls on produce or manure. Plans were also put forward for another waterway, to be known as the Weald of Kent Canal, to be linked up with the Royal Military Canal at Appledore, and so connect the Medway, Stour, and Rother. A survey was carried out in 1802 by the engineer, Alexander

* These were afterwards incorporated in the School of Musketry

† Now Royal Army Service Corps.

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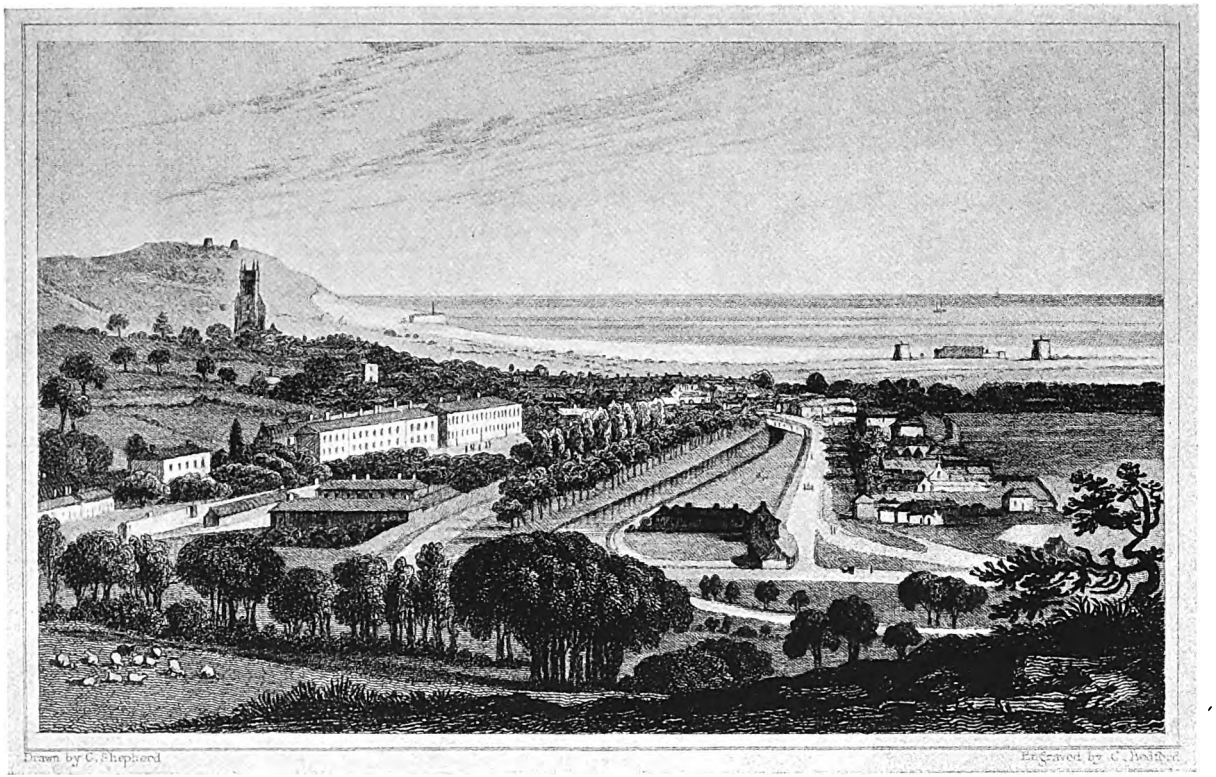

By kind permission of the Mayor and Corporation of Hythe.]

THE BARRACKS AND TOWN OF HYTHE, KENT, 1829.

Showing Fort Twiss (left) and Fort Sutherland (with two martello towers) on the shore. The Canal is seen in the centre foreground.

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Sutherland, and a considerable sum was subscribed for preliminary expenses, but the scheme came to nothing. In 1809 the proposal was revived by John Rennie, and the following year he launched a still more ambitious project for carrying the canal right on to Portsmouth, but neither of these proposals was proceeded with.

However, business does not seem to have been brisk, and with the end of the Napoleonic Wars in 1815 justification for continued expenditure became increasingly difficult. So hard put to it were the canal's protagonists that some years later the revenue authorities were asked if it did not constitute a serious obstacle to the smugglers who then infested Romney Marsh. The reply was that so far from causing any inconvenience, the presence of barges moored in the canal enabled smugglers to run out planks from the banks, and so cross over without going near the regular bridges which were guarded and, as a matter of fact, the only occasion when the canal proved dangerous was in 1826 when several smugglers missed the crossing on a very dark and stormy night, and were drowned in attempting to swim over while carrying tubs of spirits slung on their backs. Incidentally, there is an interesting literary association with the canal in this connection, for in 1817 the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, who afterwards became famous as the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," was inducted to the livings of Warehorne and Snargate, two villages lying on opposite sides of the canal near Appledore. He frequently encountered smugglers when crossing the bridge, but they never molested him, and Snargate church tower was a favourite temporary store for contraband.

Up to the early 1830's a two-horse omnibus-barge plied between Hythe and Appledore with several changes of teams *en route*, but the wash caused such damage to the banks that the service was discontinued.

With the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837 serious attention began to be devoted to the canal, and a fresh Act was passed appointing as Commissioners the Speaker of the House of Commons, and other principal officers of State, but direct military control was maintained, and "the charge and management of the canal and road and the Company of the Staff Corps attached to the works" was placed under the Master-General of the Ordnance; Sir Andrew Leith Hay, Clerk of the Ordnance, being appointed Director. This arrangement lasted only three months, and in December of

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the same year control was transferred to the Inspector-General of Fortifications, and a definite establishment laid down. This was doubtless a step in the right direction, for the whole scheme of the canal seems to have degenerated. At the date when the Master-General of the Ordnance assumed control a Major White was the officer in charge, and he was instructed to submit estimates for the rebuilding of Tillingham sluice and bridge, which seems to indicate a certain amount of material decay, and at the same time a Barrack Master and Accountant was appointed in the person of Mr. A. Swan, but the Treasury was running no risks, and his appointment was only sanctioned on his production of a security bond for £1,000. As a matter of fact, Mr. Swan appears to have been a great success, for a few years later he is to be found inditing letters from the Olympian heights of the Horse Guards.*

But in spite of this reorganization of the local staff it is very noticeable that centralization was the order of the day, and the most ridiculous subjects had to be referred to the War Office, quite a lengthy correspondence taking place on the problem of giving the toll-gates a coat of paint. It is, however, " an ill wind—" and Mr. Swan perhaps owed his transition to a higher sphere to his masterly handling of the great vegetable question. A cottager on the banks of the canal had to be evicted, and compensation was duly paid for the loss of his house, but it then transpired that he carried on the not unusual practice of growing vegetables in his small plot of garden. The problem, therefore, was to ascertain the value of the vegetables *in situ*, potential and actual. As Domesday Book could not be applied, and Mr. Lloyd George's Land Values Act with its accompanying officials still lay in the future, the matter was referred to the War Office. The War Office " hedged." How much did the fellow want? " £5," replied the faithful Swan. This required thinking over, and as even " Q " could not, apparently, produce a horticulturist, Swan was asked his opinion, which was that an offer might be accepted. This gave the War Office its chance to rid itself of this pestilent fellow, and Swan was ordered to " carry on." The latter

* Up to 1854 there was one Secretary of State for both War and the Colonies sitting at the Colonial Office, while the War Office and Horse Guards shared the administration of the Army. They were amalgamated as the War Office in 1870, but remained in their old quarters until the present building was completed in 1906.

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informed the War Office of his intention to offer £3 after inspecting the produce concerned. The War Office were of opinion that if this were accepted Her Majesty would not lose heavily on the deal, and the cottager proving agreeable, the matter was finally settled on these terms.

But on May 14th, 1838, the Horse Guards was shaken to its very foundations. Someone had actually requested permission to fish in the canal! Ye Gods! Was the canal built for sport? Were Her Majesty's fish, even if not branded with the broad arrow, to provide succulent dishes for civilians? Over the dead body of the Commander-in-Chief first! Yet the officer in charge of the works had dared to forward such a request. Overcome by emotion, the Horse Guards took some days to recover, and then with admirable self-restraint calmly but firmly refused permission. But now the cat came out of the bag. A certain number of permits had already been granted locally, and in trembling accents this had to be confessed in a further letter from the miserable conspirators at the other end. One can picture the unhappy Swan and doubtless, also, the equally unhappy White awaiting death at dawn with such fortitude as they could exhibit. An ominous silence ensued. Days crept by until at the very end of the month the reply came.

> "No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
> Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
> The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
> Become them with one half so good a grace
> As mercy does."

And, recognizing this, the Horse Guards rose to heights of magnanimity and pronounced that existing permits might be allowed to continue, but to demonstrate their authority they added that *nets could not be permitted!* And so honour was satisfied on both sides.

Although such questions of high policy may have agitated the officers, one would have thought that the men would have led a comparatively peaceful existence, and it is therefore surprising to come across a letter of January, 1838, giving sanction for the discharge of five men "worn out and unfit for further service." The letter goes on to say that if, after this, there are not enough men left, "some steady old soldiers from the Corps of Sappers and Miners shall be sent to the works" which seems to indicate the gradual disappearance of the Royal Staff Corps and also the narrow margin

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for contingencies in the establishment laid down the previous year. The transition stage was carried a step farther in October by the appointment of two toll-keepers, who were to receive the sum of 6d. per diem *paid quarterly !*

About this time further economies were effected by the sale of the " detached batteries " to the owners of the land on which they stood, and in December there is a record of an offer of £50 from a Mr. Dawes being accepted. But windfalls of this kind could not continue indefinitely, and in 1840 the tolls were reduced in the hope of increasing traffic. This hope was not realized, and the small volume of trade is shown by the fact that the amount received from this source for the ten years 1840-1850 averaged only £329 per annum.

A strong body of opinion had now grown up in favour of getting rid of the canal on almost any terms, and in 1844 its sale to the Hastings, Rye, and Tenterden Railway Company was sanctioned, but the company's bill failed to get through Parliament, and the proposal lapsed.

On the other hand, there was a marked disinclination to sacrifice what was at that time still a military work of some importance, and the Duke of Wellington in his report on the defence of the coast of Kent in 1846, says :—

> " The position is good, but would probably require a larger army to defend it against the attack of a large army than could be allotted for that service if an enemy's army of sufficient strength could be collected in the marsh to attack the position. But with its flanks secured, as proposed, it appears impossible to force it in front, as the north-east bank of the canal is so formed as to afford the means of opening a flanking fire of artillery at points at short distances from each other. The road of communication along the canal from right to left is excellent, very broad and convenient for the march of troops. There are excellent roads leading to the canal from the rear ; the country behind the canal is high, and commands a view of the whole marsh in front. In short, there cannot exist anywhere a more commanding position."

Naturally, such an opinion coming from such an authority carried great weight, and that the civil population had expected much of the canal is shown in Joseph Priestley's

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" Historical Account of the Canals throughout Great Britain," published in 1831, wherein it is remarked that the canal " was executed under the direction of the Government, and is well calculated for the warlike no less than for the commercial purposes of the country."

By 1848 the economists had gained in strength, and sanction was sought to transfer the undertaking to the Lords of Romney Marsh. No legal objection was raised, but it was necessary to obtain the consent of the Legislature and to repeat the whole or part of the Act of George III. The proposal was strongly backed by the Assistant Inspector-General of Fortifications*, who, one can easily believe, was heartily sick of the whole concern, and who advocated making an unconditional gift of the canal and its allied works. The solicitor to the Board of Ordnance† concurred, provided that Dymchurch Redoubt was kept in repair, but at the last moment a slight excess of income over expenditure was discovered, and the negotiations failed.

In 1853 this proposal came forward again, and the solicitor to the Board of Ordnance repeated his previous opinion. The matter was then referred to Lieutenant-General Sir John Burgoyne‡ who asked the Board of Ordnance " whether the Ordnance should thus give away without remuneration what must be of considerable value; not as a canal because its value, if to be so maintained, may perhaps be shown to be little or even worse, but if it is to be abandoned as such and probably filled up, as seems to be the desire of the Romney Marsh Commissioners, it is to be presumed that a great deal of it might be disposed of throughout its great extent very advantageously and there can be no reason why the Government should not obtain at least that return for its great outlay."

Lord Raglan,§ then Master-General of the Ordnance, still regarded the canal as an important military work, and remarked that it " presents a considerable obstacle to an enemy, and should not be abandoned unless the expenses rise

* Major-General Edward Fanshawe, C.B.

† Abolished in 1856.

‡ Inspector-General of Fortifications.

§ Lord Raglan proceeded to the Crimea the following year accompanied by General Burgoyne, who acted as his chief adviser on engineering matters throughout the Siege of Sevastopol after first superintending the disembarkation of the army.

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to a degree altogether disproportionate to its object; and even then the Department would not be justified in making a free gift of it."

It was then discovered that over the three previous years there was a small balance credit so the project once more fell to the ground. As a matter of fact, this practice of taking the accounts for a single year, or even for three years, was very misleading, as the figures for the decade from 1846-56 show an average annual loss of £134 on the working, while the value of the canal was steadily declining owing to the crumbling of the banks and the silting up of the bottom. Lord Raglan's views on the military value of the canal were not endorsed in a report on the subject written the following year, in which it is remarked that "any great utility to be derived from the canal as a work of defence in the present day has been disputed."

Some eighteen months later, in August 1856, still another attempt was made to rid the Government of what was now pretty generally regarded as an incubus. On this occasion a Mr. Smith came forward with an offer to purchase the whole undertaking, lock, stock, and barrel, on behalf of some clients, and for a time the chances of a successful issue appeared promising. The matter was then referred to Lord Panmure*, but he resolutely declined to sanction the sale unless fresh circumstances had arisen since the last decision had been given three years previously on the strength of the views expressed by Lord Raglan and General Burgoyne.

In 1857 the War Office instructed Captain G. Wrottesley, R.E., to make a full report on the whole position, and this admirable production really constitutes a miniature history of the canal. Captain Wrottesley evidently did not look upon it with favour from any point of view. Regarded purely as an obstacle it might be relied upon to delay an enemy for certainly some hours, but its great length made it difficult of defence, a fact which was emphasized by its being convex towards the defenders, and equally assailable at all points. Moreover, the increase in the number of buildings, etc., on the marsh tended to mask, in many places, the clear view which had previously existed. From the commercial stand-

* First holder of the new office of Secretary of State for War in Lord Palmerston's Cabinet from 1855 to 1858, and afterwards 11th Earl of Dalhousie.

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point, Captain Wrottesley was no more encouraging. Although at the date of his report there were thirteen barges on the canal, as against an establishment of ten when it was started some fifty years previously, the traffic was almost negligible, and at best showed no increase, while the ten years prior to his report showed a working loss of nearly £1,500. He was also greatly concerned at the rapidity with which the canal was silting up, a process to which the local geological formation made it particularly liable.

No action appears to have followed Captain Wrottesley's report, and for the next twenty years no mention of the canal can be found, but in 1877 information is suddenly forthcoming that the portion between Seabrook and Hythe was leased to the Corporation of Hythe, and that from Hythe to the River Rother to the Lords Bailiff and Jurats of Romsey Marsh, the lease in each case being for 999 years.

So ends the story of a white elephant. To-day the canal presents a pathetic sight, and long before the lease expires will have filled up and disappeared from human ken, remaining only as a legend of what once had been. "How are the mighty fallen!" From Seabrook to West Hythe a pleasant stream maintains a fleet of rowing boats and adds to the amenities of the neighbourhood. From Cliff End to Winchelsea the canal is entirely blocked with rushes as tall as a man, and so thick that except in the infrequent clearings it is impossible to see whether they are rooted in land or water. Innumerable water-fowl make them their home, and the brilliant flash of a painted kingfisher is occasionally seen. At intervals the rushes give place to flags and water-lilies while the silting process has produced a grass-covered strip of land along the centre of the canal on which sheep and cattle graze with a narrow water channel on either side. The central portion of the canal between the Rother and Hythe has likewise silted up, and it is doubtful whether more than a short stretch of it would at all times be navigable even by a boat, yet it is only some forty years since the barges with their great red sails came to Appledore, and discharged their cargoes at the little wharf by the bridge. There can still be seen the circular marks of the tent bottoms used by the men who made the canal, and the small pond which they constructed for their own use. It was a pair of Appledore brothers too, named Relf, who planted the avenue of glorious elms—said to number 30,000—which line the canal and the

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the grave of the younger, Edward, who died in 1861 at the age of 101, is almost within their shade.

But when all is said and done, few will be found to quarrel with the opening paragraph of Captain Wrottesley's summary of his conclusions, written, though it was, nearly seventy years ago :—

> " Undertaken at a period of panic and great public excitement, it would be unfair to criticise too closely any of the works raised to defend the country against the threatened invasion in the early part of the (nineteenth) century, but viewing the project dispassionately and at this distance of time, it must be allowed to have been a very improvident one for the country."

NOMAD.

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ANNALS OF
AN INDIAN CANTONMENT

THERE is a store of romance locked up in the records of old Indian cantonments, much of it gone for ever, for either the documents are lost or destroyed. The records are now contained only, like some blurred palimpsest, in the minds of those to whom they have been passed by oral tradition, or they have been buried for ever with men long dead and forgotten. Still, there are perhaps a few who, like the present writer, have jotted down traditions and recorded episodes from the memory of those who have participated in events, or who have themselves taken part in the adventures and incidents relating to an order of things that have passed away and will no more be seen. We, in the old days in India forty years ago, lived in times before the " pathetic contentment " of the people had been disturbed, when, indeed, the natives, or as they would now be called, " Indians " were happy in their simple lives, and before the unending vista of political turmoil and bitterness, inseparable from western systems of " democracy," which now presents itself, had been opened up to their view. From the horrors of that future, if they could but forsee them, the people would no doubt be glad to shrink back into the uneventful existence of their forefathers, and a condition of life which might well be the envy of the less fortunate " advanced " and " civilized " peoples of the West.

Many of these cantonments were established in historic circumstances for the effective occupation of territory, the protection of the inhabitants against raiding bands of Pindaris and other marauders. The very appearance of the country is a commentary on the views of those who hold that British rule has been productive only of evil in India, and who sigh for " the good old days " before the establishment of the *Pax Britannica*. Every village has its mud fort, now disused and falling into dust, and it was behind these walls alone that the inhabitants used to find safety in the huts that are built among the crumbling ruins. In the larger towns and villages these strongholds are fortified and reinforced

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by stone foundations, and some have massive gateways protected by thick masonry and iron-clamped doors of impregnable structure. Many have a stirring history, and some are marked with the splash of shot, or have a rusty gun resting upon their tottering battlements or lying amid the rank undergrowth that springs beneath.

Such a cantonment was Hingoli, situated in the northern part of the Nizam's dominions, occupied by our troops of the Hyderabad contingent for nearly a century, but abandoned over twenty years ago. A long, winding road, stretching like a white ribbon for many a league over hill and plain, connected the cantonment with the distant line of rail. We were far from the outer world. In the cold season and during the monsoon the intervening country was a sea of green crops, with tracts of hill and wasteland, and at times patches of tree and bush jungle. But in the hot weather all was arid and burnt up. The trees had lost their leaves, and stood ghost-like with outstretched arms, as though straining to catch the fugitive breeze, but the mangoes and other evergreens afforded grateful shade for man and beast beneath their umbrageous foliage. The fields were black or brick-red, and seared with innumerable fissures by the baking rays of the summer sun. In the water course but little moisture remained. Here and there a pool, scarcely large enough for a buffalo to wallow in, or extensive enough to reflect the tall palms that stood upon the margin, where the beasts of the field assembled to quench their thirst at morn and at the setting of the sun.

But in the river beyond the cantonment there were broader reaches of clear water ; here and there might even be seen the silver thread of the flowing stream, and green grass grew upon the banks. A bleak enough prospect in summer ! But on the plains and among the low undulating hills there were herds of antelope and gazelle to gladden the eye of the sportsman. From the top of the rising ground overlooking the cantonment, called Mount Pisgah, one could see the white, thatched bungalows standing amid their groups of trees on the hither side of the native town and bazaar. A broad lake, full to overflowing after heavy rain, but dry in summer, covered many acres on the outskirts of the cantonment, and a smaller sheet of water lay between the lines and the bazaar. On these we had fine duck-shooting in the cold weather when the migratory birds arrived, and a few couple of snipe

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were often to be picked up among the reeds that grew upon the marshy margin of the lake.

This remote but pleasant military station was established after the conclusion of the Mahratta and Pindari War, which broke out in 1817, and ended with the pacification of Southern and Central India. When that war was brought to a successful conclusion, and the Mahratta hosts had been defeated, while the main strongholds of the Pindari robbers had been overrun, there still remained scattered about the country bands of marauders who lived by rapine. These people viewed with dismay and opposed with force the establishment of effective power in the land where they had been so long accustomed to carry on with impunity their lawless mode of life. Many of these bands occupied strongholds in the Deccan, and among others a noted insurgent, Naik Naosaji, held the forts of Umarkhed and Nowah, some forty miles east of Hingoli, where he had assembled a considerable force of Arabs and other marauders. For the reduction of these banditti a force of the Hyderabad troops, consisting of Reformed Horse and the Russell Brigade, was ordered to concentrate at Umarkhed in January, 1819.

A battery was erected within six hundred yards of the walls, and the enemy's guns were soon silenced, while a sap was driven up to the place, and several sorties were repulsed. It took twenty-three days to reach the glacis, where a mine was exploded and the fort stormed. Under cover of the cloud of dust raised by the explosion, Ensign Oliphant, of the Engineers, rushed forward and planted the ladders, and the breach was stormed by the grenadiers of the Russell Brigade under Captain Hare. Meanwhile, Lieutenant George Hampton, bounding ahead of his men of the Berar Infantry, was nearly cut off, but carried the enemy's works to the right. In an hour the whole place was in the hands of the assailants. Those who attempted to escape were intercepted by the cavalry posted outside, and not a man got away. The garrison, who refused quarter, fought to the last, losing 439 killed and 100 prisoners, of whom 80 were wounded. Twenty years ago the breach by which the storming party entered was plainly visible, with a large palm-tree standing near the entrance, while the trace of the zig-zag sap could be plainly seen. The cavalry in these operations was commanded by Captain Evan Davies, a famous soldier and sportsman, whose name is not forgotten in the Deccan to this day. Indeed,

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it will be found by anyone who ranges these jungles that the memory of the great hunters of the past will linger for a hundred years or more, and their names may be heard by the camp-fire at night on the lips of the jungle men.

Davies, known as " Tiger Davies," was no less proficient as a man-at-arms than as a hunter of the great carnivora. He used to spear bears in the neighbourhood of Bolarum, and his skill in the use of the sword was exhibited on one occasion when he clove in two the skull of a charging panther, a feat which will be appreciated by those who have faced such an attack. With him on this service was the Nawab Murteza Yar Jung, the Indian Commandant, who brought into the force 500 horsemen, and held a tract of country for their payment. When in the Durbar of the Governor of Berar it was asked " Who will serve the English ? " this fine warrior was the first to rise and say " I am a soldier of fortune, all I require is food for my men and corn for my horses, nor much of either. These the English have never denied to those who serve them faithfully, and I am ready to serve them and to march on the instant wheresoever they may command. All countries are alike to Murteza Yar Jung." It is recorded in our annals that till the day of his death, in 1830, he was ever first in the post of danger, setting an animating example to his men. And a contemporary wrote : " The majestic and soldierlike form and bearing of Murteza Yar Jung, attesting through many a deep scar the part he had sustained in well-fought fields, will hardly be forgotten by any who have seen this distinguished chief."

The cavalry of the Reformed Horse, afterwards the Hyderabad Contingent, were also effectively employed in the storming of strongholds. They were always ready for service. An hour after the call of the trumpet they would ride off fully equipped, cover a hundred miles by night, carry out an operation at dawn, and return to the cantonment with booty and prisoners. Shortly before the siege of Nowah another famous soldier, John Sutherland, stormed a fort at the head of his dismounted cavalry, being himself wounded in the encounter. The whole garrison was put to the sword or taken prisoners. A few years later Lieutenant Stirling was first wounded and then shot dead in storming an Arab stronghold at the head of a party of cavalry, the place being shortly reduced by the same Captain John Sutherland, who was afterwards English Resident at Gwalior.

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There were fine jungles within reach of Hingoli, where good hunting was obtained by generations of sportsmen, some of whom are remembered in the countryside to this day. Among these was Geoffrey Nightingale, who commanded the 3rd Cavalry, and died as he had lived, in the saddle. When in the act of spearing a panther on horseback he was seen to sway in his seat and fall from his horse ; he had broken a blood-vessel in the brain, and never recovered consciousness. Close to the cantonment small game was plentiful, and we made many a good bag of hares, partridges, sandgrouse, green pigeons, and peafowl, with occasional florican and great bustard. There was plenty of black buck and gazelle, and when beating for small game there was always a chance of turning out a panther. For tigers one had to go to more distant jungles beyond the hills in the east. No pen can describe the beauties and attractions of those splendid jungles ; one almost dreads to recall their memories, so poignant is the recollection of joyous days that have for ever passed away ; like the thoughts embodied in the words of Ossian : " When shall the Wanderer's youth return, when his ear rejoice in the sound of the chase ? Come with your hills ye streams of Morven ! Listen to the voice of the Wanderer ! The song rises like the sun in my soul. I feel the joys of other times. As flies the inconstant breeze over Morven's grassy hills, so pass the tales of old along my soul by night. It is the voice of the years that are gone—they roll before me with all their deeds."

In the days of our youth the forests are enchanted, and the voices of the creatures that inhabit them make music that is sweet melody in the hunter's ear. In the sunshine the forest is shrill with the ceaseless stridulation of the cicada and the voice of many birds, and in the evening when the sun is setting, the embers of the day burn red between the trees in the west. Night descends, and the great prowlers of the darkness issue forth from the lairs where they have lain in umbrageous thickets shielded from the rays of the sun. Mysterious " sounds that live in darkness " fill the forest, and on moonlight nights the bright effulgence discloses shadows that flit from glade to glade. Overhead the stars shine and watch with myriad eyes, and witness sights that no human eye can see. And in the morning the east grows pale with the light of coming day, before which night's phantom armies, the shadows of the forest, disperse and flee away.

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Then it is that the experienced eye of the hunter can read the story of the night in the book of nature that lies open before him. In the dust of the paths he can read of the comings and goings of the animals; on the margin of the pool he can see what beasts have been to slake their thirst under cover of darkness; in the freshly cropped grass and young shoots of the bamboo he can see where bison have passed, even though the ground be too hard to show a footmark; the presence of bears is revealed by scratches on the trunks of fruit or honey-bearing trees, or in freshly-excavated ants' nests; and even the vultures circling in the infinite azure of the skies, where they are gathering in expectation of a feast, and wheeling in ever-descending circles, tell where the tiger's victim lies.

There must have been many tigers killed in the jungles on and beyond the Pein Gunda by officers from Hingoli during the occupation of that place by the Hyderabad Contingent, although comparatively few used to visit them in search of sport. I myself brought to bag forty tigers during four hot weather expeditions, and those who penetrated the forests in years before probably found these animals still more numerous. The maps of the country surrounding the cantonment, patched, worn, and travel-stained, are in my library, and, as I look into the past, memory comes galloping up the path of time, and the natural features depicted on the map rise before me like a mirage. There the great tiger jungles are approached by a dotted line on the map, seventy miles long, traversed in a lengthy ride each year at the beginning of the hot weather for the annual expedition. When I close my eyes and sink the string of thought into the well of memory, figures of the past throng before me. There is the vision of the little white tent pitched under the mango-tree. Bhima, the Bhil shikari, trailing in with a limp, and a spear in his hand; Nathu, faithful follower of many years, his face scored by panther scratches, and his tongue wagging while he relates the incidents of the day's hunt; Chunder, true and honest, with his spaniel eyes; Kanha, shikari from a neighbourhing village, who died from poison said to have been administered by an enemy; and old "Brook Sahib," whose garments consisted of a battered pith hat and a sleeveless khaki jacket; his job was to drive the cattle and clean the tiger-skulls. But now not one remains, all have long departed for the Happy Hunting Grounds, where I hope they may meet

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me in the camp pitched on the far side of the river with news of the sport to be had in those dim regions where, as Frank Buckland said upon his death-bed, "we shall meet with many interesting animals."

There was in these jungles a vast quantity of game. In every glade the dappled hides of spotted deer were to be seen, the hinds uttering shrill barks of alarm, the stags with branching antlers standing motionless at gaze beneath the trees, or, when undisturbed, the deer could be seen cropping the young shoots, some standing on their hind legs to reach the overhanging boughs, or with soft muzzles dipping in the water where they drank and where their graceful forms were reflected in the glassy stream. But if one moved towards them they all disappeared like spectres in the shades of the forest. On the hill-sides the larger sambur stags belled at passing tigers; bison and blue-bull might be seen in the glades; four-horned antelope, waving white scuts like danger-signals, sprang into the thickets, and wild dogs sought their prey; while overhead monkeys grey and brown swung from branch to branch, flinging curses at feline enemies, and on the river banks gorgeous peacocks spread their jewelled trains.

Everywhere in the evening the hum of life filled the forest; the shrill call of the peafowl and jungle-fowl; the cry of the painted francolin—"Shaik Farid! Shaik Farid!"—the monotonous screaming crescendo of the koel, the brain-fever bird, all these awoke the woodland echoes. Each year I penetrated farther into unknown jungles. In a remote valley three tigers are marked upon the map. One of these was the Great Lhona tiger, a monster weighing over five hundred pounds, with a ruff round his face and an almost leonine mane. Another was a tigress, which led me a long chase. Each day she retired before dawn to some remote lair to which we in vain endeavoured to trace her. Then at daybreak one morning I cautiously approached a calf which she had killed, after taking off my boots, and from the bank above I saw the tigress lying near the remains of her victim; she afforded an easy shot, and thus the chase came to a satisfactory end.

Farther still to the east, beyond a range of hills, three tigers were shot. Two were a pair killed on the same spot with a right and left in the dry bed of a river from which they were driven out of a patch of tamarisk. The tiger fell first, and his mate came out shortly afterwards and jumped over his body. I shot her through the heart, and she dashed on

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for a hundred yards or more, and died with her teeth firmly fixed in the branches of a bush. The other tiger was killed a few miles off. He was wounded, not very severely, and on following him up through long grass I came upon him suddenly, lying down a few feet off. It was one of those occasions when a moment's hesitation would be more fatal to man than tiger, but I fired on the instant, as the great beast's green eyes glowed, and shot him through the heart before he had time to rise. Another tiger, followed up in the same manner, in this neighbourhood, was fortunately found dead after it had rushed several hundred yards. I shot a panther in the same beat. Only a march beyond this I found a family of two tigers and a cub, which I unfortunately could not bag, being recalled from leave at the critical moment when the three tigers were about to be marked down. The old tiger was a cannibal, and I was able to reconstruct the story of a tragedy from his tracks. One of his feet left a track like a bear's plantigrade hind foot. Then one day I found unmistakable evidence, including a claw imbedded in tiger's hair, that he was a cannibal, and it was possible to reconstruct the story of a fight in which he had been wounded by his antagonist, whom he had afterwards devoured.

However, though personal reminiscences of sport are typical of an important phase in the annals of the cantonment, they would be extended to an inordinate length if fully described, for they occupied what seemed at the time the most strenuous and serious portion of a four years' residence in that fine country.

Although the Pindaris were crushed and scattered in the war from 1817 to 1819, as has already been related, detachments from Hingoli were constantly employed in pursuit of wandering bands of miscreants, Arabs, Rohillas, and other rebels, right up to 1860. Scarcely a year passed without some action with these marauders, and the garrison was in 1841 engaged in the suppression of a serious rebellion, when the insurgents were defeated and their leader, Apa Sahib, was captured. When the great mutiny of the Bengal Army, which to some extent was reflected in the Deccan, had been suppressed, wandering bands of marauders, who had gathered owing to the turbulence of the times, were dealt with by a considerable field force under Brigadier Hill.

On January 15th, 1859, the force came up with a body of rebels—Arabs, Rohillas, and Deccanis—who had plundered

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Risod, some forty miles west of the cantonment. The enemy, 400 strong, were rounded up by a gallant officer, Captain Clogstoun, with only eight men of the 2nd Cavalry, and were driven into the village of Chichamba. In this first encounter, Captain Clogstoun, who afterwards received the Victoria Cross for his gallantry, was wounded, while four of his eight men were killed and three wounded. The remainder of Brigadier Hill's force soon came up, and the village was surrounded. An attempt to capture the fort by assault failed, Captain McKinnon being killed and Captain Hoseason wounded, whereupon the force withdrew under a heavy fire.

The village consisted of the usual scattered houses with a fort in the middle. In order to prevent the escape of the enemy, the brigadier had directed the cavalry outposts, which had been placed in position, to be withdrawn just before sunset, as if with the intention of retiring, but as soon as it became dark they resumed their former positions. The moon rose and shone upon the plain, lighting up the scene, outlining the scattered trees and bushes and the more distant hills. No sound broke the silence of the night, and friend and enemy alike appeared to have retired to rest. But the sentries were alert. Between nine and ten o'clock a dull murmur arose within the walls of Chichamba, and gathered in volume as the insurgents broke from the village and began their retreat across the plain, moving in the direction of the hills. They marched in a dense phalanx, sullen and fierce and bristling with arms. The cavalry, eager for the fray, closed in upon them on every side, followed them with difficulty across the plain, which was intersected by numerous ravines, and pressed on in pursuit up the hill, where a flat plateau offered more favourable ground for their action. From the dense mass of the enemy the flash of firearms pierced the shadows of the night, the rebels firing with steadiness, neither asking nor receiving quarter, and resisting to the last with sword and dagger. But the troopers showed the greatest gallantry, closing in on every side, and carrying on the fight across the hills until the shattered remnants of the insurgents were driven headlong into a deep ravine, impassable to the pursuers, where they made their escape into dense jungle. The fight had been short and fierce, and the enemy suffered severely, for the ground between the pickets and the ravine into which they finally plunged was strewn with their dead and wounded.

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Many individual acts of gallantry were recorded. The risaldar-major of the 2nd Cavalry was killed in the encounter when the enemy were first driven from the village. Trooper Mahomed Nur Khan dashed alone into the hostile column, when he was severely wounded and had his horse shot; and Zulfikar Khan, whose brother was slain in the morning, was wounded after he had killed two of the enemy. Risaldar-Major Ahmed Bakhsh Khan, a famous officer ever foremost in the fight, killed two men.

This fine officer died only some eighteen years ago at ninety-three years of age. He was a true leader of men and a first-rate swordsman, promoted for distinguished service and gallant conduct at the battle of Mandesar, in 1858, when the cavalry of the force was termed by Sir Hugh Rose " the wings of my army." He was a fine sportsman, and speared many a boar and many a bear in the Deccan jungles. On one occasion he attacked a tiger with no other weapon than a sword, and his spearing of panthers was no uncommon feat. One of his sons died of injuries sustained in an encounter with a bear, and he himself broke his leg when out pigsticking, and was afterwards a cripple, although he continued to ride with one of his stirrups shortened. When nearly ninety years of age he accompanied some officers of his old regiment out pigsticking. This noble officer was a type of many of his class in the force to which he belonged. Captain Clogs-stoun died nearly forty years before his gallant comrade. He sleeps in the little cemetery where, for nigh upon a hundred years, the trumpets ringing out each day across the plain sounded the requiem of those whose life and death are recorded in the annals of the cantonment, some who fell in battle and others victim in encounters with wild beasts or dead from fell disease. But now the echoes are for ever hushed, where they once awoke to martial sounds, and the gallant dead, sleeping their last sleep beneath the shadow of the cypress and the acacia, await in silence and in peace the sound of the last reveillé.

Among other tombs was that of an officer who died from wounds received in an encounter with a panther. He had wounded the animal, and was following it up in company with some troopers of his regiment, when it rushed out from a thicket and attacked one of his men. He seized the panther by the tail and pulled him off, whereupon it turned upon him and inflicted some slight wounds on his arm. For a week

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he seemed to be doing well, when suddenly blood-poisoning set in, and in twenty-four hours he was dead. There was only a claw wound in his wrist. These beasts are very dangerous, owing to the putrid flesh from their prey which adheres round the base of the teeth and claws and may be seen in the form of a black line. There is no more deadly poison. This is known to those savage tribes who poison their arrows by plunging them into putrid flesh.

At one place where I used to shoot, and where I killed a man-eating tiger, the wild beasts were reputed to be particularly fierce and dangerous, no doubt because a series of accidents took place in the district. A native officer was one day pulled from a tree by a panther, and a shikari who accompanied me that year was killed by one of these animals. In this jungle, also, it was my fortune to be mauled by a panther which had been wounded. A charging tiger or panther is very difficult to stop. This one seized me by the arm, tearing out a large piece of the forearm, and then bit deep into my thigh down to the bone, while the claws were imbedded in the calf of the leg, inflicting wounds which took many weeks to heal. It is commonly supposed that animals of the feline species spring on their prey. They do not spring, but charge *ventre-à-terre*, uttering short growls, and seize one in the rush. They usually inflict a few bites, and then rush off again.

In our time death in the form of cholera took toll of officers in this remote and isolated spot. A very gallant officer was stricken with the disease one morning, and died after a brave struggle for life. I sat beside his bed on his last night on earth. The paroxysms of the disease had subsided, and he lingered in semi-consciousness. The " last post " sounded and roused for a moment his attention to the bugle-call that he knew so well and would never hear again. Day dawned, after the long hours of the night. He scarcely breathed, and his spirit seemed to hover, with the fluttering of his pulse, on the margin of the river of death. " Reveillé " rang out across the plain. It must have struck upon the dulled senses of a listening ear. He sat up on the first note, and murmured, " It is morning." And as the last echo died upon the morning air, he sank back and his spirit fled. . . . . For him it was morning, indeed ! " Reveillé " called him to the last parade, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

ASIATICUS.

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A NAVAL ROUND ROBIN

BY the courtesy of Paymaster Rear-Admiral W. E. R. Martin, C.M.G., R.N., THE FIGHTING FORCES is enabled to present a *facsimile* of a round-robin forwarded by the " ship his company " of H.M. Sloop *Cadmus* at Sheerness to the Honourable Board of Admiralty in December, 1818. The cause of complaint was " that the said sloop has been crusing in the North Seas for three years without relief, and ' now we have come inn and liklewood sent to sea again.' " The minute by their Lordships is as follows :—

Dec. 26. Lieut. Sir J. Gore to go on board this ship and if he find this letter avowed by the crew to express to them their Ldps displeasure and surprise at receiving this letter. Their Ldps never made any engagement to pay off this or any other ship at the expiration of three years and tho' their Ldps have generally found it convenient to the public service in time of peace to pay off ships about that period yet their Ldps must always be the sole judges of when it may be proper to pay off any of H.M.S. and if any other occasion of a similar nature should [—?] Sir J. Gore is to make their Ldps sentiments known to the crews of the ships under their command.

[*Initialed.*]

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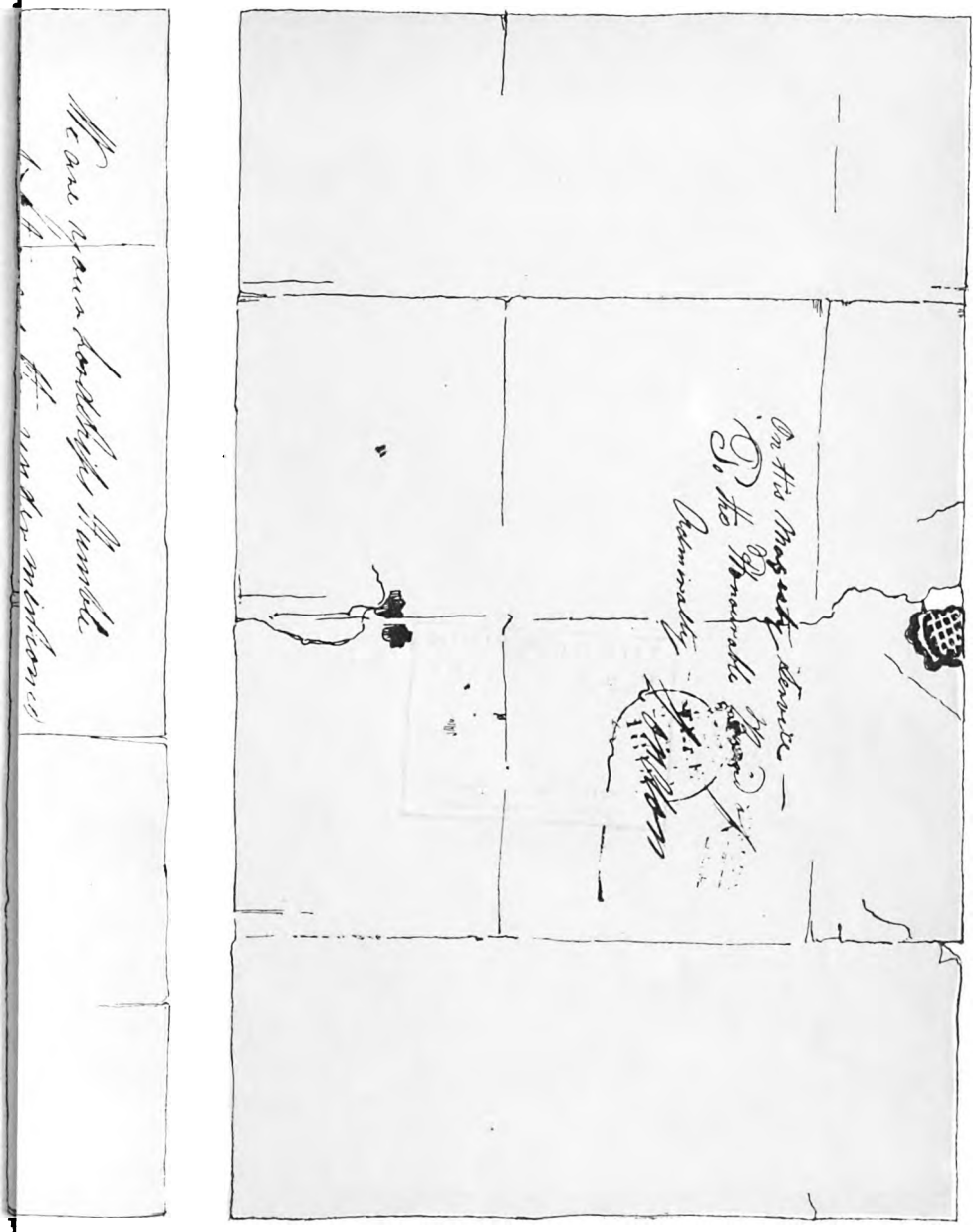

ADMIRALTY, 23rd DECEMBER, 1818.

is the Admiralty minute. ***Right:*** **Address and Seal.**

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THE TWO GEORGES

A CRITIC whose judgment I revere, on this side idolatry, as much as any, has pointed out that Thackeray took an unduly jaundiced view of the social position of the fighting forces in his own time. As an example, it is suggested that "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" might be reviewed and that a profitable comparison might be drawn between the novelist's treatment of George Osborne and that of George Warrington—two characters on whom, without making either of them his hero in the technical sense of fiction, he evidently spent a great deal of close and laborious study.

There can be little doubt that Thackeray thought that each of these two was, in his way, typical of a large class of Englishmen. The modern novelist would probably rank George Osborne—"a Captain in the British Army" to whom "dare" was a word that must not be used, even by his generous and doting father—well above the briefless and impecunious barrister who "scribbled for the papers," even if he had left a reputation at Oxbridge as "stunning Warrington" and could still refresh his jaded mind by reading "his favourite poetry and mathematics" half through the night. George Osborne was a handsome lad—in spite of his bushy black whiskers—first class at all games, the idol of his men, and of unquestioned bravery—as he showed at Waterloo and on the notable occasion when he made a famous breakfast before he went out with Mr. Rocket at Quebec. It can only have been the *spretæ injuria formæ*, one would think, that made Mrs. Rawdon Crawley describe him as a low-bred Cockney dandy and a padded booby. Ouida or John Strange Winter would have been extremely pleased never to have had a worse hero, and even in the pages of Mr. Kipling he might have passed muster without offence. Even the dashing Guardsman for whom Thackeray had a sneaking kindness had to admit, when old Miss Crawley asked if he was a person whom she could invite to Park Lane, "Presentable?—oh, very well. You wouldn't see any difference." Yet, because his father was only a city merchant, Thackeray obviously despised him.

Very different is the novelist's respectful attitude to George Warrington, whose position in society was apparently assured beyond question by his being the younger son of an

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East Anglian baronet. Even Major Pendennis, that devout and single-minded worshipper of rank in all its manifestations, was " quite satisfied when he heard that Mr. Warrington was a younger son of Sir Miles Warrington of Suffolk." It may be observed that the Warrington family had evidently changed their country seat since their ancestor in " The Virginians " had omitted to ask Harry Warrington down to Norfolk for the partridges. Possibly they had effected an exchange of estates with Sir Thomas Claypool. We are specially invited to notice how the conscious pride of birth shone through Mr. Warrington's unassuming demeanour. " The young man was perfectly easy and unembarrassed. He was dressed in a ragged old shooting jacket, and had a bristly blue beard. He was drinking beer like a coal-heaver, and yet you couldn't but perceive that he was a gentleman." Perhaps the modern reader may be permitted to have some doubts on that subject when he recalls Mr. Warrington's singularly unprovoked attack on poor little Barnes Newcome—himself, too, a baronet —for decrying the quality of the claret at Greenwich. " It is good wine—it is honest wine—it is capital wine," says George, " and *honi soit qui mal y pense !* What business have you, you little beggar, to abuse it ? My ancestor drank the wine and wore the motto round his leg long before a Newcome ever showed his pale face in Lombard Street." *In vino veritas* —or, as Prince Seithenyn preferred to express it, " reason speaks in the silence of wine." It is hard to believe that George Osborne could ever have made himself so gratuitously offensive. Yet the one is sneered at, and the other is placed on a social pedestal. The dyer's hand is subdued to what it works in, and some of his favourite snobbery seems to have come off on that of Thackeray.

It may be said, of course, that some justice is done to the social standing of the Army in Thackeray's eyes by his respectful treatment of Rawdon Crawley. But it was not because he was a Guardsman so much as because he, too, was the younger son of a baronet, and had an aunty with sixty thousand pounds at her own disposal, that Rawdon was exalted. The mere Guardsman, deprived of extraneous aristocratic appendages, was but a humble person in Thackeray's eyes, as we may see in his thumbnail sketch of Captain Macmurdo, " who was at home with people of all ranks and ages, and consorted with generals, dog-fanciers, opera-dancers, bruisers, and every kind of person, in a word." This genial creature

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performed his toilet with peculiar care when he thought he was about to meet a lord, but was put off with an interview with the artful Mr. Wenham, and was all but lowered to the level of the insufferable Mr. Wagg. "He was not exactly a lady's man; that is, men asked him to dine rather at the houses of their mistresses than of their mothers. There can scarcely be a life lower, perhaps, than his; but he was quite contented with it, such as it was, and led it in perfect good-nature, simplicity, and modesty of demeanour." The austere moralist may possibly think that even a lower depth was reached by the famous exponent of the art of living on nothing a year in Curzon Street. Yet, if Thackeray had been old enough to meet Captain Osborne and Captain Crawley at the Duke of York's levee, we can easily guess from which of them he would have preferred to receive a friendly nod.

It is curious to remember that, throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and indeed right into Thackeray's time, the Navy and Army did not hold a very high social rank in our fiction. Indeed, they both seem to have been frankly middle-class, so long as we make an exception in favour of the sprigs of fashion who carried their rank and money with them—or were carried by them—on to the parade ground or the quarter-deck. Probably the sprigs of fashion were themselves in great measure to blame for this. So long as promotion in both services went almost entirely by influence or by purchase, it is hardly surprising that what we may call the professional officer was not very highly thought of by the public—or at least by that part of it which appears in the pages of fiction, from Defoe and Fielding to Jane Austen and Dickens. It is one of the most crying scandals of our social history that things so long remained in this condition. As early as 1666 Samuel Pepys—who, for all his self-indulgence and coxcombery, was an honest and patriotic servant of the public—recalls with just indignation how a friend of his heard "Captain Digby (my Lord of Bristol's son, a young fellow that never was but one year, if that, in the fleete) say that he did hope he should not see a Tarpaulin," *i.e.*, a professional officer—"have the command of a ship within this twelve months." And again he tells us that the curse of the navy is "the having of gentlemen Captains, who discourage all Tarpaulins, and have given out that they would in a little time bring it to that pass that a Tarpaulin should not dare to aspire to more than to be a Boatswain or

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a Gunner. That this makes the Sea Captains to lose their good affections of the service, and to instil it into the seamen too, and that the seamen do see it themselves and resent it." Even as late as Nelson's time promotion in the Navy still went by favour. Marryat's novels swarm with instances, of which one need only refer to Peter Simple's ingenious device for getting his friend O'Brien appointed to a ship through the unintentional good offices of his uncle Lord Privilege. Peter tells us that it was always the fool of the family who was selected for a naval career, but in his case they surely made a mistake. Very similar was the " making " of William Price into a lieutenant. Even the majestic Sir Thomas Bertram acknowledged that it was quite uncertain when he could have got his nephew on by his own interest, baronet and Member of Parliament though he was. It was the happy accident that Fanny Price's admirer had an uncle an Admiral, who was well regarded in Whitehall, which shortened the weary while of waiting. As Miss Austen herself had two brothers in the Navy, she knew pretty well what she was writing about in this case.

A few years earlier Sir Hew Dalrymple wrote of the sister service, " There is not a young man in the Army that cares one farthing whether his commanding officer, his brigadier or the commander-in-chief himself approves his conduct or not. His promotion depends not on their smiles or frowns—his friends can give him a thousand pounds with which he goes to the auction room in Charles Street, and in a fortnight he becomes a captain." So, when Colonel James married Miss Bath, somewhere about the year 1730, he was able to compliment his formidable brother-in-law not only with a seat in the House of Commons, but with a lieutenant-colonelcy in his own regiment—two wedding presents which it would be difficult even for a millionaire to provide to-day. So long as this condition of affairs prevailed, and both Navy and Army continued to be the happy hunting-ground of the rich and powerful, it is no great wonder that the public at large did not think very highly of the ordinary officer, wearily waiting for an almost impossible chance of promotion on his merits. The bailiff in " Amelia " was not in the least over-awed by the great Colonel James himself, and said to him, " I am as good a fellow as yourself, I believe, though you have that riband in your hat there." It was only when he was informed that the gentleman was not only a colonel in the Army, but a

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Member of Parliament, that he got to his politeness. Those were the days when a lad was called captain by all the coffee-men in London because he wore "a red coat, a sword, a hat *bien troussé*, a martial twist in his cravat, a fierce knot in his periwig, a cane upon his button, piquet in his head, and dice in his pocket."

Amongst the features of the Army which seem to have made the deepest impression on the public mind, as represented in the fiction of the eighteenth century, was this very fact, that promotion had no relation to merit. My Uncle Toby, indeed, thought that such a consummation could not reasonably be expected in this world. "At the great and general review of us all, at the day of judgment (and not till then)—it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we shall be advanced accordingly." There are plenty of parallels to the case of the worthy officer in "Tom Jones," who had been promoted from ensign to lieutenant by the Duke of Marlborough for his distinguished behaviour on the battlefield (there were no D.S.Os. in those days). "In this commission he had continued ever since, viz., near forty years; during which time he had seen vast numbers preferred over his head, and had now the mortification to be commanded by boys, whose fathers were at nurse when he entered the service." Although Captain Booth behaved with great gallantry at the siege of Gibraltar, and was twice wounded, he not only got no promotion, but was reduced in rank and put on half-pay at the end of the campaign. When Dr. Harrison applied on his behalf to the worthy anonymous nobleman who seems to have taken a more sympathetic view of such matters than most of his ministerial friends, the peer had to shock the clergyman by explaining, "With regard to the personal merit of these inferior officers, I believe I need not tell you that it is very little regarded."

It should be observed that, if we are to judge from these same novelists, the education of the average junior officer in the eighteenth century was very far from being what it is to-day. Whether this was a cause or an effect of the rotten system of promotion, it might tax all the ingenuity of a scientific sociologist to explain. Ensign Northerton, for instance, was one—we do not know which—of two ensigns, one of whom had been bred under an attorney, and the other was son to the wife of a nobleman's butler. He it was, any way,

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who said that he knew all the troops in Europe, but had never heard of any called Greeks and Trojans, to whom Mr. Jones had made what would nowadays be considered a rather pedantic allusion, and who remarked, on obtaining an explanation, " D——n Homo with all my heart." Of somewhat similar intellectual calibre was Swift's captain, who thought that

> " A scholard, when just from his college broke loose,
> Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a goose ;
> Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs, and stuff,
> By G——, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
> To give a young gentleman right education,
> The army's the only good school in the nation."

Uncle Toby's godson, young Le Fever, affords one of the few cases in eighteenth century fiction of a lad who went into the Army from a public school. It may perhaps be objected that Captain Blifil had enjoyed an academic education, and had enough Latin and Greek to take up the systematic study of theology after that unfortunate quarrel with his colonel which compelled him to sell out. But his father had originally intended him for holy orders, so he hardly counts in this enumeration. And as a set-off to his extra-professional attainments, we are carefully told that " both his person and dress were such as, had they appeared in an assembly or a drawing-room, would have been the contempt and ridicule of all the fine ladies there." Fielding evidently agreed with Swift that the *beau monde* held that universities made young men pedants, and that " to dance, fence, speak French, and know how to behave yourself among great persons of both sexes, comprehends the whole duty of a gentleman."

The best defence of education for an officer in all eighteenth century fiction will be found in Fielding's explanation why Booth's father, though he designed his son for the Army, did not think it necessary to bring him up as a blockhead. " He did not, perhaps, imagine that a competent share of Latin and Greek would make his son either a pedant or a coward. He considered likewise, probably, that the life of a soldier is in general a life of idleness ; and might think that the spare hours of an officer in country quarters would be as well employed with a book as in sauntering about the streets, loitering in a coffee-house, sotting in a tavern, or in laying schemes to debauch and ruin a set of harmless ignorant

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country girls." We may recall the letter in which Dr. Johnson told a friend that his godson was " weary, and rationally weary, of a military life," adding that " a soldier's time is passed in distress and danger, or in idleness or corruption." Yet it was the same sturdy moralist who admitted, in one of his frankest moments, that " every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea." But it is painfully clear that Fielding meant the case of Mr. Booth to be taken as exceptional in the manners of his day, and that his satire had a pointed application at the time, though happier manners have caused it to be blunted. In general, indeed, the eighteenth century seems to have had some stupid kind of notion that the study of human letters literally *emollit mores* in a way which unfits its follower to exchange hard knocks with a Frenchman or a Prussian grenadier. It is rather humorous to recall that, when the principle of competitive examinations for commissions first came in, that fine old crusted Tory, Thomas Love Peacock, wrote a kind of revue to satirize it, in which the goddess Circe called up several spirits of the famous dead, in their youthful guise, who were all severally examined and declared to be totally disqualified for a military career, until Circe waved her hand and " changed them into their semblance of maturer years," when they proved to include Hannibal, Oliver Cromwell, and Richard Cœur-de-Lion, who " flourished his battle-axe over the heads of the examiners." But it is probably not only in regard to literature that the average product of Sandhurst could give cards and spades to Mr. Northerton.

At the very end of the eighteenth century it does seem odd that Scott, the " delight of generous boys," who probably did more than any writer in our literature to throw a glamour over the profession of arms, either was unable or did not feel inclined to draw a picture at once adequate and attractive of the soldiers of his own and the preceding generations. Edward Waverley was surely too great a milksop to be a successful soldier. The brief account of his professional career chiefly calls attention to those " fits of absence " on the parade ground which led him to ask himself in vain " why his eye could not judge of distance or pace as well as those of his companions; why his head was not always successful in disentangling the various partial movements necessary to execute a particular evolution; and why his memory, so alert upon most occasions, did not correctly retain technical

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phrases, and minute points of etiquette or field discipline "—words which will make a special appeal to some of those who had the honour to hold temporary commissions in the late war. Colonel Mannering, though a fine gentleman in his way—some thought that he was very like Scott himself—is rather a dry stick, and so is Colonel Talbot. Lovel suffers, like too many of Scott's leading gentlemen, from the trifling defect of not being alive ; and Hector MacIntyre, though alive enough in all conscience, is but an unlicked cub. Harry Bertram, though an engaging lad, might just as well have been a landscape painter in reality instead of a captain of horse, for all that we see to the contrary. We cannot find much to admire in the pugnacious Captain MacTurk, who " always wore a blue coat and red collar, had a supercilious taciturnity of manner, ate sliced leeks with his cheese, and resembled in complexion a Dutch red herring." Even the elegant Harry Jekyll himself is merely " one of those fine gentlemen whom we pay for polishing the pavement in Bond Street, and looking at a thick shoe and a pair of worsted stockings as if the wearer were none of their paymasters." It must be admitted, too, that Harry sailed uncommonly near the wind of blackmail for a Guardsman. Even less laudatory is the detailed description of a typical cavalry officer in the " Bridal of Triermain " :—

" One, for the simple manly grace
That wont to deck our martial race,
That comes in foreign trashery
Of tinkling chain and spur,
A walking haberdashery
Of feathers, lace and fur :
In Rowley's antiquated phrase,
Horse-milliner of modern days."

One might almost think that Scott had himself on some occasion been treated " as the young gentlemen of his Majesty's Guards think themselves entitled to use every unfashionable variety of the human species," or that the Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry suffered from that jealousy of his Regular colleague which has so unjustly been said to affect temporary officers, were it not that he could find no better start in life for his own eldest son than a cornetcy in the 18th Hussars, " a profession for which he is well suited, being of a calm but remarkably firm temper."

The most human and lovable of all Scott's contemporary

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men of war seems, indeed, to be the inimitable Captain Clutterbuck, who analyses his own motives for entering the service with such charming *naïveté*, and decides that it was certainly not the red coat which attracted him. " As for vanity, or love of finery for itself, I was such a stranger to it, that the difficulty was great to make me brush my coat and appear in proper trim upon parade. I shall never forget the rebuke of my old Colonel on a morning when the King reviewed a brigade of which ours made part. ' I am no friend to extravagance, Ensign Clutterbuck,' said he ; ' but, on the day when we are to pass before the Sovereign of the kingdom, in the name of God I would have at least shown him an inch of clean linen.' " The real incentive which led to Mr. Clutterbuck's obtaining a commission in the Royal Scots Fusiliers seems to have been the happy vacuity of all employment in which he observed that half-pay officers passed their time, with the certainty of enjoying a guinea and a clean shirt at least four times a week ! Alas ! the hardships through which he had to pass to reach this half-pay Nirvana inclined him to acquiesce in Goldsmith's dictum, that " the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent."

W. E. Garrett Fisher.

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THE ORIGIN OF "H.M.S. PINAFORE"

SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B., though he could be stern enough with the quarter-deck, was by no means a disciplinarian where A.Bs. were concerned. It is distinctly curious that William Gilbert, the father of the creator of Sir Joseph, should have held views very similar to those of that eminent naval administrator, views which were also shared by Captain Reece, R.N., the gallant and sympathetic commander of H.M.S. *Mantlepiece*. As a boy, William Gilbert was a midshipman in the old John Company's navy, but retired because "his views on the Rights of Man differed from those of his superiors." For a midshipman to argue with the First Luff on such a point can only be described as Gilbertian, and it really looks rather as if William Schwenk Gilbert were gently poking fun at his father when he wrote some of his Bab Ballads and "H.M.S. *Pinafore*."

The father of the famous Bab Balladist had a varied career. In turns midshipman, medical student, naval surgeon, journalist and man of letters, he wrote a series of novels which are now probably totally forgotten, but which are, many of them, of a curious interest. He specialized in lunatics, not, as Charles Reade did, with a view to bettering the scandalous conditions then obtaining in lunatic asylums, but rather from an interest in their psychology.

Many works of fiction, good, bad and (mostly) indifferent have been written about the Navy and the Army. On the whole, I think, in this respect, the Senior Service scores. It is true that that appalling farrago of sentimental tosh "Bootle's Baby" won high praise from Mr. John Ruskin, then, one hopes for the credit of his critical faculties, in his dotage. (It must be remembered that Mr. Ruskin in his later years poured out a torrent of burning eloquence on the iniquity of —Jumbo being allowed to leave England.) Lever's novels, of course, bear reading again, though—it is a matter of opinion—I would put him below Marryat; there are simple souls (God bless everybody!) who like "The Romance of War"; but certainly the Army never had so extraordinary a tale written about it as "King George's Middy," by William Gilbert. It never had a great success, and probably few, if any, of the readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES have ever heard of it.

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I was fortunate enough to have a copy given to me when I was a small boy, and there was no book that I valued more, not excepting the somewhat rare and shiny volumes ladled out, it may have been by an Eminent Divine, or old General Gadzooks, or the local Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, all of whom of course, would roundly assert (like all prize distributors) that he had never won a prize in his life. To one's youthful intelligence this seemed incredible; to one's riper apprehension it does not seem altogether inexplicable. Of course, had prizes been given for Gentle Amiability, Genial Gadzookery, or Boozy Breeziness, each would have been, in their own pet phrase, *facile princeps*, which word *facile*, by the way, Sir Tunbelly had the odd fancy of pronouncing as though it furnished a rhyme to " agile." Those dreadful shiny prizes! I have them yet, but who is so lost to all sense of decency as to read a school prize?—books which you open with great difficulty, owing apparently to some defect in their binding, but which shut themselves up with a kind of snap. They are, as one's nurse used to say,—and the decalogue also, though not in so many words—" Only to look at, not touch."

But " King George's Middy " was a very different matter; here was adventure on the high seas and in strange lands with a pleasant strain of lunacy running through it all the time. What boy, or for that matter what grown-up—always provided that his brow be not over high—could want more? It was published in 1869, with 150 illustrations signed Bab, that is to say W. S. Gilbert. It is the story of Miles Coppinger who, destined for the Church, was so influenced by " Gulliver's Travels," and " Robinson Crusoe " that his father yielded to his wishes, and obtained for him a commission in the Navy. Young Miles joins H.M.S. *Albatross* as a midshipman, and two days before she sails receives a box sent to him by his grandmother containing a pair of pattens, a large seed-cake, two flannel nightcaps, a small jar, a bottle and a miniature of the old lady herself. This admirable grandmother wrote to Miles :—

" I send you an excellent pair of pattens so that you may not get your feet wet when superintending the decks being washed; also a nice seed-cake which I hope you will like. I would advise you to give some slices of the cake to the sailors as it is as well to make friends with them and an act of kindness is seldom thrown away. I also send you two warm flannel nightcaps, which you will find very useful if you should happen

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to catch a cold in your head, especially if you put your feet into warm water when you go to bed. There is also a jar of brimstone and treacle. You had better take two spoonfuls of it every morning when you get into a warm climate. Also a bottle of garlic and rum which I hope you will take great care of till you need it."

The midshipman says truly enough that his grandmother was "evidently unacquainted with nautical affairs." Her gifts get him into trouble with his fellows and the bully of the mess exclaims: "Put garlic into rum! Why, the old cat ought to be burnt for spoiling good liquor." Before they sail he disposes of the pattens and nightcaps to a bum-boat woman who, as depicted by Bab, bears a striking resemblance in face to that most celebrated member of her profession, Little Buttercup. By the way, as the Bab Ballads are not, I fear, so well known as they should be, I may be excused for pointing out that this lady's original name was Miss Poll Pineapple. She was in love with the commander of the gun-boat *Hot Cross Bun*, Lieutenant Belaye, who was so proud of his ship that—

"With the laudable view of enhancing his country's naval pride
When people inquired her size Lieutenant Belaye replied:
'Oh my ship, my ship is the first of the Hundred and twenty-ones;'
Which meant her tonnage, but people imagined it meant her guns."

Miles Coppinger goes through the usual unpleasant experiences of a Johnny Raw at any profession, and as a punishment for some slackness is told off to keep watch in a boat. He goes to sleep, and when he awakes he finds that the boat is adrift and that he is in the unpleasant predicament so admirably described by the somewhat long-winded Old Salt who held up the Wedding Guest and prevented him from keeping his appointment. However, our midshipman is fortunate enough to reach land where he beaches his boat and starts for the interior. The first person he meets is an elderly hermit who talks like an English A.B. and is so eremitical as to urge Miles to go away and leave him in peace. He explains: "If you would like to lead a life where you may have plenty to eat and nothing to pay, this is the land for you. I shouldn't wonder when they see what a nice young fellow you are if they made you their king. You'll have a good berth if they do, a precious deal better than being captain of any midshipman's mess in the service. Hadn't you better go at once?"

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" Do you know me then ? " inquires Miles, greatly astonished.

" No, nor I don't want. Once more, hadn't you better be off ? "

This is the right hermit spirit. The midshipman proceeds inland, and meets another midshipman who in appearance is his exact double, but not in character as he is vain, egotistical and ill-mannered. Part of their dialogue is worth quoting.

" When you were young," asks the double, " were you ever placed out at nurse ? "

" I was, for six months."

" I thought so. It was an infamous thing to practise so gross a deception on your respectable parents."

" To what deception do you allude ? "

" That the wretched low-born peasant with whom your amiable parents placed you should have changed you for one of her own."

This is interesting because it is an idea which W. S. Gilbert often made use of, for example in the moving ballad of General John and Private James " of the Sixty-seventy-first " ; in " Paley Vollaire of Bromptonville "; in " H.M.S. *Pinafore* "; and in the " Gondoliers." It is a jest which, nowadays, has no point. The two firms who address such passionate appeals in buses and places where they hang from straps to Mothers have helped to shatter Romance, however much they may have benefited mankind, or rather babykind—to say nothing of their shareholders.

Miles soon parts company with his disagreeable double, and meets another Englishman, who seems, from the groping way in which he walks, to be blind. The stranger, who proves to be a naval surgeon, explains to Miles " the infamous system which prevails over the whole of this island of leading people to their ruin by giving them all they want." (This reminds one of that excellent monarch, King Goodheart, who found that when, thanks to his kindness, " Everyone is somebody, then no one's anybody.") The naval surgeon then proceeds to tell his story, and a very sad story it is. He had been wrecked on the island and most kindly treated by a farmer with whose daughter, Alice, he fell in love. One evening, sitting with her in the open, and gazing at a glorious star-studded sky, he expressed the wish that his eyes had the power of telescopes. Immediately the moon swelled to a

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horrid size and Alice disappeared from his vision. The consequences of this rash wish are appalling; for example, when Alice's little brother is taken ill the surgeon, in order to look at his tongue has to walk five miles away, and when he wants to shave has, first of all, to put a looking glass in a tree at the same distance off.

Young Coppinger leaves the naval surgeon and Alice, and proceeds with an introduction from the surgeon to a friend of his, a naturalist, who had been so thoughtless as to wish that his eyes had the microscopic power of magnifying a million times. The next morning when he woke up "suddenly a repulsive-looking animal, resembling a large, deformed pot-bellied lobster, leaped across my face and disappeared." It was a flea, of which unpleasant apparition there is an excellent illustration by Bab. He also saw, so he tells Miles, a horrible reptile as large as a full-sized turtle with a hideous blood-stained mouth.

"What was it?" I inquired.

"It was the *Cimex lectularius*."

"But what is that in English?"

"Well, if you must know, they are the things that infest lodging houses in England."

"Landladies, do you mean?"

"No," he said sharply, "if you must have it, it means the common bed-bug."

Is not this dialogue absolutely W. S. Gilbert? And this passage also: "The humble bee is an object of legitimate interest in its natural condition, but when its body becomes the size of a huge beer barrel it is by no means so pleasing." Genius may not be hereditary, but if ever there was a case of whimsical humour being transmitted from father to son, it is, I think, to be found in the Gilberts.

Miles proceeds on his journey into the interior, and has a flirtation with a young damsel whom he meets called Perdita. He wishes he could make a good impression on her by rescuing her from some great danger; almost immediately as she is crossing a foot bridge it collapses under her and she is thrown into the stream. Miles plunges in and rescues her, but Perdita, who is apparently acquainted with the peculiar properties of the island, does not show any particular gratification at being saved from drowning. He continues his journey and gets into a desolate, stony, Sahara-like region, where he comes across the skeleton of a man and a horse, is

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pursued by vultures, comes face to face with a lion, and decides to go back to his friend the naval surgeon. He returns and finds him some miles from the house where Alice lives, engaged in kissing his hand to, apparently, an invisible recipient. " Don't you think," says Miles, after greeting his friend, " that it must be fatiguing for Alice and her brothers to stand for a quarter of an hour together kissing their hands at a being who is invisible to them ? " This annoys the surgeon and Miles has to apologize. His apology is worth quoting as it goes to the root of Gilbertian humour, which lies in this ; you assume an absolutely impossible—or Gilbertian—situation and then treat it as if it were perfectly natural. The midshipman says :—

" If I have made any remark that has hurt you I regret it extremely. Let me assure you that I did not allude to Alice but merely to the children. That her affection for you would be strong enough to allow her to kiss her hand to you for the whole day together without feeling fatigued, I am fully convinced, or she must be a very different young lady from what I imagine her to be. At the same time I maintain it is quite a different thing with the younger children. They, not being actuated by the same feeling as their elder sister, I can easily imagine would feel the act of kissing their hands for a quarter of an hour together every time you leave the house somewhat wearisome and, amusing as it might be at the commencement, in time it must pall upon them." What an admirable mixture of lunacy and logic !

To continue the story, the midshipman succeeds in persuading the surgeon to try to escape from the island with him, so that he may perhaps get cured and return to claim an Alice whom he can see at closer quarters than at a range of five miles ; they make their way to the coast and interview the nautical hermit in order to get him to accompany them and navigate the boat. We now get the hermit's story ; he had been a boatswain's mate " with the handsomest pigtail in the ship, as thick as his arm and reaching nearly to his waist." He, also, had been wrecked on the island and had been foolish enough to wish that his pigtail would grow faster and never stop growing till he had the longest one in the world. His wish was granted and it got so long that it trailed behind him. In alarm he cut off a yard ; the next morning it was six feet longer. He then built a hut with a hole in the wall in which he coils his unnatural pigtail, and becomes a

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hermit. The naval surgeon suggests to him that he could cure him by removing his scalp; to do so he would have to go far enough away to get him into focus and would then study the configuration of his head and, having memorized it, would return and perform the operation. The simple sailor replies: "Avast there! I'm not going to be scalped by guess to please anybody."

Finally they decide to try to escape together. They find the midshipman's boat lying high and dry, stock it with water and fruit, and set sail. The boatswain's mate, who is persuaded to take charge, tries to cheer them with the story of Bill Fid (a very Bab Balladish name), a miserly seaman who "would live the whole week on the smell of a match and only indulge himself with the thin end of a ha'porth of cheese on a Sunday." Miles Coppinger goes to sleep and wakes up to find himself—aboard the *Albatross*, where he has been lying for three weeks insensible from brain-fever.

It will be perceived that the real title of this book ought to be "The Vanity of Human Wishes." It has not only a moral, but is absolutely packed with them, as much packed with them as any of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's stories. But how much more entertaining, unless of course you read Charlotte M. with your tongue in your cheek, as was the wise habit of Lord Tennyson. Who, after being absorbed for hours in "The Daisy Chain," suddenly joyfully exclaimed: "Thank God, I see light at last. *Henry is going to be confirmed.*" But there is this difference between William Gilbert and Miss Yonge; in reading Gilbert it is not the reader who has his tongue in his cheek but the author.

That sound critic, the late Thomas Seccombe, wrote of William Gilbert that he was "endowed with a style of sparkling lucidity." This view is not shared by Mr. Sidney Dark, who says that "he suffered from an unfortunate stilted literary style." For my part I think I cannot give "King George's Middy" higher praise than by saying in the manner of a contemporary of the author, the only and immortal begetter of the "Quangle-Wangle," the "Jumblies," the "Pobble who had no Toes," and the "Yongy Bongy Bo," "'King George's Middy' is quite the most scrubious, runcible and rectangular book I have ever had the good fortune to read." It certainly was the starting point of the Bab Ballads and from those stocks the good ship "*Pinafore*" was launched.

F. J. HUDLESTON.

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SERVICE STATIONS

5.—BURMA.

THE Army as a whole knows very little of Burma. The average person would probably at once think of pagodas and most likely call to mind the memorable couplet from Rudyard Kipling :—

> " On the road to Mandalay,
> Where the flying fishes play."

but beyond that I doubt if the mental picture would be very clear. It is not until you have the fortune to be ordered to Burma that you realize the beauties of the country, the fascination of its people, and the wealth of those things which, all added together, go to make pleasant our lives in the stations where we have to serve. I do not wish to be optimistic ; the most perfect rose has its thorns. Burma is expensive ; in Rangoon and Mandalay the climate at certain times of the year is almost unbearable, yet, taking it all in all, the years spent out there can be, if you try, very happy ones indeed. Later in the course of the article I will amplify my remarks and show more clearly the lights and shades of military life spent in the various stations in Burma. But before doing so I will give a few notes on the geography and history of the country.

The northern boundary between Burma and Tibet lies in the region where the Himalayas diverge from their general direction of east and west and turn towards the sea in a series of ranges running approximately north and south. Commencing in the high and massive mountains of the main Himalayan ranges, they gradually lose their lofty and precipitous character as they approach the sea, and their valleys broaden out into great tracts of level country. Burma lies in one of these vast valleys which contains the Chindwin, the Irrawaddy, and the Salween Rivers, bounded on the east by Yunam and Siam, on the west by Assam and the Bay of Bengal, and on the south by the Indian Ocean. The three great rivers mentioned divide the mountainous regions into distinct smaller systems, of which it is not necessary here to go into details.

Very little is known of the original inhabitants of Burma,

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but they were undoubtedly an offshoot of the same ethnic race as the mountaineers of the Himalayas, and gradually spread themselves from valley to valley. The present population are the outcome of several Mongolian migrations. The first of these founded the Talaing race. The next founded the Chins and Kachins, and the Burman tribes spreading south founded a kingdom at Prome. The Talaings prevented their further aggressions. In due course in the eighth century Prome was destroyed by the Talaings and a Burmese kingdom was set up at Pagan, which was the capital of its rule for 500 years. This dynasty was broken up by another Chinese-Siamese invasion in the thirteenth century, and there was no united Burman kingdom till the sixteenth century, when the kings of Toungoo came into power.

Much internal and external strife took place during the next two centuries, but it was by the Burmese conquest of Arakan in 1784 that they were first brought into political contact with the British Government. Some Arakanese rebels sought British protection in Bengal, and their surrender was refused by Lord Wellesley. In 1824 occurred the first Burmese War, which was brought to an end in 1826, and by which the Burmans abandoned all claims to Assam and Manipur and certain provinces in Southern Burma. In 1852, on account of various commercial disputes and the high-handed action of the Burmese king, hostilities were again commenced. The second Burmese War was terminated in 1853, by which a further portion of Southern Burma was added to British possessions. The third Burmese War began in 1885, its main cause being the arbitrary attitude of King Thibaw and his Government towards British subjects and British commercial interests. Within three weeks of the declaration of war the Burmese king was a prisoner and his capital, Mandalay, in our hands. The campaign, however, dragged on, the gradual disarmament of the country being a very difficult operation. By 1890 the work of pacification throughout Upper Burma was complete, and in 1897 Burma became a province under the Government of India.

The location of garrisons in the various stations has undergone many changes in recent years, of which it is not necessary to go into details. It is sufficient to explain that the frontiers are now held entirely by Military Police Battalions, and that regular troops are concentrated in three places—Rangoon, Mandalay, and Maymyo. The Burma

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Military Police is a force under the control of the civil authorities. It consists of battalions of specially enlisted Indians, officered by British officers of the Indian Army who are seconded for that purpose. Its chief duties are those connected with internal security and enforcement of law and order. Service with the Burma Military Police is very popular with all ranks, and is particularly sought after by British officers. Before I go into details of the characteristics of life in the three military stations mentioned, I will make a few general remarks that apply to all.

As I have said before, the cost of living is high. This fact is recognized to a certain extent by the Powers that Be, for civilian officers get a special Burma allowance. The soldier is not so fortunate, and only subalterns in British Service receive it to the extent of an additional Rs50 per month above their ordinary pay. The majority of military officers are therefore financially at a distinct disadvantage when compared to their " opposite numbers " in the Civil Service.

The monthly expense of a married couple may well be as follows :—

	Rs.	Rs.
House Rent—		
10% of pay if in Government quarters, say ...		100
Furniture		50
Servants—		
Butler	40	
Bearer	30	
Cook	45	
Paniwallah (waterman)	22	
Sweeper	20	
Dhobi	18	
A minimum of	—	175
(To which may be added Gardener, Rs20–25 a month; Syces, Rs20–25 each; each can look after two ponies; Cook's Mate, Rs10–15; Ayah, Rs30–40.)		
Cook's Bazaar Book, per month, not less than ...		100
Dairy, Stores, Whisky, etc., say		100
Lighting		20
Club Bill		50
Total (approximately)		Rs600

Leaving but little for the regimental officer on which to dress, buy little luxuries, save up for leave, presents, etc., etc.

The above figures do not include any entertainment Grain and grass for a pony cost about Rs25 a month, and so,

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with shoeing and incidental expenses, it may be reckoned that a pony costs about Rs60 a month to keep. Servants are plentiful, but on the whole of poor quality, mostly Madrasis, but a few Burmans and Northern Indian Mohammedans are employed. Many of the cooks are " mugs " from Calcutta.

Petrol costs Rs3 6as. for a tin of two gallons. This is an iniquity, and works out at 2s. 3d. a gallon, far more than is paid in England, and yet this is in the country where the oil is produced from the ground. I presume that the Burma Oil Company knows the reason ; it must, at any rate, be good for the shareholders. The most useful type of car to have is one of the light models, such as an Overland, Chevrolet, or Ford. This possibly applies more to Upper Burma than to Rangoon. In the latter place the roads are excellent, and any type of car will do well. It is practically all town work ; a good rainproof hood is essential. The import duty on cars is 33⅓ per cent. of their declared value. That on guns and cartridges is the same.

Generally speaking, moderately good small game shooting is easy to obtain, jungle fowl and snipe being the commonest game. Both give excellent sport and are excellent on the table. Big game shooting is plentiful, but a good " bundebast " must be made ; this may in places be quite expensive, but if you can afford it, it is well worth the trouble and expense. Tiger, bison, sambur, thamin, tsine, elephant, and panther are amongst those which one might try to kill during leave of one or two months.

Universal games are golf, tennis, and polo. Every station has its club combined with a gymkhana, and to play tennis and golf is not expensive. Polo is entirely a matter of ponies. The height limit for Burma is 13.2. A few walers are played, but the majority are Burma-bred ponies, game little ponies, which carry anything up to 14 stone with apparent equanimity. A good Burma-bred weight-carrying pony, ready made, will cost up to Rs1,000, a light-weight up to about Rs800. Walers cost about Rs.1,200 or less, according to quality. Raw ponies are not easy to come by, as those which will make polo ponies are mostly bought up by the Burma Military Police ; but if you are fortunate enough to find one, it will cost you anything from Rs250 to Rs400 to buy. They are easy to train and take to polo very readily.

Now a few words on the life in the three military stations mentioned.

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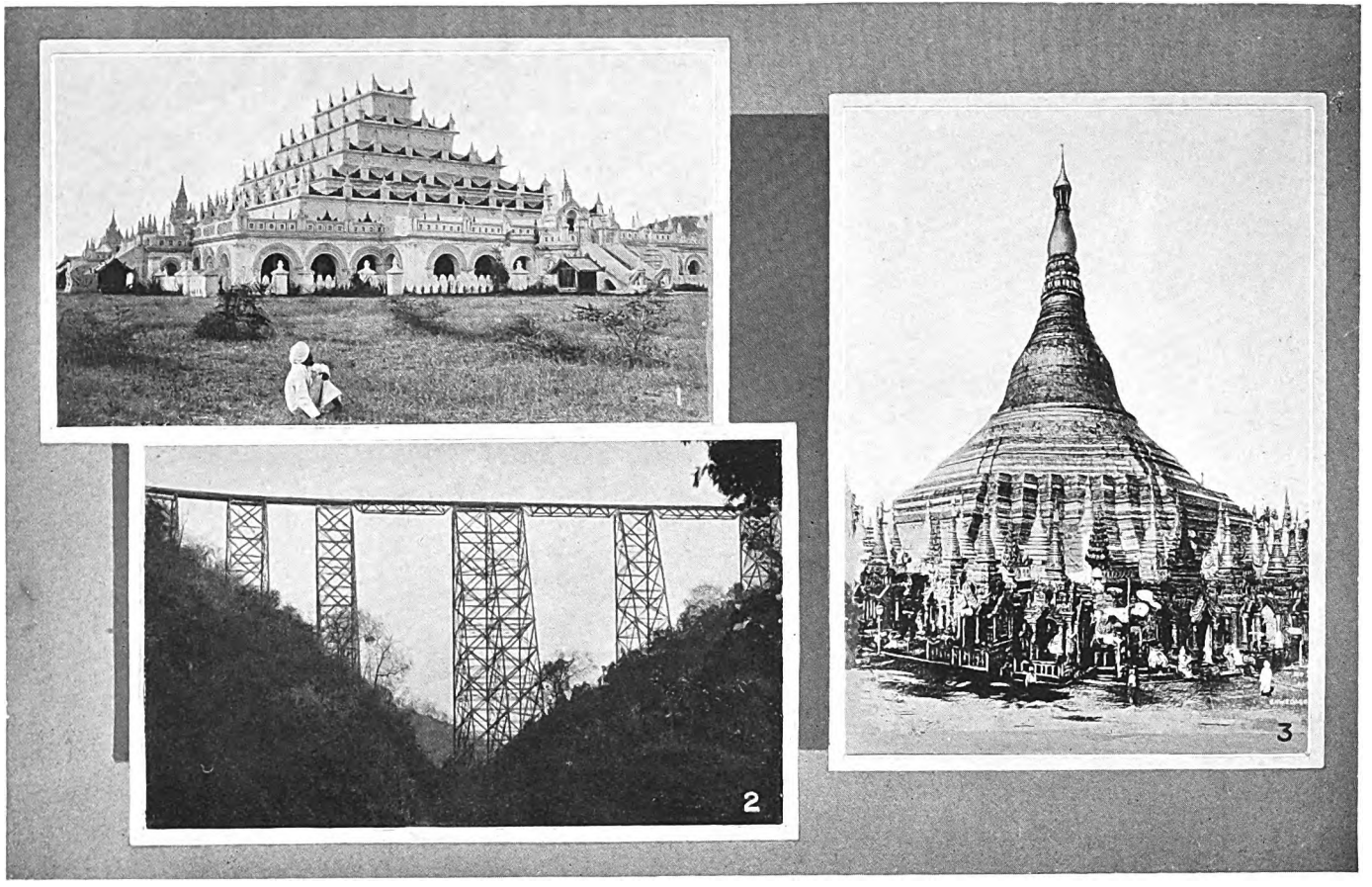

[*Photos* : 1 & 3—*T. N. Ahuja & Co., Rangoon.* 2—*Dairel, Maymyo.*

1.—THE INCOMPARABLE PAGODA, MANDALAY. 2.—THE GOTEIK GORGE AND RAILWAY BRIDGE. 3.—SHWEDAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.

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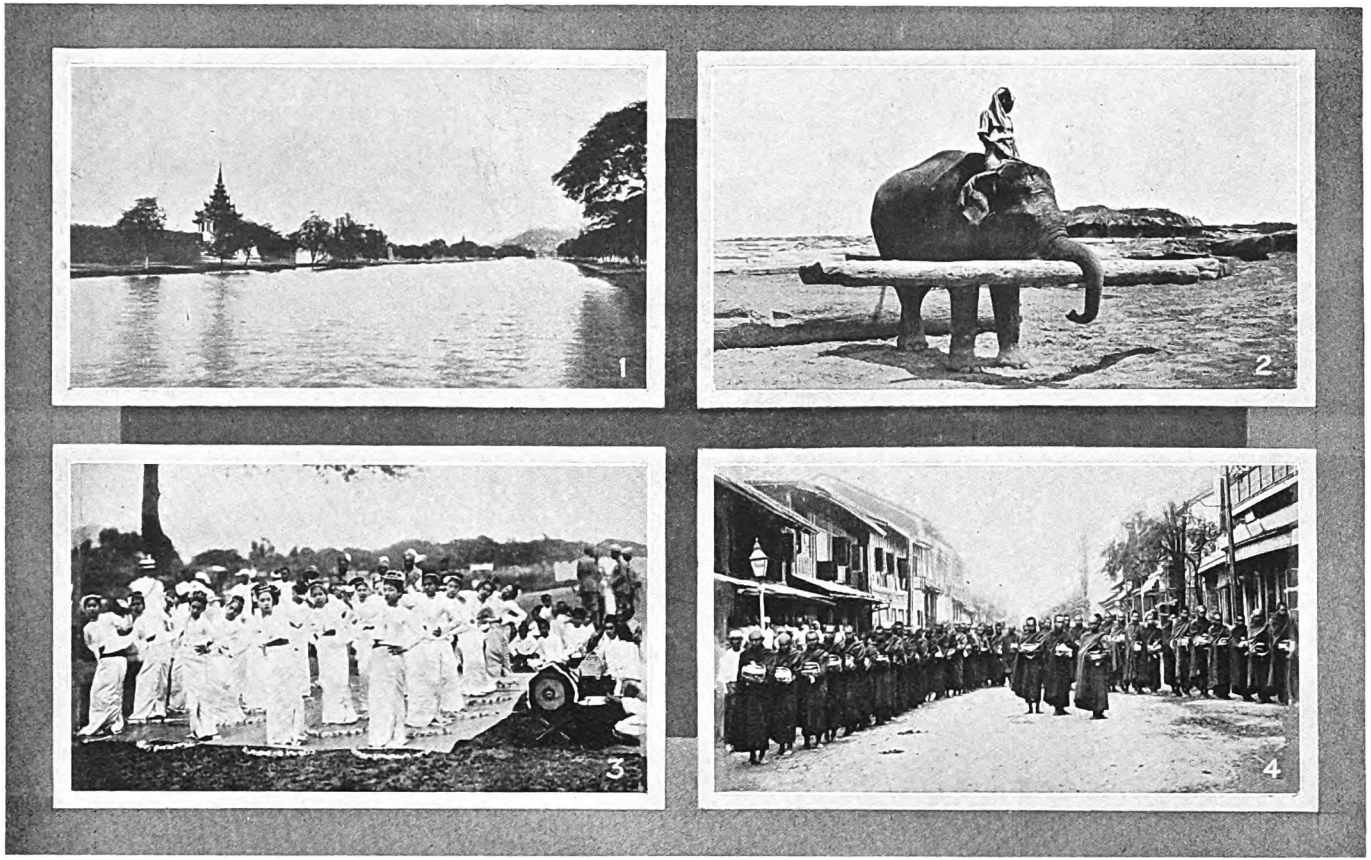

[*Photos : T. N. Ahuja & Co., Rangoon.*

1.—MOAT OUTSIDE MANDALAY FORT. 2.—"ELEPHANT A 'PILIN' TEAK."
3.—BURMESE DANCING GIRLS. 4.—PONGYIS (BURMESE PRIESTS) COLLECTING THEIR MORNING MEAL.

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Rangoon is the capital of Burma and the seat of the Government for eight to nine months of the year. It is also a very large and important commercial port, and therefore it can be easily realized that the soldier is in the distinct minority. Besides the headquarters of the Rangoon Brigade, there is one British and one Indian infantry battalion permanently stationed there, each of which finds one company on detachment in Port Blair, the capital of the Andaman Islands. These companies are relieved about every six months. The climate is, of course, very trying, always hot and sticky. It is at its worst from February to June, and at its best from November to February. The rains last from June to October, and in Rangoon, to say the least of it, the rain is very heavy. There are excellent clubs, and there is plenty of social life. Racing, polo, golf, tennis, boating on the lakes, and paperchasing are the main recreations. Racing in Rangoon is particularly good, and the golf links about seven miles out of Rangoon are about the best in the East. The shops in Rangoon are excellent, and there are many large English stores besides countless smaller ones owned by other nationalities. There is no regular theatre, but travelling companies may pay visits from time to time. Cinemas are as popular as they are in the West.

To do all that it is possible to do in Rangoon in the way of sport and recreation demands a considerable bank balance, but though Rangoon is a decidedly expensive place, it is not, except for the very exhausting climate, as a rule considered an unpopular station by either officers or men.

Mandalay, the ancient capital of King Thibaw, is on the bank of the Irrawaddy River, some 400 miles north of Rangoon, eighteen hours by train and six days by river steamer. It is distinctly a " plains " station, surrounded by miles and miles of the flat rice-producing country of Upper Burma. It is a most picturesque city, on the edge of which lies Mandalay Fort, built in the days of the Burman kings, and which now contains the barracks of practically the whole garrison of the place. The rainfall in Mandalay is very small and the cold weather very short ; hence it has generally a very dry and burnt-up appearance, and its roads are extremely dusty. It is not the place for women and children to live in in the hot weather, most of whom migrate to the hill station of Maymyo, distant only three hours by car and six hours by train.

Mandalay undoubtedly has its attractions, and those who

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live there appear to enjoy it. The snipe shooting, within easy range, is very good, and there is good polo. It is easy to get away from either by river, rail or road, yet its climate cannot be called good, and a married officer must be prepared to send his family to some more healthy station for six months in the year.

Many of the officers who have served in both India and Burma say that Maymyo is the best station in the East, and I think you can agree with them. There are few places even in the West which can give you all the sport and entertainment combined with the excellent climatic conditions that exist in Maymyo. Situated about 40 miles north-east of Mandalay on a mountain plateau approximately 4,000 feet above sea level, it is never very hot, and women and children can live there all the year round in comfort. The really cold weather lasts from November to February ; it almost freezes at night, and by day, too, you are glad of warm English clothes, fur coats, and other similar garments. But, although it is cold, the days are fresh, bright, and sunny. It is, moreover, the shooting season and, for the sportsman, an ideal time of the year. From February to June it is warm, but not really hot, and there is no need for punkas or electric fans. During these months the nights are always cool.

The third period of the year, July to October, is the rains. It is neither hot nor cold, but essentially damp, but this season has its interests. It is the growing season for the plant world, the grass is all green, many shrubs and trees burst into flowers, the cannas are superb, and there is quite a little excitement to be had in trying to get in a game of golf, tennis, or even a chukkar of polo between the showers.

So much for the climate ; the situation is beautiful, surrounded by thousands of acres of forests, through which miles of rides have been cut and are maintained by the Forest Service. The houses are quite pretty, though many are perhaps better from the outside than from within. Yet it is possible to have a regular two-storeyed English house, lit by electric light, with a nice green garden as in England. There is a good club, where golf, tennis, and polo can be played. There is also a racecourse, though of late years racing has not been of a very high order in Maymyo. The polo ground is excellent, and except during the very wettest part of the rainy season polo can be played all the year round.

The roads in Maymyo are very good ; outside you can

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only drive a car in two directions—either south-west to Mandalay, 42 miles away, or about 10 miles along the road to Lashio in the north.

The headquarters of the Burma Military District are permanently at Maymyo ; the Governor and the Government of Burma come into residence there for about three months from the middle of March. During this period occurs the " April Week," which generally means about ten to fifteen days, full of engagements, dances, garden parties, golf, tennis, and polo tournaments. There is another " Week " in October, which is similar to that in April. During these times Maymyo is very full, but as there are quite a number of semi-permanent residents in civil and other employ, Maymyo is never really very empty. There is little, I think, to say against life in Maymyo, the worst being that it is expensive.

So far very little has been said about the stations of Burma from a real soldiering point of view. In Rangoon facilities are undoubtedly poor, round Mandalay the country is very flat, and from Maymyo it is nearly all dense jungle. This does not sound very promising, but not far from each station are places where different varieties of terrain can be found that are quite adequate for the training of the small garrisons that now exist.

In so short a space it has not been possible to give more than a very general idea of military life in Burma, nor give descriptions of the people and their characteristics, the magnificent forests and the wild life that is found in them ; but what has been written will, I trust, give the reader some idea of what life in Burma can and may be. From a military point of view it cannot be called very strenuous ; many may wish to live in it for ever, and those that are restless and ambitious I would remind that they now have time and opportunity to study those ever-present problems which, in a more hectic life, they would not be able to do, and can do so in the most attractive environment.

C. R. C. LANE.

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WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

6. LIFE ON VANCOUVER ISLAND.

OUR Editor, a very *zubberdast* man, wishes me to write from my experience of life on Vancouver Island an article which will be helpful to officers about to retire from the Services, and who think of settling in one of the colonies. I am asked to suppose that the retiring officer has a wife and two children, a pension of £600 a year, and a capital of £2,000, is about fifty years of age, and sufficiently sporting to find abhorrent the prospect of spending the rest of his days in " pottering." Will this officer allow one who is unskilled in the art of putting words on paper to speak to him plainly as man to man, and will he take it for granted that every bit of advice is given from a deep experience of the many trials and the compensating joys that will meet him in his new life.

First, and most important, it is essential that he and his wife should equally wish for that life. It is not enough that one should welcome it, and the other say : " I don't mind." The fact has to be faced that emigration means exile for years from friends, " people," and all that home has to offer ; the journey is long—twelve days at least—and, for its length, expensive ; therefore, with the above capital it should not be lightly undertaken.

Next. They must be ready to turn their hands to, and make the best of, everything. In the days that are past it was the hourly custom to say to one " Go," and " Do," and he went and did, but now those days must all be forgotten, for there will be no one to do anything for them but themselves and each other.

If, having read thus far, they still wish to venture, they will find that life here holds a pleasure and freedom such as never can be found among the conventions of home—the climate is perfection, bracing, inspiring, rejuvenating—one shakes off the years as easily as ripe apples from their bough—the scenery is beautiful at all times of the year—the neighbours are kind, pleasant, friendly and mostly gentlefolk—many Anglo-Indians (in the good old meaning of the term), many

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retired Navy and Army officers with their wives and families, all in the same way of life, doing their own work inside and outside their beautiful little houses and snatching with joy their few leisure moments for sociability. There are amusement clubs—cricket, tennis, golf, yachting, badminton—through most of the island, though it should be remembered that the games as well as the sport match the working life—there are no luxuries—no boys to pick up the balls or carry the clubs or beat a bit of cover, or pull up the boat. Sailing and motor boating along the coast are feasible for most of the residents unless living very far inland, and the numerous lovely islands that crowd the sea have fine beaches for picnicking and camping grounds. The sea-fishing is good for those who like the sport, and boats of all kinds are moderate in price, while everyone can afford the cheap American car. It is quite unremarkable to see a smartly-dressed woman driving to market—her Ford truck full of garden produce which she has gathered and packed herself—and then " going on " to an afternoon's bridge. There is much simple hospitality, and it is hospitality in the true sense of the word where everything is prepared by the hostess and served with a diffident deprecating pleasure in her powers, and afterwards the clearing away and " washing-up " seem very little trouble when there have been laughter and enjoyment to look back on.

Here let me speak a word to my fellow British male. Our lordly idea that the drudgery of housework is the prerogative of our wives must be cast into the dimmest recesses of our memories. At times it will try to force its way out—when the " washing-up " is more lengthy than usual, or the footprints seem glued to the polished floors, but the mop and the dish-cloth must be taken as pleasures—with a laugh—and the blandishments of the easy-chair resisted until both can sit down together to that hour of heaven on earth—" those all too brief moments between the last call of the kitchen and the first beckoning of bed " which no life of leisure can offer.

Now for ways and means. £250 should be kept for cost of journey and incidental expenses on arrival in Victoria. There are good passenger lines from Liverpool or Southampton to Montreal, and the two great railways—the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific—run across the Continent to Vancouver, from which fast boats cross twice daily to Victoria. The railway travelling is very good and comfortable,

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though it will seem somewhat cramped and crowded to those accustomed to the journeys *en prince* in India. All heavy baggage, linen, silver, everything not wanted before settling-down time, should be sent to Victoria by the Panama Canal, if possible allowing two months for transport, and cases should be insured and labelled " Settlers' Effects," when they will be passed duty free. Breakables, such as china and mirrors, should be packed by an expert or left behind. Good furniture, except very large unwieldy wardrobes and tables for which there is not room in the ordinary house, as well as *all* old clothes and boots which can be worn to the last rag, are well worth bringing, and of course, pictures, curtains and specially-loved books more than pay for the cost of transport.

On arrival in Victoria, which should, if possible, be in the spring, it would be well to stay at one of the comfortable unpretentious hotels for a few days and to go to a reliable house and land agent, who will give the prospective settler honest advice. Names of these can be obtained from the offices of FIGHTING FORCES. The officer should on no account buy a place until he has lived in it for a full twelve months, and thus had experience of its advantages and limitations through all the seasons, and he should ask the agent only for houses to let—not a word about wishing to buy either now or in the future. Having explored the environs of Victoria, for this article only applies to country life, and the writer has had no experience of residence in that most beautiful little city—a leisurely tour should be taken up the island, stopping at the various towns, getting in touch with the land agents, and being very patient and unhurried.

There are also good farms on the many beautiful smaller islands, but until experience of the country and the life and people has been gained, the settler would be wiser to remain on Vancouver Island. A steamer from Victoria visits these smaller islands two or three times a week, but during the winter communication is often difficult, and in any case life there means fewer neighbours and inevitable boarding school for the children.

One of the first questions to be asked before deciding on a place is about the water supply. Houses and places of sizes and situations to suit almost all tastes are to be had, as the island was greatly depopulated during the war, and many owners did not live to come back, but the water supply of some of the places is of an unbearable tenuity in summer

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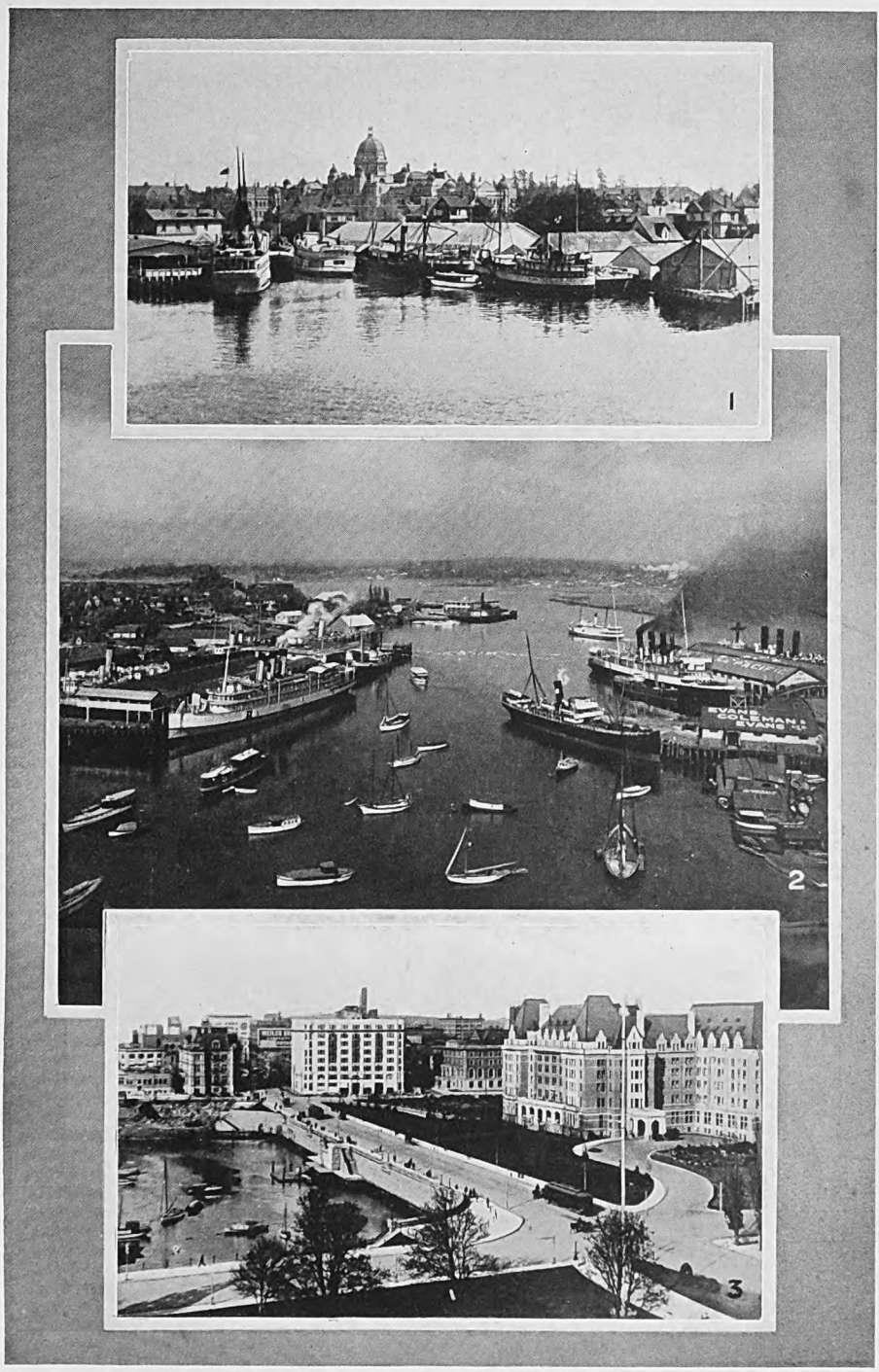

VIEWS OF VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND.

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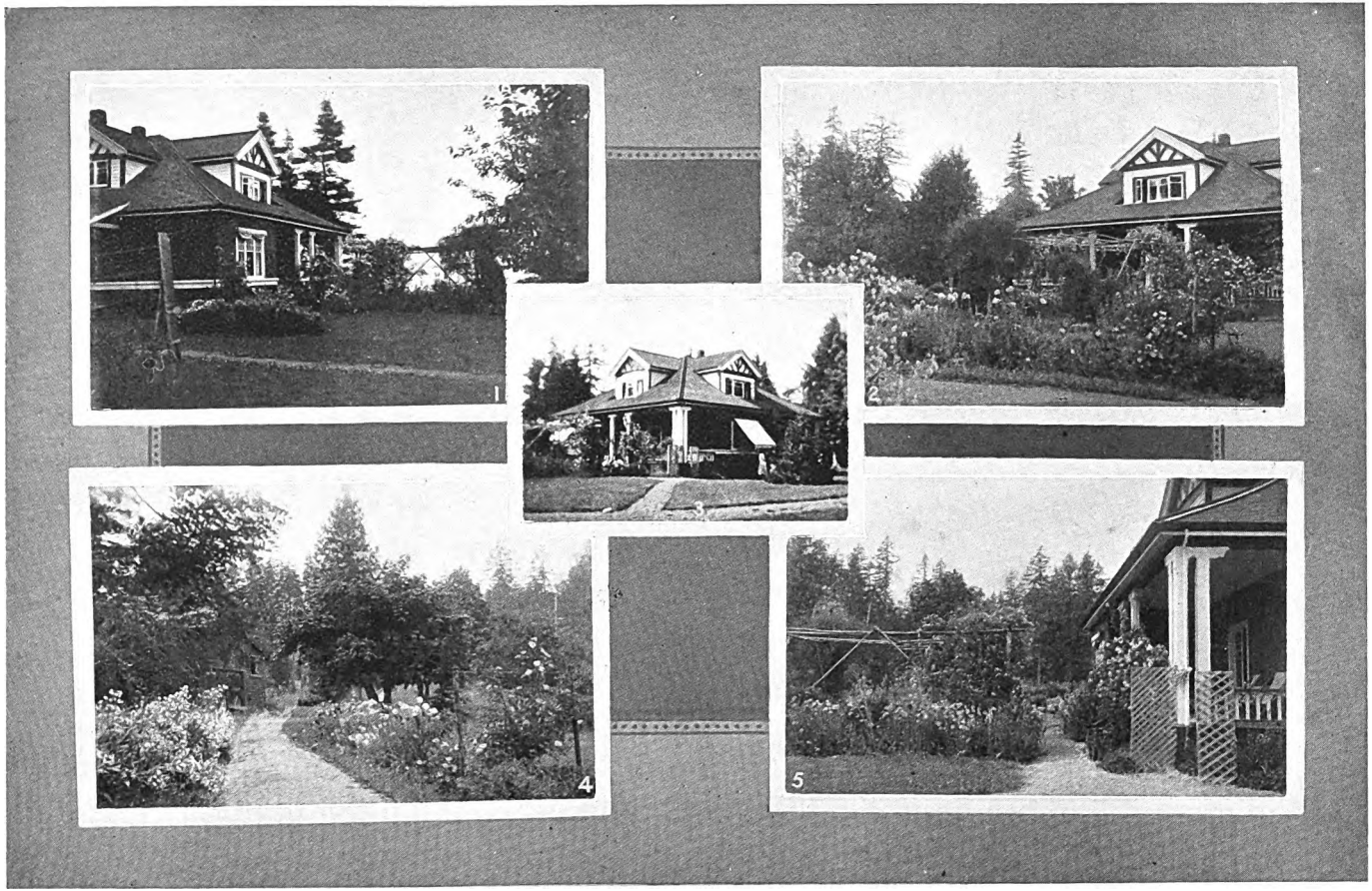

A VANCOUVER ISLAND HOME.

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time, and therefore, they should be avoided. The size of the house is important—too large means endless work—too small, discomfort, but better the latter at first. If help in the house is essential, lady-helps are obtainable and are often very competent and comforting. Their pay is usually from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a month. The lady-help may be the daughter of an officer known in the old days, and her girl friend may be glad to come and help to put the garden in order.

A couple of acres of land are quite enough to begin with, and the picture of smooth lawns, glowing flower-beds and a flawless tennis ground must be hung in the hall of memory. If, in the first year or two, the family can grow enough vegetables and potatoes for their daily needs, look after the small fruits, and the few orchard trees that are to be found in most established places, weed the perennial and sow some patches of hardy annual flowers, they will be doing nobly by themselves and their surroundings.

At first it would be wise not to attempt to keep a cow or even fowls. Live stock is a tie far too unyielding to be borne by the novice, and why be fettered when milk of the best can be got in most districts, and eggs are cheap except during a few of the winter months? Almost all houses are, or can be, fitted with telephone, a commercial, not Government, concern, with excellent service and moderate charges, and grocery and rural mail deliveries are arranged for in all places save the most backward, which last the new settler should avoid. The actual cost of living may, item by item, be no cheaper than at home, but in effect one's expenditure is far less for all extraneous expenses are shorn away—no waste, no pretension, no trying to keep up to richer folks' standards. The clothes that are considered far too shabby for town wear at home will be very smart here, and the ordinary working costume for the men is " slacks " and shirt, and overalls for the women, with the Canadian gum-boots of a size large enough to allow of two pairs of socks and a felt insole for winter wear, and canvas shoes or ordinary boots for summer.

For the children's education there are good private schools in the bigger towns, especially Victoria; the standard is a good one, and the fees are not as high as at home. The children learn to make their beds and tidy their rooms before they leave for day-school, and are glad to help their parents as much as they can on their return in the afternoon. In

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fact, the English-Canadian child soon becomes a very capable little person and takes " jobs " as a matter of course, thus making life for themselves in the future a very much simpler matter than for us fumbling, unmethodical parents. They marry young—what is there to wait for ? How can father, in his muddy overalls, say to daughter working beside him : " I cannot hear of you marrying Arthur Landless. He has no position to offer you," when she can instantly reply : " Why, father, he's earning 3.50 a day on the roads, or as a mechanic—more than you and mother had to start on, and what's ' a position,' anyway ? " So they begin their happiness and goodfellowship early, and bring up their babies to be as capable as themselves.

Let me urge the intending settler and his wife to cultivate the powers of their hands as well as their brains ; they will find that every scrap of mechanical skill—with the hammer, the pruning knife, the gardening tools, the cooking range—will be of the greatest value in making life easy here, and no chance of gaining knowledge and handiness in the home-crafts should be lost.

There are three income taxes to be faced—British, Dominion, and Provincial. Of the British, a great proportion can be recovered, either by the torture of one's own brain or by the services of an income tax recovery agent at a cost of about ten per cent. The Dominion Government gives exemption from tax to incomes under 2,000 dollars a year and husband's and wife's incomes are not counted as one for taxation as in the unjust way still held at home, but are taken separately—and extra exemption is given for each dependent. After all these exemptions have been allowed for the tax is four per cent. The Provincial Government give much the same number of exemptions, though the amount of income exempted is less, 1,500 dollars instead of 2,000, and the tax is one per cent. There is also an assessment on property tax, but as the new settler will only be renting his place the landlord should pay this tax, and the matter should be definitely settled before final arrangements are made. All information regarding above taxes can be obtained from the Agent-General for British Columbia, Mr. F. A. Pauline, at British Columbia House, London, S.W.1.

The settler's capital, be it £2,000 or any less or greater sum, should be left untouched, its scrip locked away in the home bank and its existence unmentioned to *anyone* for at

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least a year of residence in the country. Since the war there are many sad cases of retired men—axed men, men young and men old—who have sunk all their capital in farms far too large for them, in cows, in chickens, in " small fruits," hotels, and other projects, all good in themselves but impracticable without thorough experience, and after perhaps months or even years of unskilled, unmethodical, and, therefore, hard and anxious work they have seen their money dwindle away and finally disappear. There are also many touts, all plausible and entertaining, who wander round the country in neat Fords, and who are most anxious to share oilfields or rich mines, mostly in the States, with anyone who has a few hundred dollars to invest. All these invitations should be refused with firmness.

The only money that should at first be invested, and that only for the comfort of the settler's mind, is in insuring his property against fire and that can be done through the land agent, and is not expensive. The country houses are all built of wood, and great care must be taken not to leave large fires burning when the occupants cannot be near to look after them. Wood is almost invariably used for heating and cooking, and will cause intense irritation to the householders for the first few months until they have forgotten the slow, even qualities of coal ; after that, they will understand and delight in its magical virtues, and will wonder how they could have lived through the past years of smoke, soot, and sluggishness.

The pots and pans, and sink, and stoves are all trials to even an angelic patience. Many times have I wished that my foot were made of iron so that I could, without hurting myself, kick them all into the sea—but even Hercules must have felt a fierce joy in the cleansing of the Augean stables, and when the work was over, have thought their shining spotlessness repaid him.

The ironical touch really comes when pals at home write how they envy us our freedom from servant worries, never thinking that this freedom is only gained by the taking of all the work on one's own back, and that it is, therefore, also quite possible for themselves. But let me say that the burden of daily work, unlike all other burdens, grows lighter and more easily carried as the years go by. I have asked many retired officers and their wives if, were they given again their choice

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of roads, they would still take this one, and, without exception, they have replied : " Yes, we regret nothing."

At times, waves of homesickness sweep over us—longings for London—for our lovely home trees and rivers, our song-birds, our life-long friends, now just bi-yearly letters—but the telephone bell rings, a kind neighbour offering to " run round with a new book," or we remember that the peas of our own growing are waiting to be staked, or there is just time before dinner to have a bathe with the kids, or perhaps, best of all, there is a worry-line the less between the wife's brows, and a new dimple in her cheek, and this life seems very sweet after all.

It must be remembered that, though the climate is worthy of all the praise I have given it, the winters are harder than those in the south of England. There are generally two or three spells of sharp frost when care has to be taken of water-pipes, perhaps a severe gale which can be very cold, lots of rain which is always badly needed after the long, warm brilliant summers, and an occasional fall of snow which rarely remains on the ground more than a few days. Skates should not be forgotten, as during the frost spells the skating on the many lakes is comparable to that in North England.

Let me impress on the reader that this article is written only of life on Vancouver Island as the conditions, climate, etc., on the mainland of the Province of British Columbia are widely varied, and the writer only knows of them by hearsay.

One last word about money matters. If, after a couple of years' experience, the life be found congenial and the settler wish to remain on the island, some of his capital may be invested in the growing of " small fruits " for sale locally, or in buying a few live stock. Incomes can be augmented by sale of special seeds, such as sweet peas, or by growing flowers to send to the prairie towns, lavender, etc. Some have found their talents, never before suspected, to lie in the good curing of hams and bacon, but all these projects are for the future, and depend altogether on the individual taste. The two really essential qualities for success in the new life are adaptability and a merry heart.

C. T.

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AUCTION BRIDGE.

BIDDING: AN ART OR A SCIENCE?

IN the days of the old original Bridge there was no need to compute carefully the worth of a hand. The dealer declared as trumps the suit in which he was strongest, with general strength declared no-trumps, or with general weakness left the decision to his partner. It then remained to make as many tricks as possible and the more the merrier. The play of the cards was a good deal more than half the battle, and this is one reason why to-day this play is distinctly ahead of bidding so far as system is concerned. But, indeed, from the nature of things this must always be so, for the one has a far more concrete basis than the other.

In an interesting article in *The Times*, the writer makes the sweeping assertion that " the bidding, the most important feature of auction bridge, still remains on an entirely empirical basis. Nothing whatever has been done towards developing a theory." This, to me, does not strike as an accurate diagnosis of what is the matter with bidding. I would say that there are several systems or expositions of the abstract principles, but that it is impossible to evolve one which would reduce bidding to anything resembling an exact science. Perhaps we should be glad it is so, for otherwise the game would be robbed of the glorious uncertainty which is to many a large part of its charm. Were there no risk auction bridge would hardly have won its immense popularity.

No player, judged by any standard, could be blamed for bidding several spades or even no-trumps on a hand like this :

♠ A K 10 6 5 2
♥ K J
♦ K Q
♣ A Q 10

But, however improbable, it is always possible that the player on his left might sit over him with :—

♠ Q J 9 8 7
♥ A Q
♦ A J 10
♣ K J 2

a collection of cards which would upset any contract—and most players.

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It would be correct to say that most bidding theories have an empirical basis, but this should be in their favour, for scientists place more reliance in inductive than in deductive methods. I am rather of opinion, though, that, whereas the play of the cards may be a science, the bidding partakes more of the nature of an art.

There are certain guiding principles which most players of experience follow when bidding begins, but later the personal equation is apt to thrust itself to the fore. Psychological considerations, therefore, should not be neglected. Players are not rare who almost consistently underbid their hands, and there are those who go to the other extreme, and one gradually notes these things and allows for them. For instance, when a backward bidder supports it may be accepted that he has thoroughly good stuff, a fact which may make it safe to continue oneself, whereas one hesitates to support the too go-ahead fellow on anything at all slender, knowing that the slightest encouragement will incite him to go on till the cows go home. Again, there are adversaries who are never likely to double, and so enable one to save a rubber at slight cost, and there are those so buoyant that they afford a pleasant opportunity for a double in most rubbers.

Trick-Promoting Qualities of High Cards.

In the main, of course, bidding must be a matter of cards, and what one has to do is to assess the probable value—as far as it can be done—in tricks of an assortment of thirteen cards. At first, not much attention was bestowed upon cards below aces and kings, though it was dimly recognized that the more the better one held of the suit proposed to be bid as trumps. Comparatively recently Mr. Wilbur C. Whitehead, the well-known American authority, pointed out definitely how high cards can in certain cases confer trick-winning qualities on low cards, more especially in the attack. Thus, five cards of a suit headed by ace, king, will, on average, as trumps, make four tricks, though in defence the suit can be valued at only two tricks.

It is not very often nowadays that all four players pass, for it is generally recognized that it is necessary to bid whenever possible, that is to say, when holding a minimum of two tricks. The player who never goes down on a contract is almost certainly underbidding his cards, and is, therefore, letting his opponents win rubbers which he might have won

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himself. The player of the combined hands has an enormous advantage in knowing exactly what is against him, and with far better opportunities than his opponents of " placing " the unseen cards. This means, in practice, that it is often possible to make game with two hands which considered singly would have appeared an impossibility.

Various writers are continually telling us that the fact of being supported by a partner does not increase the value of one's own hand. This is generally true, though not always, and it is important to recognize the exceptions. If *Z*, the dealer, bids " one heart " on five to the ace, king, he has made his one and only possible bid, and any raising must come from his partner. Now take another case. *Z* bids " one no-trump " on :—

♠ x x
♥ K Q 10
♦ A K x
♣ A K Q J x

The next player bids " two spades." If *Y*, *Z*'s partner passes, *Z* cannot go on with his no-trumps, despite his powerful hand. But if *Y* bids " two no-trumps," *Z* can, if necessary, go to " three no-trumps," for the knowledge that *Y* has a guard in spades has definitely increased the value of his own hand as a no-trumper. Or, if *Z* bids " one heart " on :—

♠ x x x
♥ A K J x x
♦ x x x
♣ A Q

A bids " one spade," and *Y* bids " two diamonds," *Z* can return to his major suit with " two hearts " with the knowledge that though he may still lose three spade tricks he cannot lose three diamond tricks as well, or, if *B* bids " two spades," *Z* might risk " three hearts." This, however, is commonsense and not theory.

A Trick-Value System of Bidding.

I have written about the " two quick tricks " idea for an original bid, and I mentioned that there was a theory of bidding founded upon the Robertson count. As this latter theory includes initial bids, overbidding and raising, and is therefore complete, some exegesis may be found both useful and

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interesting. The Robertson formula, as many readers will remember, assumes :—

An Ace=7=a trick value.
A King=5
A Queen=3
A Jack=2
A Ten=1

As briefly as possible the system is that a hand totalling 18, with three suits guarded, justifies a bid of " one no-trump." Owing to the increased value given to the small cards of a trump suit, a suit bid of " one " can be made on a hand counting 14—*i.e.*, two trick values, with adequate strength in the suit bid. For each additional trick value (7 points) the bidder can raise once. The bidder's partner can raise once if his hand is worth a minimum of two trick values (14 points), and once for each other completed trick value of 7 points. Thus, two partners, each with a hand of three trick values, can between them bid to " four " in a suit. It must be noted, too, that six trumps in the one hand can be reckoned as a trick value.

Now, as to strength in the trump suit. In a major suit there should be at least five cards to the ace, or king, or queen, jack, or four cards with strong honours. In a minor suit, length is not essential in an initial bid so long as top honours are held. At a love score it is not desired to play in a minor suit, and support is offered rather than asked for, whereas the reverse is the case regarding a major suit.

In bidding a major suit the top honours are not insisted upon.

Consider these two hands :—

No. 1.	No. 2.
♠ K Q x x x	♠ Q J x x x
♥ x x x	♥ Q x
♦ x x	♦ A K Q
♣ A x x	♣ J 10 x

Almost every writer and expert player would advocate an original bid of " one spade " on the first hand, but many would not do so on No. 2. No. 1 is up to the standard, being worth 15 points or a fraction over two trick values, and the bid would, of course, be correct. But No. 2 counts to over three trick values, and contains five spades to two honours, though neither of them are " tops." Surely too strong a

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holding on which to pass or even to bid " one diamond " ; with a little help from the partner there is a probability of game.

Now about the raise. The original bidder of a suit is not entitled to claim any value from chicane or shortness in any other suit—though beginners are very apt to think otherwise. There are one or two occasions when this is an advantage, but they are rare. If he holds, say, five of the suit he bids, obviously he can make five tricks at most in the suit, and almost invariably it is a disadvantage to be forced early in the game. When he has exhausted the adverse trumps he wants his remaining ones to stop any long suit of his opponents and to bring in any long suit in his own or partner's hand.

With the supporting partner it is very different, for tricks made by trumping from dummy are extra tricks. He is justified in raising once if his hand is worth two trick values and also contains at least three small trumps or two to the queen, and once for every other completed trick value. But he may have trick values which do not apply to the initial bidder. It has been computed that in his case :—

With three trumps chicane in another suit =an ace (7 points).
With three trumps a singleton in another suit =a king (5 points).
With three trumps a doubleton in another suit =a jack (2 points).
With four trumps chicane in another suit =an ace, king (12 points)
With four trumps a singleton in another suit =an ace, jack (9 points).
With four trumps a doubleton in another suit =a king (5 points).
With five trumps chicane in another suit =two aces and a king (19 points).
With five trumps a singleton in another suit =two aces and a jack (16 points).
With five trumps a doubleton in another suit =an ace, king (12 points)

Here, then, is a complete system of bidding which informs a player when to bid and when to raise, and his partner the full extent he is justified in giving support.

In calculating values cards must be suitably protected, thus, it would obviously be incorrect to value a singleton king at 5 points. It will help understanding to say that each trick value, in the attack and in the early stages of bidding, is worth about two actual tricks, which shows why, with say two trick values in each of the hands of partners, there is an expectation of eight tricks. But it should be remembered that as the contract rises the trick-making power progressively decreases, so that in raising, say to " four " it is as well to possess a margin over the bare trick values.

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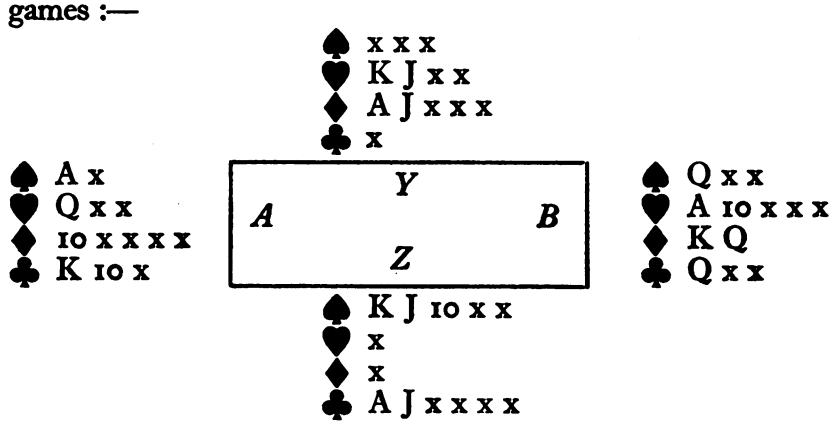
It may be objected that there is too much counting to be done about these trick values, but as against this one soon gets to appraise a hand well enough for practical purposes at sight. I do not advocate being hidebound by this or any other formula and, as already stated, there are other factors, such as the score and the idiosyncrasies of one's three companions at the table, to be borne in mind. But it is a sound basis, especially for the novice, and it possesses the undoubted virtues of being definite and comprehensive. Particularly useful is the table of ruff values for dummy's hand.

There are other methods of computing card values, but the one now explained is, I think, by far the best. Its first and chief exponent is Dr. J. W. F. Gillies, and those who desire a full exposition should read his latest book, "Up-to-Date Auction Bridge," published by Routledge at 2s. 6d. The author claims with some justice that those who follow him "will seldom be heavily fined, and, a consideration which is just as important, if not more so, they will seldom miss any chance there may be of winning the game."

Some Illustrative Games.

Let us see how the theory works out in one or two actual games :—



The bidding was :—*Z*, one club ; *A*, no bid ; *Y*, one diamond ; *B*, one heart ; *Z*, one spade ; *A*, two hearts ; *Y*, two spades ; *B*, three hearts ; *Z*, three spades.

Z's hand was worth—♠=8
♣=9
—
17

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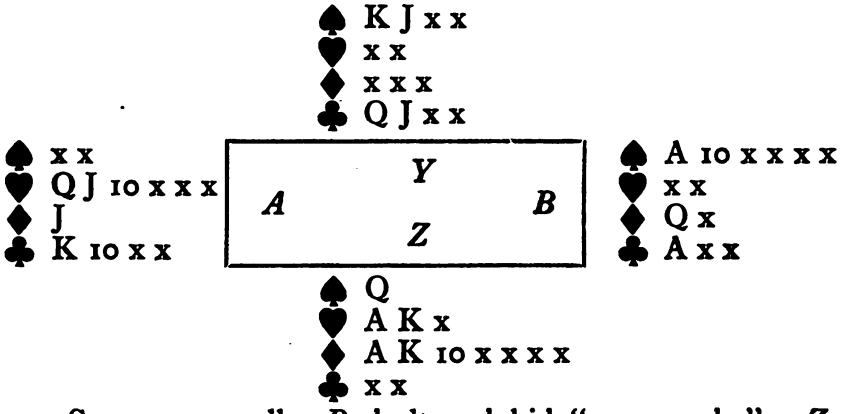
Y's hand was worth ♥=7
♦=9
♣=5 (a singleton with 3 trumps).
—
21

The two hands total 38, worth 9 3-7 tricks, and as the cards were lying well for him *Z* made ten tricks.

Z did not deserve his good fortune. He should have bid his major suit, spades, at first. He was not justified in raising to "three spades," but luckily his partner's hand was just up to two raises.

A was a timid bidder and paid the penalty. With a hand totalling 17 and guarded in every suit, he should have bid "one no-trump" over *Z's* "one club." *Y* would have passed, and then, if *B*—with a hand counting 21 and also protected in each suit—had raised to "two no-trumps," *Z* would have been forced to pass. *A B* could probably have gone game in no-trumps.

I saw this game recently :—



Score, game all. *B* dealt and bid "one spade"; *Z*, "two diamonds"; *A*, "two hearts"; *Y*, "no bid"; *B*, "two spades"; *Z*, "four diamonds"; *A* and *Y*, "no bid"; *B*, "double"; and all passed.

A led a spade, and *B*, after taking the trick with the ace, led a heart. *Z* won the trick with the ace, played two rounds of diamonds, which exhausted the adverse trumps, led the king of hearts, and then trumped his remaining heart from dummy. Dummy then made the king, jack of spades, upon which *Z* discarded his two losing clubs and so made a small slam.

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B was justified in his bid, and as his hand totalled 22 points he might have bid " two spades " at once. *Z*, I think, should have bid " four diamonds " at once ; his cards added up to 39 (allowing two extra trick values for seven trumps in the hand), and he wanted to shut out any more major suit bidding if he could. *A* was entitled to his bid at the score ; his hand counted 19, very nearly three trick values. *Y* could have raised his partner to " three diamonds," with a hand worth just 14 and containing three trumps. *B's* was a bad double and not even a free one ; in defence his hand was worth only two tricks. It is generally wrong to double without at least a trick in the trump suit, and he was not justified in crediting *A* with two tricks with diamonds as trumps. Also, *B*, after taking the first trick, should have led his ace of clubs before leading a heart, which would have saved the small slam. When playing against a high contract it is advisable to make tricks as soon as possible, especially in a suit bid. *Z* was marked with a very long suit in diamonds, and in such cases surprises are apt to occur.

It may be said that *Z* was lucky. Looking at his cards he could see that he might lose a trick in spades, in hearts, two in clubs, and even one in diamonds without any extraordinary distribution of the remaining cards of that suit. But he held an exceptionally powerful hand and he was entitled to hope his partner's cards would be of some use to him. Again, *A* was certain to lead a spade and *B* a heart, unless either held both ace and king of clubs. The game is also an example of the enormous advantage the player of the combined hands generally has over his opponents.

To win at auction bridge it is essential to bid up to the full value of one's cards, and sometimes even over it. " Safety first " is sound enough as a motto for motorists, but it precludes big victories at the card table and in sundry other places.

HUGH TUITE.

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CHESS

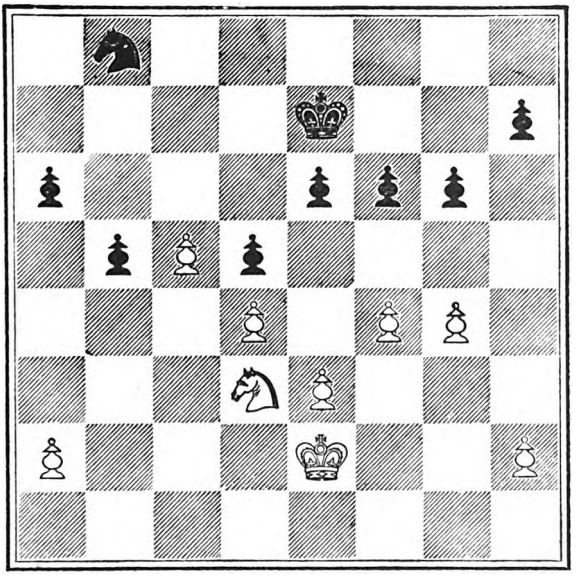
PAWN ENDINGS. II.

IN our last article, we dealt with fundamental examples of pawn-play in chess end games. Before passing on to endings showing the management of pawns in positions which contain one or more pieces, we wish to give two examples of pawn play of considerable complexity, which are worthy of a thorough study.

The first is :—

Position No. 9.

BLACK.



WHITE.

which occurred in the game between Pillsbury (White) and Gunsberg in the Hastings Tournament of 1895. Had Black on his last move played P—QR4, he would have had an excellent chance of maintaining equality ; instead, he made the weak move Kt from Q2 to Kt1. Pillsbury took immediate advantage of the opportunity thus given him to force a win in the following decisive manner :—27 P—B5, P—Kt4 ; 28

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Kt—Kt4, P—QR4; 29 P—B6, K—Q3; 30 P×P, Kt×P; 31 Kt×Kt, K×Kt. White has now secured the pawn position, in which he foresaw he could win. 32 P—K4, P×P; 33 P—Q5 ch., K—Q3; 34 K—K3, P—Kt5; 35 K×P, P—R5; 36 K—Q4. Here Gunsberg played P—R4 and his resignation followed four moves later. He might have prolonged his resistance considerably by 36 . . . K—K2; 37 K—B4, P—Kt6; 38 P×P, P—R6; 39 K—B3, P—B4; 40 P×P, P—R4; 41 P—Kt4, P—R7; 42 K—Kt2, P—R8 (Q) ch.; 43 K×Q, P—Kt5; 44 P—Kt5, P—R5; 45 P—Kt6, P—Kt6; 46 P×P, P×P; 47 P—Q6, ch., K×P; 48 P—Kt7, K—B2; 49 P—Kt8 (Q) ch., K×Q; 50 P—K7, and wins. If 37 . . . P—B4; 38 P×P, P—R4; 39 K×P, P—Kt5; 40 K—B5, P—R5; 41 P—Q6 ch., K—Q1; 42 K—B6, P—Kt6; 43 P—Q7, K—K2; 44 K—B7, and wins. There are other alternatives, but the student must work them out for himself. Only so will he learn how to conduct endings correctly.

Position No. 10.—White, K *at* Q1, Ps *at* QR2, QKt2, QB2
Black, K *at* K1, Ps *at* KB2, KKt2, KR2

This is another famous position, by Szen, known as "The little game of chess," and the main lines of the solution are:—1 K—K2, K—Q2; 2 K—B3, K—B3; 3 P—R4, P—R4; 4 P—B4, P—B4; 5 K—Kt3, K—Kt3; 6 P—Kt4, P—Kt4; 7, P—R5 ch., K—Kt2; 8 P—B5, P—R5 ch.; 9 K—R3, P—B5; 10 K—Kt4, K—Kt1; 11 P—Kt5, K—Kt2; 12 P—Kt6, etc. If 7 . . . K—R3; 8 P—B5, P—B5 ch.; 9 K—B3, P—R5; 10 P—B6, P—R6; 11 P—Kt5 ch., K—R2; 12 P—B7, P—Kt5 ch.; 13 K×KtP, P—R7; 14 P—B8 (Q), P—R8 (Q); 15 P—Kt6 mate. If 5 . . . P—Kt4; 6 P—R5, K—B4; 7 P—Kt4 ch., K—B3; 8 P—B5, K—Kt2; 9 P—Kt5, P—R5 ch.; 10 K—R3, P—B5; 11 P—R6 ch., K—Kt1; 12 P—B6, etc. 1 P—R4 only draws, *e.g.*, 1 . . . P—R4; 2 K—K2, P—B4; 3 P—B4, K—Q2; 4 P—R5, K—B3; 5 K—B3, P—R5; 6 K—B4, K—B4. This position should be thoroughly investigated. The win is most elusive and time after time the student will find he has reached a drawn or lost position. But if he perseveres he will learn quite a lot about the handling of king and pawns in the end-game, and in conjunction with the preceding positions he should gain a complete understanding of the principles of pawn play.

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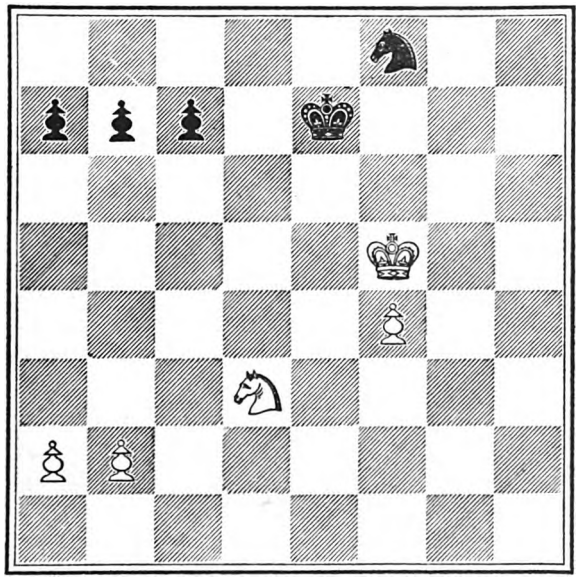
Position No. 11.—White, K *at* QB7, Kt *at* QB5, P *at* QKt5.
Black, K *at* QR1, Kt *at* QR4.

In end games in which knight opposes knight, an extra pawn is often a decisive advantage. In the above position (by Horwitz and Kling), White wins as follows :—1 P—Kt6, Kt—Kt2 ; 2 Kt—K6, Kt—B4 ; 3 K—B8, Kt—R3 ; 4 Kt—B7 ch., Kt×Kt ; 5 P—Kt7 ch., etc.

Even in positions where the pawns are equal, the possession of a passed pawn is frequently a sufficient advantage to secure a win ; as the enemy must use either his K or Kt to check this pawn's advance, thus leaving only one piece available for the defence of his pawns. The following position from a game between Eduard Lasker and Rotlevi (Hamburg, 1910) is an excellent example of the play required in such positions.

Position No. 12.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White wins as follows :—1 Kt—B5 (Black's pawns are at present safe from attack by the White king, so White plays to force them forward and so gain the opportunity for his king to approach them), P—Kt3, 2 Kt—Q3 ; P—R4 (this pawn must advance to provide against the possibility of Kt—B6 ch. two moves later), 3 K—K5, P—B3 ; 4 K—B5,

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Kt—K3 ; 5 Kt—K5, P—B4 ; 6 Kt—B4, P—Kt4 ; 7 Kt×P, P—B5 ; 8 K—K5, Kt—B4 ; 9 Kt—B6 ch., K—B1 ; 10 K—Q4 (actually 10 Kt—R7 was played, which led to a draw by P—Kt5 ; 11 K—Q4, P—B6 ; 12 P×P, Kt—K3 ch. ; 13 K—B4, P×P ; 14 K×P, Kt×P, as White cannot prevent Black from ultimately sacrificing his Kt for the remaining pawn) Kt—Q6 ; 11 K—B3, Kt×BP ; 12 P—R3 (Kt—R7 only draws, *e.g.*, Kt—K7 ch. ; 13 K—Kt4, Kt—B8 ; 14 P—R3, Kt—R7 ch. ; 15 K×P, P—B6), Kt—Q4 ch. ; 13 K—Q4, Kt—B5 ; 14 K—K4 (again Kt—R7 only draws because Black replies Kt—K7 ch., 15 K—K3, P—B6), Kt—Q6 ; 15 P—Kt4, Kt—Kt7 ; 16 Kt—Q4, etc. It is a complicated and instructive ending, and well illustrates the necessity for vigilance in guarding against possible sacrifices of Knight for pawn which is a feature of defensive play in such positions.

Position No. 13.—White, K *at* QB8, B *at* Q8, P *at* QKt7.
Black, K *at* QB3, B *at* KR7.

In positions such as this where Bishop opposes Bishop on squares of the same colour, the possession of a pawn is generally a winning asset. In the above position, White wins by 1 B—R4, K—Kt3 ; 2 B—B2 ch., K—R3 ; 3 B—B5, B—K4 ; 4 B—K7, K—Kt3 ; 5 B—Q8 ch., K—B3 ; 6 B—B6, B—R7 ; 7 B—Q4, B—Kt6 ; 8 B—R7, B—B5 ; 9 B—Kt8, B—K6 ; 10 B—R2, B—R2 ; 11 B—Kt1.

It may be mentioned here that a rook's pawn, supported by a bishop that does not command the queening square cannot win against a lone king if the latter once reaches that square. The reason is that the defending king cannot be forced away so that the pawn may queen. This feature constitutes the greatest weakness of the bishop, and a player should always be on his guard against the possibility of being left with such a position.

Position No. 14.—White, K *at* Q4, B *at* Q3, Ps *at* QR5, QKt4, K3, KB4, KR3.
Black, K *at* Q3, B *at* KKt3, Ps *at* QR3, QKt4, Q4, KB4, KR3.

This position (Post—Leonhardt, Berlin, 1907) is an example of the play of Bishop *v.* Bishop where a number of pawns still remain on the board. White has the superior position, because his more mobile Bishop is free to attack

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Black's pawns; whereas the Black Bishop cannot touch the majority of White's pawns. Further, two of Black's fixed pawns are isolated, and his King must remain on Q3 to prevent the White King penetrating his position. These drawbacks constitute a fatal weakness; and Black cannot save the game, *e.g.*, 1 . . . B—R2, 2 P—R4, B—Kt3; 3 B—B2, P—R4 (if B—R2, 4 P—R5); 4 B—Q3, B—R2; 5 B—B1, B—Kt3 (B—Kt1; 6 B—K2, B—B2; 7 B—B3); 6 B—Kt2, B—B2; 7 B—B3, and a pawn is lost and with it the game.

In cases where the opposing Bishops stand on squares of a different colour, the result is usually a draw, even when one side has one or more pawns to the good. Where, however, there are two united passed pawns supported by the King, a win may be secured. Such an ending is :—

Position No. 15.—White, K *at* KB6, B *at* QB3, Ps *at* KB4, KKt5.
Black, K *at* KB1, B *at* QKt6.

which White wins by the following play :—1 P—Kt6, B—B2; 2 P—B5, B—Kt6; 3 K—Kt5, B—R7; 4 P—B6, B—Kt6; 5 B—Kt4 ch., K—Kt1, and now there is nothing to prevent White queening a pawn after playing his King to K7 (via B4, K5, Q6).

With two passed pawns distant from each other, a win can generally be forced by the King aiding the advance of the pawn which the opposing Bishop opposes.

Although the Bishop is now looked upon as stronger than the Knight, the difference in strength is not of much consequence in endings containing a single pawn. As a rule the pawn, whether supported by Bishop or Knight, only draws. There are numerous positions, however, in which the attacking force secures a win. This result will be found to be due usually to the favourable position of the attacking King. A typical example is :—

Position No. 16.—White, K *at* K6, Kt *at* K5, P *at* KB6.
Black, K *at* Kt1, B *at* QKt7.

which White wins by 1 K—K7, K—R2 (if B—R6 ch.; 2 K—K8, B—B1; 3 P—B7 ch., K—Kt2; 4 Kt—Kt6, B—Q3; 5 Kt—K7, etc.); 2 P—B7, B—R6 ch.; 3 K—K8, K—Kt2; 4 Kt—B4 (not Kt—B6 because Black replies K—B3, which draws), B—Kt5 (if B—B4; 5 Kt—Kt6, B—Q3; 6 Kt—Q5, B—B1; 7 Kt—K7); 5 Kt—K3, B—B4; 6 Kt—Q5, B—Q3; 7 Kt—K7.

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Endings with Rook and Pawn against Rook are the most difficult of all to handle correctly and they also occur more frequently than any other in actual play. They cannot be dealt with in a limited space, and we will deal with them, therefore, in a future article.

Queen and pawn against queen is usually drawn by perpetual check.

It is impossible to deal exhaustively in an article of this nature with all the points arising from the handling of pawns in the end-game. Nevertheless, a thorough study of the positions quoted will give the student a considerable knowledge of end-game play.

F. F. L. ALEXANDER.

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THE BOOKSHELF

A GOOD MAN'S STORY.

MEMORIES OF FORTY-EIGHT YEARS' SERVICE. By GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O. John Murray.

There is more than a passing resemblance between Agincourt and Le Cateau, but the salient feature common to both is that each was fought by a British Expeditionary Force on French soil and against vastly overwhelming odds. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's book deals, of course, with much more than the controversial battle with which his name will be for ever associated; but all that goes before merely adumbrates and leads up to it, and the few pages which follow the account are mainly a graceful epilogue. In 1914 the same sentiment doubtless passed through the mind of the commander of the II Corps as had filled the dauntless heart of Henry V: "If we are markt to dye, we are enow To doe our Countrey losse: and if to live The fewer men, the greater share of honour." The English monarch looked to the future and declared that "This story shall the good man teach his sonne." Sir Horace, looking back, declares that his boys are growing up, and it is right that they should know the truth. And many generals and others who fought under him in 1914 had urged that the commander owed it to the II Corps that the account of its great deeds should be placed before the public.

The divinity who rules over War has an impish trick of putting those whom he means to advance to a searching test at the outset of their careers. He occasionally involves these neophytes in apparent or real disaster just to see whether they will "ask for more." Peter the Great, Frederick himself, and Moltke were glad to gallop from their first ill-starred field. Young Smith-Dorrien in 1879 found himself at Isandhlwana and in the *débâcle* which ensued, when the gallant 24th were overwhelmed after firing all their ammunition—though there were tens of thousands of rounds in *screwed-down* boxes a quarter of a mile away which could not be opened in time—he was swept along with the few survivors. There followed a scene of confusion which Sir Horace says he can never forget. "Some 4,000 Zulus had come in behind and were busy with shield and assegai. Into this mass I rode, revolver in hand, right through the Zulus, but they completely ignored me." In the days of Troy it was not unusual for a leading combatant to owe his escape to a protective cloud flung round him by a friendly divinity. In Smith-Dorrien's case the God of War had seen to it that his protégé was wearing a blue patrol. The Zulus thought that this was the black coat of a civilian, and the only five officers who escaped owed their safety to their dark blue jackets. If Mars thought that young Smith-Dorrien would be deterred by that black day he was sorely mistaken. For two separate acts he was recommended for the Victoria Cross, a distinction which he failed to

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obtain merely because the proper channels of communication had not been observed. Shortly afterwards Smith-Dorrien went down with the scourge of South African warfare, enteric, and was detailed for evacuation to England. The night before, however, thanks to a sporting soldier servant and three horses, he escaped and made his way up to the front, where he arrived "a walking corpse," and by friendly wangling was allowed to hide until he picked up sufficiently to share in the latter part of the war.

Service in Egypt followed in 1882, and it was in this country that Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien may be said first to have made his mark. There is an account of what must have been the most improvised corps of horse since Slattery's Mounted Foot. The horses and saddles were commandeered from the Khedive's stables, and the newly formed mounted infantry—which "mobilized" in a few hours—under Smith-Dorrien at first consisted of fifteen men, increased in a few days to thirty. "Many of them," wrote Sir Evelyn Wood in his "From Midshipman to Field Marshal," "had never ridden, but before sundown a section defiled past me, twelve ponies, two mules and a donkey. A somewhat motley gathering, and many of them held on to the saddle; but they proceeded five miles farther to the front and managed to shoot an Egyptian officer that evening, and in five days killed or wounded twelve of the enemy." Some of the work done by this improvised corps is almost incredible in its audacity, and Sir Evelyn Wood made special efforts to get due reward made, but, owing to a divisional "nose being out of joint," Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien never received even a mention in despatches. Two years later Sir Evelyn Wood, then Sirdar, hearing that Smith-Dorrien was passing through the canal *en route* to his regiment in India, had him intercepted by the following wire: "Obtain a week's leave from O.C. Troops on board. Proceed to Cairo. I have an appointment to offer you. If you decline I will pay your passage by next mail steamer to India." This was a pretty useful testimony for a young officer to receive from a Sirdar.

Sir Horace served with distinction in the Nile and Suakin Expeditions, in the Tirah Campaign 1897-98, and in the Omdurman-Fashoda business of the latter year. In South Africa he came to the front, and this portion of his career is described vividly, but perhaps at too great length, for the real interest of the book at the present moment is concerned mostly with his service in France as commander of the II Corps and later of the Second Army. His account of the Retreat from Mons, Le Cateau, the Marne, Aisne, La Bassée, Neuve Chapelle and Messines will speak for themselves. We do not intend to embark upon the controversy as to whether Sir Horace was right or wrong in fighting the Battle of Le Cateau. Indeed, we have always wondered why controversy should exist at all, since Sir Horace has repeatedly stated that many of his troops were too fatigued to enable him to comply with the instructions of the commander-in-chief. Clearly, then, he had no option but to stand his ground, and his decision to fight may be described in chess language as a "forced move." It is, however, in such apparently desperate situations that the master shows his skill. And it seems to us that Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's claim to lasting renown is not that he decided to fight, but that, having been forced to

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fight, he conducted the battle with such skill as to bring about a victory. For a victory Le Cateau undoubtedly was, in spite of the fact that Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien withdrew his troops. He had always meant to do so, but was determined to do so at his own time and in his own way, while incidentally inflicting as much loss, imposing as much delay and laying such a cloud of perplexity upon the enemy as possible. All these things he achieved, and, as he has himself stated, he was nobly backed up by his subordinate commanders and the rank and file, while the French *Territoriales* and General Sordet's cavalry performed invaluable service upon his outer flank. It was everything to delay, even at a high cost, the German onrush. Three days later Lanrezac with the French 5th Army stood his ground with equal effect. Both these battles were noteworthy performances, and we owe a grudge to Fortune that the victors of Le Cateau and of Guise were hounded into comparative obscurity at an early stage of the war.

This is a good book and just misses being a great one owing to the fact that the author has inserted much of the narrative of the Great War in diary form. It is seldom that a diary has the attraction of a carefully composed narrative. But the volume will make an immense appeal to all the Three Services, and not least to that " happy few, that band of brothers "—the survivors of the II Corps of 1914.

SOME WAR HISTORIES.

THE HISTORY OF THE 62ND (WEST RIDING DIVISION), 1914-1919. By EVERARD WYRALL. Volume I. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.

THE WAR HISTORY OF THE 6TH BATTALION OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT (T.F.). By a Committee of Officers who served with the Battalion. William Heinemann, Ltd.

THE HISTORY OF SOMERSET YEOMANRY, VOLUNTEER AND TERRITORIAL UNITS. By W. G. FISHER. Taunton : Goodman & Son.

Mr. Wyrall's reputation as a historian of the war will suffer no diminution by this volume dealing with the 62nd Division. The high standard which he set himself and attained in his " History of the 2nd Division " has been fully maintained, and although the actual war service of the 62nd was much less in point of time than that of the 2nd, it had an extraordinary record of achievement, for, with one exception, in the battles in which it took part—and they were many—it always won through to its objective. Landing in France in January, 1917, the 62nd was first in the line about Beaumont Hamel, and during the year took part in the Battle of Bullecourt and the closing stages of Cambrai, where it relieved the 40th Division in Bourlon Wood. The year 1918 saw the 62nd Division at the Marne. The work of the Division has been carefully " plotted " day by day, not, however, to the exclusion of valuable summaries of the operations of the war at large into which the special operations of the Division are cleverly dovetailed. A word of appreciation must be given to the get up of the book itself. The format, paper and 40 photographic illustrations are of a high class, and the 23 coloured battle plans are of quite outstanding merit.

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" I would have history," says Thackeray in " Esmond," " familiar rather than heroic," and Macaulay wrote pages in the same vein. The compilers of " The War History of the 6th South Staffordshire Regiment " have taken these maxims to heart, with the result that this book is one of the most human and realistic battalion War Histories that has yet appeared. It is packed from end to end with humour, refreshing and unforced, and in our first surge of appreciation we are inclined to say that this volume stands in a class by itself. Much of its success is doubtless due to the hand of Major F. O. Langley, whose " Watchdog " letters are reproduced from the pages of *Punch*, but it is clear that the Committee of Officers who are given as the authors must have contained more than the average of literary talent. If the book is " familiar rather than heroic," it must not be thought that the 6th South Staffords had not their full share of fighting. They belonged to the famous 46th Division, and the story closes with a vivid narrative of the passage of the St. Quentin Canal and the glories of Bellenglise. This regimental history is written on correct lines. It gives a picture of war both in and behind the line in a manner which has not been attempted by official histories or detailed narratives. A delightful, interesting and eminently readable book which is a noteworthy contribution to the literature of the Great War.

More sober in setting and more summarized in result is Mr. Fisher's " History of Somerset Yeomanry, Volunteer and Territorial Units." Properly speaking, this can scarcely be called a War History, for the contents range from the Norman Conquest to the present day, and the book merely takes the Great War " in its stride," so to speak. The detailed narrative begins with 1794, and of the five parts into which the volume is divided the Great War absorbs one, or about a third of the book. The interest is therefore " county " rather than " war," but it is a valuable piece of work, and there is a useful frontispiece in colours giving the uniforms of Somerset horse and foot from 1586 to the present day.

SHORNCLIFFE AND THE ARMY.

SIR JOHN MOORE'S SYSTEM OF TRAINING. By COLONEL J. F. C. FULLER, D.S.O. (late 43rd and 52nd Light Infantry). Hutchinson & Co.

Of this book it can be justly said that " it fulfils a long-felt want." Constantly we have read in the past of the wonderful system of training introduced by Moore, and of the beneficial effect which resulted in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. But we have been left with an irritating feeling of not being quite sure what this system was and with a suspicion, hardening into conviction, that our ignorance was shared by those very writers who eulogized Moore and his works with effusive but guarded praise. Into this darkness Colonel Fuller's book comes as a torch. He has brought to his task a remarkable versatility—for from machines the author now turns back to deal with men and *moral*—and his connection with the old 43rd and 52nd has given him the opportunity of being able to con such records of light infantry training as are

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available. These are unfortunately rather scanty for all record of the daily detail of the training at Shorncliffe, other than as may be gathered from that of the brigade which Moore trained, and of the distinguished pupils who survived him, is lost. Colonel Fuller has, however, succeeded in giving an account which contains more information on the subject than has hitherto been collected.

The system of training, be it noted, was not confined exclusively to infantry tactics, but was based upon a sound training of officers, a strict but humane discipline, the inculcation of *moral* into the private soldier, and upon an organization and interior economy which must have been far ahead of anything existing at the time. All these headings are carefully considered by Colonel Fuller before he proceeds to the chapters on drill, musketry and light infantry training proper.

Apart from the account of Moore, his system and Shorncliffe, much information can be gleaned of the Army at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Colonel George Hanger—a man of wide outlook, if somewhat unconventional—asserted that a *tip-top adjutant* was never a success on service; majors were people apparently of considerably greater importance than they are to-day (p. 116); tablecloths were provided in barrack-rooms (p. 118); the beautiful expression "watch setting" was then in use in the infantry (p. 121); as well as the regimental orderly officer each company also had one (p. 122); every man at Shorncliffe had an official "comrade"—not to be changed without the permission of the captain (p. 151); soldier servants were not supposed to receive any extra pay "the comfortable dress which they (officers) clothe him in, the saving thereby accruing to his regimentals, the relief which he has from duties, and the profession he is in, putting him above the menial situation of receiving wages" (p. 152). These are but a few of the many minor points of interest with which Colonel Fuller's book is studded. The book has nine diagrams illustrating light infantry training.

TWO CHESS BOOKS.

THE ELEMENTS OF CHESS. By J. DU MONT. London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.

MODERN CHESS OPENINGS. By GRIFFITH & WHITE. Completely revised by R. C. GRIFFITH and M. E. GOLDSTEIN. Leeds: Whitehead & Miller, Ltd.

Between them these two books may be said to cover the whole ambit—and, indeed, the whole gambit—of chess, catering as they do for all classes from the chess rabbit to the behemoths of the game. Mr. du Mont's book is chiefly for the weaker players and novices at the game. His method of instruction is excellent, and a very valuable feature is Chapter II, which contains two specimen games with remarks and explanations for every move. We think, however, that this chapter might with advantage have been placed somewhat later in the book—certainly after Chapter VII, which deals with the "Characteristics of Each Unit." The very confusing subject of "opposition" is dealt with fairly well upon the whole, and the author is to be congratulated on an innovation in the use of the term "barrage," though

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possibly "field of fire" would fit the meaning better; still, the expression chosen, as illustrated by the diagrams, is clear and to the point. The book closes with a particularly useful chapter headed "On Quick Sight of the Board," which is a mine of sound information and advice.

"Modern Chess Openings" has been compiled specially for match and tournament players. For such it is as indispensable as "Bradshaw" for a bagman or "Ruff's Guide" for those who do business on the turf. How thorough the book is will be realized when the reader finds that of the Ruy Lopez opening alone 170 variations of the first ten or a dozen moves are given, and hundreds of footnotes give further sub-variations on these. The "hypermodern" school of Chess receives considerable attention, Alekhine's Defence and Réti's Opening being analysed with great thoroughness. Of particular interest are the pages which in each case precede the actual analysis of the openings, and give, so to speak, the "general idea" of that particular line of play. In spite of the wealth of analysis, we cannot find, however, any reference to 4 . . . Kt×Kt in the Scotch. 5 Q×Kt must obviously follow, but we should much like to know what happens next, especially as this line of play is frequently met with in real life. In spite of the enormous mass of material in "Modern Chess Openings," and although printed in easily legible type, the book fits easily in the pocket. No Chess player can afford to be without this book.

SHIPS OF OLD.

ADVENTURES BY SEA FROM ART OF OLD TIME. By BASIL LUBBOCK. Preface by JOHN MASEFIELD. Edited by GEOFFREY HOLME. The Studio, Ltd.

In every way "Adventures by Sea" is a fitting companion and successor to the previous volume dealing with naval battles, actions, and engagements published by The Studio. Higher praise it is impossible to give. Both are superb productions; each is in every way an edition *de luxe*, that of the book now under review being limited to 1,750 copies, published at three guineas net. Numerous private collectors and museum authorities, British and foreign, assisted in the preparation, and the editor records his special indebtedness to Messrs. Macpherson and King and to Commander C. N. Robinson, R.N. The reproductions number 115, of which 22 are in colour, and these are subdivided, not chronologically, but according to certain definite phases of sea-life. Twenty-one plates are allotted to "Voyages and Circumnavigation," which range from an embarkation scene in the fifteenth century to the voyages of Cook and La Pérouse. Next comes Trade and Trading Companies, with the Honourable East India Company fittingly represented. "Perils of the Sea" form the third portion. Two Turners are reproduced, and included also are the two famous burnings at sea—the *Kent* and the *Ocean Monarch*. This is followed by "Whaling and Early Arctic Exploration" between 1558 and 1825. There is much fascination in the next two sections, of about a score of plates apiece, dealing with buccaneers, pirates, privateers, smugglers, and slavers; but to those who love a ship there

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From an Aquatint by Wm. Daniell, R.A.] *[Reproduced from "Adventures by Sea from Art of Old Time" by kind permission of The Studio, Ltd.*

THE BURNING OF THE "KENT," 1825.

The *Kent*, East Indiaman, left the Downs in 1825 for Bengal and China with a number of troops and their families on board Eighty-six lives were lost in the catastrophe.

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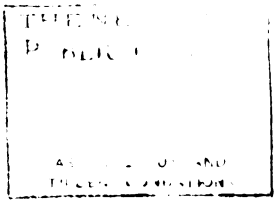

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is possibly nothing to touch the concluding section of " Clipper Ships, etc.," and nothing more beautiful than the coloured plate of the *Taeping* and the *Ariel* in the Great China Race, which is minutely described by extracts from the *Ariel's* log in the most interesting preface by Mr. Lubbock. Mr Masefield's verses form a noble prologue to this fine book of the sea and ships

DREAMS DISSOLVED.

THE MAINTENANCE OF PEACE, OR THE FOUNDATIONS OF DOMESTIC AND INTERNATONAL PEACE AS DEDUCED FROM A STUDY OF THE HISTORY OF NATIONS. By S. C. VESTAL. Second Edition Revised. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Knickerbocker Press.

We imagine that there must be few in the Fighting Services who are obsessed by the fallacy that international peace for all time is within the bounds of possibility. Consequently the author of this book to some extent will be preaching to the converted. But it would be a thousand pities if for that reason the book should be unread by those in the Three Services, for Mr. Vestal's masterly exposure of the futility of the many vague proposals put forward from time to time for federation, confederation, international arbitration and such devices, deserves to be widely studied. The conclusion which Mr. Vestal reaches after over 500 pages of analysis of world conditions from the time of Philip of Macedon to the present day is that in 1914 the world was saved from intolerable conditions " by the valour of the Allied armies and navies." And although he gives due credit to the value of unity among nations as tending to promote peace, his final words are that " known readiness and willingness to fight in a just cause will alone prevent the recurrence of such conditions in the future."

Such a conclusion will not find favour with exponents of dreamlands, Utopias, Leagues of Nations, Hague Conferences and other unrealities, but they will be welcomed by practical men who are faced with the realities of life as are the members of the Navy, Army and Air Force. The book is a difficult, if not an impossible, one to review adequately, for the field covered is so wide that if each portion of the terrain is to be surveyed a review would amount to little more than a table of contents. We may, however, draw attention to a particularly illuminating chapter where the question is argued as to whether the oft suggested world government should be a Federation or a Confederation. The first difficulty which Mr. Vestal forces us to confront is a terminological one, for we soon see that what we regarded as a federal government—*i.e.*, the United States—was in its original form a confederacy, while the so-called Southern Confederacy was not a confederacy at all, but a strongly centralized federation. For a confederation must be a government over governments, while a federation is a government over individuals. Mr. Vestal then proceeds to impale the upholders of world confederation or the other thing on the horns of neatly contrived dilemmas, and appears to us to counter any possible retort from the victims by very apt comparisons drawn from the history of over two thousand years.

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This is not a book to be read underneath a bough with the concomitants of

> " A loaf of bread, a jar of wine, and thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness."

It is much too tough for that. But every sailor, soldier and airman who tackles it will be grateful to Mr. Vestal for supplying him with proofs of many things which he knew of merely by a vague if sure instinct.

"PAY, PARADISE, AND PRUDENCE."

" ASSISTANT SECRETARY " has written to point out that the salary of his civil appointment is £1,329, and not as stated in the article under above title. The author of the article writes :—" The statement of ' Assistant Secretary ' must, of course, be accepted as conclusive. Working backwards from this agreed result, it is clear that the error in calculation has arisen from the vague terminology employed in official documents dealing with salaries, wages, and the cost of living. The expressions—' Increased Cost of Living figures,' ' Cost of Living Index Number,' ' Index Figure of the Cost of Living,' ' Cost of Living Figures,' and ' Board of Trade Food Prices Index Number '—being employed with varying signification and bewildering result. It will be remembered that your readers were warned that as the results of some of the calculations appeared incredible, it was possible that some flaw existed in the argument. The main contention of the article is, however, still true, namely that the bonus system in use for the Civil Service is more advantageous to those to whom it applies than that devised for the Fighting Services."

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. II SEPTEMBER, 1925 No. 3

DELENDUM EST LONDINIUM

THE editor tapped the papers in front of him with the hilt of his gold pencil, and regarded his companions for a moment in silence. When, presently, he spoke, it was with a slight shrug of his shoulders and a methodical tidying-up of his desk, which showed that the discussion had reached its end for all that would be said thereafter might matter, or for all it might affect the immediate business of the " house."

" I agree with your lordship's view, in spite of de Courteville's shrewd remarks. These " (he motioned towards the papers he had just put aside and looked from one to the other of the assembled board) " all point to it being a question of hours, but to print them—especially the wire from Haydock —might only precipitate matters."

He yawned, stifled the tail-end of the yawn, and looked at his watch.

" A quarter to one ! I can see a busy day ahead, and, if you will excuse me, I will turn in. What's that ? Oh, rather ! it's no time for the home beautiful while this is going on, and I am really quite comfortable here."

He rose as he finished speaking, and touched a bell. As the faint note of its appeal rang out, the chime of St. Paul's, announcing the quarter, floated in on the still air ; the messenger who answered the summons of the bell heard the chime while still in the corridor, and quickened his pace. He had been up most of the preceding day nursing a sick family in Battersea, and he saw the possibility of an early release from duty. But he was to be disappointed.

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" The cars, Kendrick, but I shall not require mine at present."

The " Guv'nor " was standing with his back to the fire, watching the other men struggling into their overcoats.

In his eyes was an expression of intense concentration familiar enough to the messenger at times of important happenings in the outside world. On these occasions Kendrick had known his chief to stand thus, blind to all that went on in the room, for an hour at a stretch, until, the reverie ended and the all-important decision formed, he would call for his shorthand writer and rattle off the leader or paragraph for which the staff had been impatiently marking time.

But to-night there was no such sequel. Long after old Lord " Pimple " (as he was affectionately if impolitely known among the less exalted members of the staff) and his half-dozen co-directors had sped homeward from the silent city a light continued to burn in the room they had left.

At regular intervals St. Paul's and other of Sir Christopher Wren's enduring monuments registered the slow march of time. But the solitary occupant of the editorial chamber paid no attention. For nearly an hour he remained standing, his shoulders resting against the mantelpiece, his feet apart, and his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his jacket.

He was turning over in his mind questions of the utmost gravity, and, if his composed features concealed their weightiness, it was really not surprising, since the consideration of such matters held a prominent place in his calling.

The messenger in the lobby was debating equally intently whether or not he should intrude and " make up " the fire, which instinct told him must be burning low. Coincidence brought both employee and employer to a decision at the same time. When the messenger, receiving no response to his knock, entered the room, he found his master seated at his desk with the telephone in front of him.

As Kendrick reached the fireplace the telephone rang, and he was an uninvited hearer of his master's voice.

" This is Barlow-Norris speaking, Sir Anthony. I am sorry to intrude at this late hour, but I think Mr. Thursfield should know what Haydock—oh, is he there ?—yes, please !—Hullo ? Is that the Prime Minister ? "

Kendrick very nearly let fall a shovel-full of coal on to the hearth, but steadied himself with an effort. The one-

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sided conversation, in the meantime, had proceeded, regardless of a fifty-per-cent.-disabled veteran's discomfiture.

" Lord Postthule and I," the editor was saying, " thought it wiser to hold it back. I cannot help thinking, Mr. Prime Minister, that Haydock—you recollect his share in the Maldive Islands affair, do you not ?—I cannot disabuse my mind of the thought that Haydock set more than their face-value on those eight words. Shall I read them to you again ? One moment—'. . . *point failure negotiations when immediate action highly probable.*' "

There was a pause, and Kendrick caught the hollow note of the other speaker's voice, unintelligible and distorted. It went on for some moments, and Kendrick stood like a graven image. His back was turned towards his chief ; he did not know whether his presence in the room had been noticed and he dared not move for fear of distracting his employer's attention.

The voice he knew to be that of the Premier of Great Britain died down, and his employer was speaking again.

" I know, I know, but we must not forget the lessons of the past. Issues less grave than these have, before now, resulted in war, and I know Haydock sufficiently well to be quite certain he is not speaking without his book—oh, quite, sir ! I look upon his warning more as one looks upon an umbrella compared with an oilskin, if I may put it so, and, an umbrella being a seasonable gift at all times in England, Mr. Prime Minister, I present it with the sincere hope that the weather will hold. . . ."

At this juncture the courage that in his distant youth had stood Kendrick in good stead on the muddy plains of northern France returned to him. Taking the shovel with him, and moving cat-like across the thick carpet, he made the door without a sound. Once outside, he breathed long and deeply.

" Wonder," he muttered to himself as he padded down the lighted corridor, " wot's in the wind now ? Yer don't ring up the bloomin' Prime Minister at this time o' the mornin' ter hinquire after 'is *esprit de corps*." Which statement, while reflecting sadly on Kendrick's knowledge of the modern languages, nevertheless fairly accurately summed up the situation.

* * * * *

The editor rose from his desk, and slowly paced the room.

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" Absolutely hopeless !" He kicked savagely at a morsel of coal lying on the hearthrug, missed it, and continued to the end of the room. Here he turned about, and on his return journey drove the shining fragment fair and square into the back of the fire.

" One might just as well try to convince them black's white. The nearer the danger looms before them the less they see of it !"

He picked up from his desk, as he passed, the telegram he had received a few hours previously from one of the great journal's foreign representatives, and the contents of which he had a minute previously been reading out to the Premier, and carried it with him to the window.

Letting up the blind, and raising the sash, he stood for a moment looking out across the darkened city, the chill night air playing on his face and rustling the flimsy message-form in his hand. There was no moon ; heavy mountains of black cloud strode across the heavens.

The window faced almost due east, and Barlow-Norris, as he gazed towards the Orient, allowed his thoughts momentarily to follow his line of vision. But it was cold, and if, as he judged, the forthcoming day would see him more than usually busy, it was high time to snatch some rest.

He stepped back, closed the window and drew down the blind. Between the raising and the lowering of the screen barely a minute had elapsed. The flood of white light from high up in the darkened building, consequently, had been of short duration. A constable, meditating on the monotony of life from the shelter of a doorway in the street below, observed it, and wondered what startling headlines the sign of belated industry might foreshadow for the morning.

Unknown to him or to the occupant of the curtained room, another watcher of the night had beheld the flash of light, and was even now acting on the information it had conveyed.

On such thin thread as the light from a half-watt lamp can hang the fate of cities—ay, and the fate of nations too !

* * * * *

A coastguard near Skegness spent a great part of the next day trying unsuccessfully to convince his sceptical superiors that he alone, apparently, of all the local inhabitants, had heard them come in.

He was not told in so many words that his imagination was considered far greater than his veracity, but his application

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for active service, submitted later in the day, was approved remarkably quickly. He was killed less than a week afterwards, but before he left to serve afloat he described his experience to his wife.

" Jeannie," he said with bated breath, " it was as though the whole sky were racing in from the sea ! At first I thought it was a gale arising out yonder, and I buttoned up my collar. But although the sound became louder every second, the air around me was as still as it had been. I was mortal frightened ! It was that dark I could see no more than half a dozen paces before me, and I dare not show a light while that noise lasted. You've heard the starlings comin' in at nightfall down in Anker's Copse ? Well, it was like that, only magnified a thousan' times. I should say it lasted a good twenty minutes, and then it was gone, and me on Ingoldmell's Point trembling like a child, afraid because of the terrible quietness ! I told them . . ."

But, as has been pointed out, they did not believe him. Still, it was a fact.

There were six hundred and thirty of them—giant invisible craft, each carrying something in the neighbourhood of ten tons of freight and a crew of twenty. They flew in the upper regions of the atmosphere, where the air is thin and where the temperature never falls below freezing-point, and they flew in " wedge " formation, after the fashion set by geese and similar feathered creatures.

One led, and this was the Atlas of the party. From the cabin of this leader, by looking back to the right and to the left, the nearer members of the foremost " wedge " could have been detected, presenting a ruler-straight line through space.

There were six " wedges " in all, arranged like a series of steps, and each a hundred strong. The additional thirty had, to all intents and purposes, a roving commission, and, to judge by their movements, possessed a turn of speed nearly double that of the main body—which is saying a lot, for the procession was lashing across the heavens at a gait which can only be characterized as unholy. Feature almost as remarkable, and to which the reader's attention has already been drawn—no sound save the whirr of the armada's passage through the air marked its advance.

* * * * *

Seated in the control cabin of the leading mammoth was a bearded man of about forty. Every now and again he

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would look up from the chart before him and exchange a word or two with one of the other occupants ; and after each such exchange he would enter a record of his subordinate's answer in a massive log at his elbow. The fleet leader's mien, though distant and almost repelling, showed him to be capable and masterful. The attitude of his juniors when addressing him confirmed this.

" Coastline passing underneath now, sir."

A young officer sitting at an instrument on his left broke a silence which had lasted some minutes, and did not look round. The commander thanked him quietly for the information, and made an entry in the ledger.

" Give me our location at half-minute intervals, from now on, Caburus," he added, " and you, Æson, keep me posted as to the fleet's behaviour !"

A quarter of an hour passed. The sing-song announcements of the fleet's progress had ceased by common accord. The commander rose from his feet and approached a tall figure standing before a kind of porthole.

" Anything ?" he inquired in an undertone.

" Nothing," the other replied.

There was complete stillness in the cabin.

" I see "—the words came slowly, like the speech of a *clairvoyante* reading the glass—" I see a light about ten miles to port, square in outline and white, as from a window. Beyond, and around, there is impenetrable cloud or fog . . ."

" Romford," said the officer referred to as Caburus, from the other side of the cabin, " lies beneath."

* * * * *

The fleet leader finished writing, and laid down his pencil.

" Caburus," he said, his emotionless voice echoing like the sound of a hack-saw negotiating flimsy sheeting, " you have no doubt as to our position ? The light you beheld—you are positive it came from the city ?"

" Positive, sir. Further, I can observe it still. We are above the *People's Palace*," the other replied, and dropped his eyes to the instrument before him.

" Æson."

" Sir ?" In the bow of the cabin a broad back swung half round, and a pair of mild, questioning eyes were turned on the commander.

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" Inform Captain Perseus that he is to rise and circle "—he paused a moment—" and use his own discretion should there be any interference. Do that now."

Into the stillness that returned, as the commander finished speaking, there broke the note of an electric bell. The broad back of Æson described a curve as he leant over the radio-telegraphic table. Then his voice, mellow and distinct, pervaded the control-cabin ; yet none of the other occupants paid visible attention.

" Fleet escort ! Fleet escort !" The voice neither rose nor fell. " Following for Captain Perseus : ' *Mice to nibble carpet. Mice have slim tails.*' Acknowledge !"

Silence for a moment, and then, almost as clear as Æson's, an answering voice rang out :—

" Fleet Leader ! *Mice to nibble carpet. Mice have slim tails. The end of a perfect day is in the cup that cheers.*"

" Acknowledge that !" It was the commander who spoke this time. He was already making an entry in the ledger. It ran : " 0400 *hours. Captain Perseus reports* ' *No sign of hostile craft.*' *We are over our objective.* . . ."

He abruptly ceased writing, and said :

" Attack to commence ! Order tight spiral, Caburus controlling. Delay-action bombs first, then gas, then instantaneous, and so on. No flares ; and you, Æson, watch for stragglers—especially the ' Bat ' Flotilla."

Once again silence descended. The commander was on his feet examining the crawling ribbon of the " twin " nocturnal cinematograph film, where it passed under a stereoscope on a special table. He appeared satisfied with his inspection, for he nodded now and then.

* * * * *

The units of the mighty fleet were, apparently, interconnected by invisible and unyielding stays.

From a vast flight of steps the fleet became, with perfect uniformity, a section of a spiral staircase leisurely rising and falling—never quite attaining the star-filled vault of the heavens above, and never quite sinking to the level of the racing, piled-up cloud-banks below.

Far above the gyrating fleet there hung a smudge which, tirelessly and unvaryingly, passed and repassed over it. The escort was in position for instant action, should its intervention be required.

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Captain Perseus lifted one heavily-booted leg from his rudder-pedal and swore thickly under his breath.

"Asleep! Here"—addressing his companion, sitting by his side, staring intently through the window in front of them—"change places; my foot is dead!"

The other hastened to obey, and both rose to their feet within the cramped limits of the cockpit. They were in the act of passing each other when, by common consent, they halted and fixed their eyes on the window. From their lips there fell exclamations of amazement, and automatically they sank back into their seats.

Well might these two centurions of the heights sit entranced! From the depths below them, until now dark and formless, there rose a glow such as no human eye might behold unmoved.

Dante, even, can have witnessed nothing more grandiose. It was as though a smouldering earth, fanned by some sudden breeze, had burst violently into flame—a flame that grew in intensity as each second passed, and spread, plague-like, to north, east, south, and west.

The escort captain's companion it was who dispelled the trance.

"It is over!" he muttered, and pointed down towards the glow; between it and the escort the fleet was coming out of its spiral, majestically unwinding.

"Ah!"—the captain of the escort leant forward and touched a switch as the note of a "buzzer" flooded the cockpit—"the *Recall!*"

The voice of Æson, mellow and distinct, penetrated the compartment, telling the escort to rejoin the fleet, and to beware of any pursuing foe.

Said Perseus's companion:

"Shall I take over control now, while you rest your leg?"

"No," answered the captain, "it is all right again. Reduce the oxygen supply by two litres."

* * * * *

Barlow-Norris's first connected thoughts, when he regained consciousness, were of the extraordinary appearance of his surroundings. Near to him—almost touching his chin, in fact—he saw a portion of embossed wallpaper he recognized vaguely, about the size of an open umbrella. (Why he should think of an umbrella, of all things, he could not, for the life of him, understand, but he felt that that described its

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size adequately; it was certainly not large enough to be compared with, say, an oilskin.)

The wallpaper, naturally enough, was adhering to a piece of wall, but the latter, instead of standing upright (as walls normally should), leant forward at an alarming angle. So much so, indeed, that the editor sought to back away from it. But this he found less easy than he expected, and after two abortive attempts he decided to ring for Kendrick and have the offending masonry removed.

When no answer attended his summons, Barlow-Norris became annoyed and pressed more heavily on the " bell," with the result that it crumbled away under his touch. He raised his head and looked about him.

He saw that he had been lying at full length in a litter of loose plaster and sandstone, on the slope of an eminence composed of the same material. This was the extent of his first impression, and he set himself to puzzling whence and by what means he had been brought to a spot so outrageously barren. A splitting headache did not assist in the solving of the enigma, and the harsh taste of mortar added to his discomfort.

" What was I doing ?" he asked himself, as, resting on one elbow, he commenced tracing with a finger the design on the wall-paper above him.

He could find no suitable reply to his self-imposed query till, a sensation of emptiness drawing attention to its presence, his wandering thoughts settled on one concrete fact and gave him the clue he unconsciously desired. He realized that he had tasted neither food nor drink for a very long while. It next dawned upon him that the sun was pouring down, whereas his last recollection was of night and a darkened world.

Thus, piece by piece, he reconstructed his actions prior to the period of blank from which he was emerging, and knew, eventually, that he had overshot the dawn of a new day by a quite considerable number of hours.

It was, in fact, the heat of the sun on the back of his neck which drove off the last remnants of his lethargy.

With an effort, much greater than he would have thought necessary, he rolled over and sat up. Objects reeled before his eyes at first, and he saw nothing distinctly. But he persevered, and was rewarded; regaining the fuller use of his faculties, he saw with amazement that, as far as his eye could reach, there was nothing but desolation and waste land,

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from points of which rose isolated buildings—some intact, but the majority hollow shells, standing roofless from a sea of limelike whiteness.

Still unable to grasp the purport of what he saw, Barlow-Norris passed his hand across his eyes, and rose unsteadily to his feet. He was conscious of stiffness in all his limbs; it was as though he had undergone a severe pummelling in his sleep and was waking to a realization of the fact. Painfully and laboriously he moved away from where he had lain, and descended the slope.

Anyone observing him would have said that he walked in his sleep, as, with arms outstretched and with the somnambulist's vacuity of expression, he negotiated the decline and passed out of sight behind a pile of brickwork, whose outline conveyed less than nothing of its original rôle in the scheme of things. The last that might have been seen of him would have been a hatless, dishevelled member of the community, shielding his eyes with one arm from a whirlwind of dust, which a fresh westerly breeze had sucked up and was carrying along in its wake.

* * * * *

"This must be Ludgate Circus! Yes, over there is a length of rail projecting from that pile. Be careful; I should not trust myself there, if I were you—it's sagging like the top of a pudding. . . ."

The Commissioner of Police eyed an apparently untouched, though obviously undermined, stretch of roadway with distrust, and started climbing over a mountain of masonry which skirted it, closely followed by the Chief of the Fire Brigade.

In their rear followed, more slowly, a mixed army of soldiery, police, and firemen, while, farther west beyond the curtain of white dust rising from under the myriad feet trampling the *débris*, the horizon was black with humanity.

For the City, in the hush of night, had been laid low. So sudden had the onslaught been, so systematically had it been carried out, that the attackers had left behind them a clearly marked area completely gutted. The extent of the national loss in pounds, shillings, and pence could not even be imagined. That the loss in life was low was poor consolation. The razing to the ground of the Empire's wealth-centre was a blow too crippling for any thought of solace.

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The Prime Minister's face, as the Ministerial party presently overtook the Chief of Police and the Fire Brigade Commander, was of very much the same hue as the mortar on which they stood.

A grave-eyed minister, followed closely by an officer in the uniform of the Air Force, was speaking to him as he approached.

" No, sir, I will not say that, but had we taken the initiative yesterday we might have upset their plans to the extent of making them abandon the idea. As it is, we have, I doubt not, by now inflicted treble the amount of devastation on their own capital."

He paused, and then, indicating the wilderness before him, with a gesture more eloquent than words, shook his head, and dropped back.

The Prime Minister walked on alone, till he came to the foot of what once had been Ludgate Hill. Here he stopped, and regarded helplessly the huge mound of twisted girder and shattered stone which barred his further progress. His eyes were directed above, towards where, normally, they would have rested on St. Paul's towering dome. Perhaps they only dimly saw the ruined tumulus that towered instead, for, as their owner wiped them with his silk handkerchief, he realized that they were full of water. But perhaps they smarted from another cause. Still, men stronger than Prime Ministers have cried for less.

He turned away, just in time to receive in his arms an unkempt figure which came out, reeling, from the shadow of a gaunt buttress. The figure was muttering to itself, and the Prime Minister, as he assisted it to a seat on an upturned block of granite, heard it say :

" I tell you, Haydock may be relied upon implicitly ! There is no man who has the situation so completely at his finger-ends. . . . Quite, sir, but I wished to warn you !"

" Stretchers !" boomed the voice of the Commissioner of Police from a hillock fifty yards distant. The plural number was stressed manifestly, but then the Police Chief had observed the Premier crumple up and fall, and, for all he knew to the contrary, the Prime Minister might have walked into an undispelled gas-pocket.

A. J. INSALL.

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NAVAL BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY

WHAT is a naval battle? This is not, as might at first sight appear, a query from the Bench, but the problem which immediately presents itself to anyone attempting to deal with the many and varied services of the British Army afloat. These services fall naturally into three main categories—fleet actions in which soldiers were distributed among the various ships, and took part in the fighting; actions at which troops were present for the sole purpose of being used subsequently as a landing force, such actions being against either ships or forts, or both; and, more rarely, actions at which troops were present merely as spectators on board transports convoyed by men-of-war.

To deal adequately with each of these classes of military sea service would require several volumes, and, with a few exceptions, it is only possible in one short article to recall some of the famous battles in which infantry have been called upon to perform the duties of Marines.

It was not until the year 1755 that Marines were organized on a permanent footing, but the earliest mention of such a force as a separate unit appears to be in an Order in Council dated October 16th, 1664, authorizing " 1,200 Land souldgers to be forthwith rayzed to be in readiness to be distributed in His Majesty's fleete prepared for sea service." This was known as " the Admiral's Regiment," and was numbered the 3rd Foot. About four years later, a further Order in Council authorized the employment of detachments of Foot Guards in the fleet, and about the same date " the Admiral's Regiment " was absorbed by the Coldstream Guards, its number as the 3rd Foot being taken over by the Buffs, who had previously been known as the " Holland Regiment." As a a matter of fact, " the Admiral's Regiment " seems to have had a close affinity with the Coldstream Guards, even when a separate unit.

Early in 1665 the Duke of Albemarle* wrote :—" To the Right Honble. John Lord Berkley and the rest of the Com-

* Better known as General Monk, who raised and commanded the Coldstream Guards. Although a soldier, he was constantly at sea during the Dutch wars of this period, and had a great deal to do with the organization and control of the Navy.

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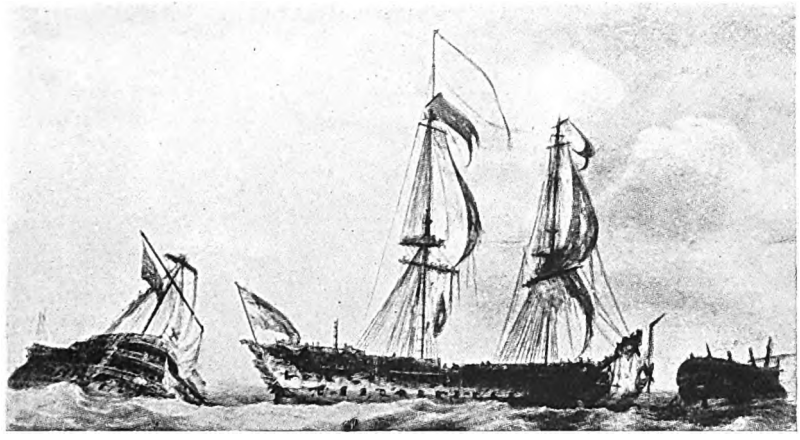
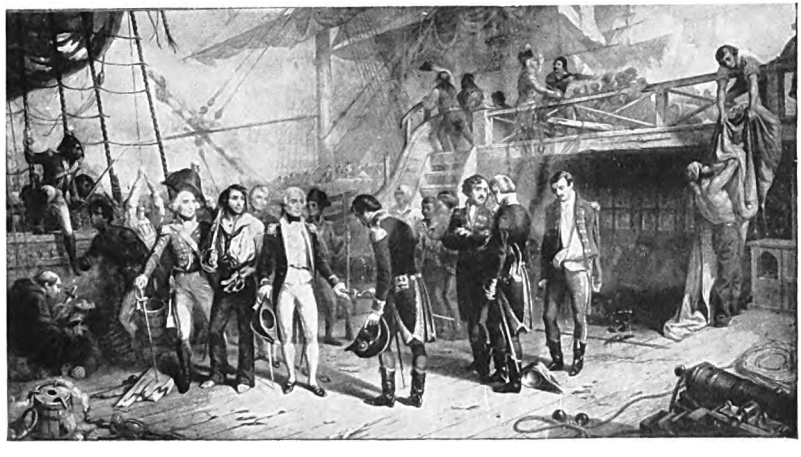


SINKING OF THE "VENGEUR."

The sinking of the *Vengeur* by the *Brunswick*, June 1st, 1794. Out of a total of 2 officers and 79 other ranks, the detachment of the 29th Regiment had 1 officer and 10 men killed, and 1 officer and 20 men wounded. Other detachments of the 29th Regiment were serving on board the *Ramillies*, *Alfred*, *Glory* and *Thunderer* in this battle.



SURRENDER OF THE "SAN JOSEF."

The surrender of the *San Josef* to Admiral Lord Nelson at the Battle of St. Vincent, 14th February, 1797. On board Nelson's ship (the *Captain*) were 100 men of the 69th Regiment, under Lieut. Pierson, acting as Marines, and these played a gallant part in the capture, in succession, of the *San Nicolas* and *San Josef*.

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REGIMENTAL COLOUR OF THE 2ND BN. THE WELCH REGIMENT

Showing the Naval Crown superscribed "12th April, 1782,"
and also the Naval Battle Honour "St. Vincent."

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missioners for managing the office of His Majesty's Ordnance," requesting them to issue from the Tower of London " 500 matchlocks with 500 collars of bandoliers for the use of 500 men which are to be raised by His Majesty's order and added to my regiment of Foot Guards for sea service".

The first action in which troops are known to have taken part at sea was the victory over the Dutch off Lowestoft on June 3rd, 1665, when the First Guards* had a detachment on board the *Royal Catherine* under Colonel Sir Edward Broughton who was killed. The vessel was hotly engaged by the Dutch ship *Orange*, whose crew repeatedly attempted to board her, only to be driven back each time by the Guards and sailors. The Coldstream also had 500 men distributed among ships of the fleet.

Exactly a year later, the First Guards took part in the " Battle of Four Days " (June 1st-4th) against the same enemies, on which Pepys throws an interesting sidelight. On June 2nd, 1666, he describes in his *Diary* how news reached the Admiralty that the battle had begun the previous day, and goes on to say :—" Presently came orders for our sending away to the fleete a recruit of 200 soldiers. So I rose from the table, and to the Victualling-office, and thence upon the river among several vessels, to consider of the sending them away ; and lastly down to Greenwich and there appointed two yachts to be ready for them ; and did order the soldiers to march to Blackewall." Later in the day, he witnessed the results of his labours : " Down to Blackewall and there saw the soldiers, who were by this time gotten most of them drunk, shipped off. But, Lord ! to see how the poor fellows kissed their wives and sweethearts in that simple manner at their going off, and shouted, and *let off their guns*, was strange sport."

It must have been a somewhat exciting embarkation.

In the final battles of the Dutch Wars on May 28th, June 4th, and August 10th, 1673, the First Guards again faced their old opponents and among the casualties in the *Sovereign* during the two earlier actions were Captain Henshaw and Lieutenants Fitzgerald and Tufton, all of whom were wounded.

The Grenadier Guards have only one link with these far-off services, but it is an extremely interesting one. The drums of their 3rd Battalion play " Rule Britannia " at " Tattoo " immediately before the National Anthem. As

* Now Grenadier Guards.

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described later, several regimental bands play the same air at the conclusion of their programme, but in no other case is this done by the drums or at " Tattoo," and it seems reasonable to suggest that the custom in the 3rd Grenadier Guards may be not unconnected with the " beating to quarters," which used to form the prelude to a naval action in days gone by. However this may be, the custom has been handed down from the Dutch Wars of the seventeenth century and still survives.

In 1694, an Order in Council by William and Mary created two " Maritime Regiments," but they were disbanded after the Peace of Ryswick in 1697.

But this rather haphazard method of finding Marines had many obvious drawbacks, and on the outbreak of the War of the Spanish Succession in the reign of Queen Anne, steps were taken to place matters on a more satisfactory footing. The 4th Foot* was converted into " The Queen's Regiment of Marines," and six new Marine regiments were raised. All of these served under Sir George Rooke at the capture of Gibraltar on July 23rd, 1704, and most of them were present also at the great battle with the French fleet off Malaga three weeks later.

At the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, all the Marine regiments were disbanded, though three were immediately reformed as regiments of Foot and numbered the 30th, 31st, and 32nd†. Just previously, too, " The Queen's Regiment of Marines " reverted to its original status.

The Marine origin of the 31st is still commemorated by the custom of drinking the King's health sitting—Navy fashion—and a rule prohibiting smoking in the mess-room, on the principle of " no smoking 'tween decks".

From 1713 to 1740 no Marines existed, but in the latter year and those immediately following, ten Marine regiments were raised and numbered as the 44th to 53rd Foot. However, at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, all of these regiments were disbanded, and it was not until 1755 that a Marine force was once more raised and at last placed on a permanent footing. Even then it seems to have been inadequate in numbers, for during the next fifty years Line regiments continued to serve at sea as occasion demanded,

* Now The King's Own Royal Regiment (Lancaster).

† Now, respectively, the 1st Bn. The East Lancashire Regiment, 1st Bn. The East Surrey Regiment, and 1st Bn. The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

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and we constantly read that they were " distributed among ships having no Marines," or " those ships having the fewest Marines." Whatever may have been the main cause of this apparent shortage, it is easy to understand that sea service could not have been very attractive under the conditions which existed in the eighteenth century. A voyage to India took ten months, and to South Africa anything from three to six, while the same uniform was worn in all parts of the world. The log of one of His Majesty's ships in East Indian waters towards the end of this period records the fact that she spent the months of June and July lying in Madras Roads overhauling—a process which included painting her wooden sides with tar—and anyone who has spent a hot weather in Madras will appreciate what the conditions on board must have been like.

The state of affairs generally is concisely described by Private George Dene, of the First Guards, in a letter written in the reign of Queen Anne*. He says :—" While we lay on board we had continued Distruction in ye Foretop ; ye pox above board ; ye Pleague between decks ; Hell in ye forecastle and ye Devil att ye Helm."

It is a curious fact that only a year after the permanent establishment of the Marines, the Government of the day should deliberately have refused to make use of them when opportunity offered, but such was the case. When, in 1756, the inadequate expedition under the unhappy Admiral Byng was dispatched to the Relief of Minorca, the Marines were withdrawn from the fleet to make room for troops who were to be landed at Gibraltar, where he was authorized to embark one fresh regiment in their place. This regiment was refused by the Governor, so Byng, in addition to having his fleet badly equipped and seriously under-manned, had to proceed with such troops as he could retain. These included the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who were present at the action off Minorca on May 20th 1756, and in recognition of the fact their band plays " Rule Britannia " at the conclusion of a programme, immediately after the Regimental March and before the National Anthem. A similar privilege is enjoyed by the 49th† on account of their presence at Copenhagen, to which further reference will be made.

* Quoted by Colonel H. W. Pearse, D.S.O., in his " History of The East Surrey Regiment."

† Now 1st Bn. The Royal Berkshire Regiment (Princess Charlotte of Wales's).

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The second half of the eighteenth century is one continuous record of warfare against the Spanish, French, and Dutch in all parts of the world, while the historic siege of Gibraltar led to many naval actions. At the second relief of the great fortress by Admiral Darby on April 12th, 1781, the Marines were furnished by the 14th Foot,* who had been in the Channel Fleet in this capacity since the previous July. Some eight months after relieving Gibraltar the fleet ran short of provisions, and returned to Spithead, but the troops were kept on board, whereupon application was made for the issue to them of " slops " similar to the special clothing provided for the regular Marines. There is an interesting sequel to this spell of sea service by the 14th Foot, for in January, 1782, they proceeded to Jamaica and were on board their transports in the harbour of St. Lucia during Rodney's great victory of April 12th over the French fleet under de Grasse, and the regiment found the guard over the latter when he was brought to the island as a prisoner. The Marines on this occasion were found by the 69th Foot,† a regiment with a remarkable record of naval service, the whole battalion being distributed among the ships of Hood's squadron.

For some time a powerful French fleet under the Comte de Grasse had been in the West Indies, where numerous engagements with the British had taken place, which reached a climax on April 12th, 1782, when the two fleets met in the Saints' Passage, north of the island of Dominica. Rodney had recently arrived with a squadron from England, and had been reinforced by Hood's squadron, which was already in West Indian waters, so that the former had at his disposal thirty-six ships, while the French fleet numbered thirty-four. The disparity in numbers was more than counter-balanced, however, by the greatly superior size of the French ships, while, in addition, there were present French transports conveying between five and six thousand troops, with numerous guns, intended for the capture of Jamaica. The battle commenced about 8 a.m. and lasted nearly twelve hours, at the end of which the French had been utterly defeated, and the greater part of their fleet had sought safety in flight. Five ships were captured and one sunk, while Hood captured four more during his pursuit. De Grasse himself fought gallantly to the last, as did many of his captains, and surrendered his flagship, the

* Now The West Yorkshire Regiment (The Prince of Wales's Own).
† Now 2nd Bn. The Welch Regiment.

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Ville de Paris, to Hood in the *Barfleur* when only himself and two seamen remained unwounded on the upper deck. In addition to personal distinctions, the thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to the fleet, and the 69th were accorded the honour of encircling the figure "69" on their colours with a wreath of laurels, while in more recent years a naval crown and the date "12th April, 1782," were authorized to be borne on their appointments. In addition, the officers of the regiment were allowed to wear a laurel embroidered on the strap of their epaulettes.

The year 1782 also saw the beginning of the remarkable series of battles fought off the Madras coast between Sir Edward Hughes and the French Admiral de Suffren—probably the most brilliant sailor in the history of France. Hughes had captured Negapatam, Trincomalee, and Chinsurah, and on being reinforced by Commodore Johnstone's squadron from the unsuccessful expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, prepared to foil the French plans for capturing Madras in conjunction with our powerful adversary Hyder Ali, Sultan of Mysore. At dawn on February 17th, 1782, Hughes, with ten ships, sighted de Suffren with fifteen, of which the majority were bigger and more powerful than those of the British fleet. The wind was so light that the whole force could not engage on either side, and the action resolved itself into a struggle between eight French and five British ships. The British losses were 33 of all ranks killed and 95 wounded, the flagship *Superb* and the 64-gun *Exeter* being the chief sufferers. The latter was heavily attacked by three enemy ships simultaneously, and at the end of the day, when the French drew off, was little more than a floating wreck. Among those killed on board were five men of the 98th Regiment,* whose presence is explained by the following extract from Hughes' despatch on the battle:—"At 4 in the Afternoon (Feb. 16th) the Enemy weighed and stood to the Southward when I immediately made the Signal to weigh and stood after them, having received on board a Detachment of 300 Officers and Men of His Majesty's 98th Regiment who were distributed to the Ships of the Squadron that were worst manned." Shortly afterwards the following further reference throws an interesting light on the circumstances of the period:—"I sailed from that place (Trincomalee) with the Squadron on

* Now 2nd Bn. The North Staffordshire Regiment (The Prince of Wales's).

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the 4th of last month having furnished a sum of money on the India Company's Account for the pay of the Garrison and General Medows* (who had done me the honor to accompany me in the *Superb* from Madras) having landed a Detachment of His Majesty's 98th Regiment consisting of 2 Officers and 50 Men for the better securing that important Place." This post was later reinforced by a detachment of the Company's troops.

Hughes refitted at Trincomalee and again put to sea. After four days' manœuvring, the second battle took place, curiously enough, on April 12th, the very day on which Rodney and Hood were gaining their great victory over de Grasse in the West Indies. The French had fifteen ships and the British twelve, Hughes having been reinforced by the *Sultan* and *Magnanime*, but their crews were so depleted by sickness that their value was greatly diminished. This engagement was the most furious of the whole series, and after some six hours the French drew off. The British casualties were 137 killed and 430 wounded, and the French 139 and 264 respectively. The *Superb* again suffered severely, but the *Monmouth* was attacked by three enemy ships, and, after losing one-third of her crew, was only saved from capture by the timely arrival of the *Superb* and the *Sultan*. The French flagship *Héros* also suffered heavily, and de Suffren was compelled to transfer his flag to another vessel. Unfortunately, the men's casualty lists given in the despatch on this action make no distinction between seamen, marines, and soldiers, so that the losses of the last-named, if any, cannot be stated, but no military officers were included. The third engagement took place on July 6th, when in a short but sharp encounter, the tables were turned, for while the British loss was 77 killed and 233 wounded, the French lost no fewer than 412 killed and 676 wounded. On the British side, the *Monarca* and *Burford* were the chief sufferers, and among the killed in the latter ship was Captain Broxholme Jenkinson of the 98th. In the course of his despatch, Hughes writes :—" I am also obliged to Colonel Fullarton†, of the

* An officer who had already gained distinction in the West Indies and who subsequently took part in many of the famous battles in Southern India.

† Colonel William Fullarton was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel to command the 98th when raised for the second time in 1779, and continued in command until its disbandment in 1784.

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98th Regiment, who has been my Companion in the *Superb* since I left Madras road in March last, preferring to serve with his Corps on board than being inactive on shore. The Officers and Men of this Regiment have behaved with great regularity on board the Ships of the Squadron and done their duty well on all occasions."

On September 3rd the rival fleets met for the fourth time, off Trincomalee, and on this occasion Hughes gained a decided advantage if not a complete victory. With sixteen ships including, as in the previous actions, several frigates, all in bad condition and with sadly depleted crews, Hughes faced fifteen French ships of the line having on board their full complement. The 98th were again present, and were accompanied by a strong detachment of the 78th Highlanders,* who had arrived in India from England a few months previously. After about six hours' severe fighting, de Suffren broke off the action, and retired to Trincomalee, which had, with Cuddalore, again fallen into French hands, but in coming to anchor the *Orient* grounded and became a wreck. The British losses were 51 killed and 283 wounded, the number of officer casualties being particularly high. Lieutenant Thomas Thompson, of the 98th, was wounded in the *Superb*, which once again was in the thickest of the fight, and Lieutenant William Armstrong was wounded in the *Monarca*, while an unstated number of men of the regiment were included in the 42 casualties on board the *Burford* and the 25 in the *Exeter*. The 78th suffered severely, having Lieutenant James Stewart wounded and an unstated number of men included in the *Sultan's* 50 casualties, Captain Hon. Thomas Maitland and Lieutenant Hon. Hugh Sandilands wounded, and some men among the 28 casualties in the *Monarca*, while they shared with the 98th in the lists of the *Burford* and *Exeter*. Shortly afterwards, the *Sultan* was detached from the fleet, and sent to Negapatam with 300 men of the Artillery and 78th, but rejoined in time for the fifth, and last, battle which took place nine months later, on June 20th, 1783.

Hughes, who was now based upon Madras, had been reinforced from England, and had at his disposal thirty ships,

* Now 1st Bn. The Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, The Duke of Albany's). The original Seaforth Regiment was numbered the 78th, and was re-numbered the 72nd in 1786. The 78th which became the present 2nd Bn. Seaforth Highlanders was raised in 1793 some ten years after the action in question.

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but these included twelve frigates and sloops, and the enemy were still in superior force. Both sides strained every nerve to effect a decisive result, but without avail, and after three hours the French retired to Cuddalore and the British to Madras. The French losses were 102 killed and 386 wounded, and the British 99 killed and 431 wounded, but the only mention of military casualties is that some of the 98th were included among the 20 which occurred in the *Monarca*. The antagonists were preparing for a sixth engagement when news was received that peace had been concluded, and both sides were able to rest on their hardly-earned laurels. Perhaps this was just as well, for the British fleet was in a well-nigh desperate condition from scurvy. Writing shortly before the final battle, Hughes reports 1,121 cases, and adds :—" Most of the ships of the line have from 70 to 90 cases and ships just out from England double. Many are in the last stages of the disease and dying daily." When, in addition, it is remembered that nearly 1,900 casualties had been sustained, the spirit animating all ranks and Services may be appreciated.

A period of ten years' peace followed, broken by the declaration of war by the French Revolutionary Government against England, the United Netherlands and Spain in rapid succession. For the first seventeen months of the war no fleet action took place, in spite of every effort on the British side to involve the French in a general engagement. Actions between single ships were very numerous, Toulon was captured and abandoned, while in the Mediterranean, Nelson in the *Agamemnon* gained a series of remarkable successes resulting in the complete reduction of the island of Corsica. His Marines were found by the 69th Regiment, from which fact it derived its nickname of " The Old Agamemnons."

On May 2nd, 1794, Lord Howe sailed from St. Helen's and, after detaching several ships to act as escort to a convoy, proceeded up channel with 26 ships of the line, 7 frigates, and 6 smaller vessels. The French Admiral de Villaret Joyeuse had the same number of ships, " but though the superiority in the number of guns on the French side was trifling, yet the calibre of their guns was so much greater that an entire broadside of their fleet outweighed a British broadside by upwards of 5,000 lbs ; their tonnage was also larger in the same proportion, and their crews outnumbered ours by nearly 3,000 men."

With that mutual trust that is always so noticeable—in

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theory—among revolutionary or "democratic" bodies, the French Admiral was under the "supervision" of Citizen Jean Bon St. André, a member of the National Convention, who apparently relied upon this superiority of strength to an unwise extent, for we are told that he "had on board the *Montagne* (flagship) a superb band of music to play the British Admiral, of whose defeat he made certain, into the port of Brest." The French Admiral sailed from Ushant on May 16th, but it was not until the 28th that the two fleets came into contact. Four regiments were represented among the British ships being, as usual, employed as Marines. Detachments of the 2nd Queen's were in Howe's flagship *Queen Charlotte* and the *Defence*. The 25th* were in the *Marlborough* and *Gibraltar*; the 29th† in the *Brunswick*, *Ramillies*, *Alfred*, *Glory*, and *Thunderer*; and the 69th in the *Audacious*, *Leviathan*, and *Barfleur*.

On May 28th a partial engagement took place, of which the main feature was the attack on the huge French *Révolutionnaire* of 110 guns by five much smaller British ships in succession. She then fell out of the line, but was intercepted by the *Leviathan*, and then attacked single-handed by the *Audacious* of 74 guns, which came alongside and engaged her closely. Night was falling and the Frenchman managed to escape in the darkness, but was sighted next morning entirely dismasted and escorted by another vessel with whose aid she managed to reach Rochefort, but in a parlous state, and having lost nearly 400 men. The *Audacious* only had 6 killed and 16 wounded, but was so much damaged that she was compelled to return to Plymouth for repairs. Captain William Parker, of the *Audacious*, wrote in his despatch:—"I must beg you will be pleased to represent to their Lordships that the conduct of the Lieutenants of H.M. ship under my command during the action merits all the praise I can bestow upon them; as also that of Lieutenant Crofton of the 69th Regiment, whose alertness and activity with his men at small arms in supporting the seamen armed to defend the boarding (which occurred twice during the action) gave me perfect satisfaction. The conduct of my ship's company, also that of the soldiers of the 69th Regiment, exceeded every possible expectation. . . ." Desultory fighting continued next day, but on the 30th a dense fog stopped hostilities and, though the

* Now The King's Own Scottish Borderers.
† Now 1st Bn. The Worcestershire Regiment.

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weather cleared on the 31st, Howe did not wish to begin a decisive action late in the afternoon, and so waited for the dawn of the "glorious 1st of June". An interesting incident is recorded which shows the importance of tradition and moral effect. The various Admirals were flying the small flags used in heavy weather, but shortly after breakfast Howe, we are told, "hauled down his little flag and displayed the Union Flag of Great Britain, which had a most cheering and Majestic appearance under existing circumstances. All the other Admirals instantly struck their foul weather flags and hoisted those of largest dimensions; besides this, every ship had a British ensign of the largest size at her Mizen Peak, Red, White or Blue, according to the division to which she belonged, the whole having a most magnificent appearance, which must have been very appalling to the enemy."

It is unnecessary to give any description of the historic battle which followed. The French had two ships sunk and six captured, while five others escaped in an almost helpless condition. The total British casualties were 1,051, while in six of the French ships they totalled 1,384, and it has been estimated that in the whole fleet they numbered nearly 6,000.

Among the British troops the casualties were not heavy, except among the 29th in the *Brunswick*. Captain Alexander Saunders and 10 men were killed, and Ensign Harcourt Vernon and 20 men wounded out of a detachment of 2 officers and 79 men. No casualties occurred in the *Thunderer*, but in the *Alfred*, *Glory*, and *Ramillies* the 29th had 1 man killed and Ensign Patrick Henderson and 10 men wounded. Most of the *Brunswick's* casualties were sustained in her furious duel with the *Vengeur*, which she grappled with her anchors and eventually sank. So close were the two ships that eight of the ports on the *Brunswick's* starboard side could not be opened, so the gunners fired through them; 23 of her 74 guns were disabled, and she was set on fire three times. The Queen's lost Lieutenant John Neville and 1 man killed and 10 men wounded in the *Queen Charlotte*, and 4 men killed and Ensign Boycott and 1 man wounded in the *Defence*. The 25th had 5 killed and 14 wounded in the *Marlborough*, and 1 killed and 2 wounded in the *Gibraltar*, while the 69th had 1 wounded in the *Leviathan* and 1 killed and 3 wounded in the *Barfleur*. The regimental commemorations of this action are, perhaps, more varied and numerous than of any other naval engagement, and both The Queen's and 29th bear on their

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appointments a naval crown with the date " June 1st, 1794". In the mess of the 29th is a picture of the sinking of the *Vengeur* by the *Brunswick*, and the date is observed in the battalion as far as possible as a general holiday, while the playing of " Rule Britannia " at the conclusion of a band programme is—as in the case of the 7th Fusiliers and the 49th—a further reminder of naval glories in days gone by.

The Queen's have several means of recalling the great victory, one of which is unique. The Naval Gunnery School at Whale Island, Portsmouth, is officially known as H.M.S. *Excellent*. The *Excellent* was formerly the *Queen Charlotte*, the name having been changed in 1859. This *Queen Charlotte* was the second of her name, the original vessel being Howe's flagship on the " glorious 1st of June," in which, as already stated, a detachment of The Queen's served as Marines. This association is recalled on each anniversary by the exchange of telegrams and the entertainment of the *Excellent* by the home battalion of The Queen's, or vice versa—the festivities usually taking the form of a two-day cricket match and a dinner. Even the Great War failed to stop the exchange of telegrams, and wherever The Queen's were serving the wires were duly despatched, some of them being written actually in the trenches. The *Excellent* also asked permission to adopt the regimental march of The Queen's as that of the Gunnery School, and the march, together with the authority of the Colonel of the Regiment,* inscribed on parchment and enclosed in a silver cylinder, was handed over with ceremony at Whale Island on July 24th, 1924. The " History of The Queen's " contains a picture showing the death of Lieutenant Neville on the deck of the *Queen Charlotte*, which includes a portrait of Howe himself, and the 1st Battalion has several other pictures of various ships in close action during the battle. Nor is their service in the *Defence* forgotten, for in 1910, the captain and officers of the cruiser then bearing that name† presented a hammer made of the wood of the ship which fought under Howe.

The following year is notable as providing the only recorded instance of cavalry serving afloat, thus proving that the " Horse Marines " are not entirely apocryphal. In 1795,

* General Sir Charles C. Monro, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.S.I., Governor of Gibraltar.

† She was blown up and lost with all hands in the Battle of Jutland.

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four troops of the 17th Light Dragoons* served in the Maroon War in Jamaica and at the capture of Granada, and two of these were temporarily employed as Marines on board the frigate *Hermione* on the West Indies station.

Some two years later, the Army again bore its share in one of the most magnificent victories ever gained at sea when Sir John Jervis utterly defeated the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, although outnumbered by two to one. The victory was no less important politically than practically, for the progress of the French armies in Europe had drawn Spain into an alliance in which she had become a mere pawn of the former country. The battle took place on February 14th, 1797. Jervis had under him 15 ships of the line, 3 frigates, and 2 sloops; while the Spaniards had no fewer than 27 ships of the line, with 12 frigates and a brig. The British flagship *Victory* and one other vessel carried 100 guns each, while no fewer than six of the Spanish ships carried 112 and the huge four-decker flagship *Santissima Trinidad* 130. Among the 74-gun ships on the British side was the *Captain* under Nelson, then a Commodore, and on board were Lieutenant Pierson and 100 men of the 69th acting as Marines. Nelson showed great tactical skill during the action, and his ship was a veritable stormy petrel. Of her condition at the end of the day Nelson wrote:—"She had lost her foretopmast; she had not a sail, shroud or rope left her which was not shot away; and she was incapable of further service in the line or in chase." She began by attacking the 130-gun Spanish flagship single-handed, and after being relieved by other ships plunged into the thickest of the fight. The 80-gun *San Nicolas* and the 112-gun *San Josef* ran foul of each other, whereupon Nelson grappled the former and carried both ships in succession by boarding—an extraordinary feat when the disparity in size is remembered.

Nelson himself thus described the boarding:—"The soldiers of the 69th with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, and Lieutenant Pierson of the same regiment, were almost the foremost in this service. . . . A soldier of the 69th Regiment,† having broken the upper quarter-gallery window, jumped in, followed by myself and others as fast

* Now 17th Lancers (Duke of Cambridge's Own).

† Matthew Stevens, afterwards quartermaster from 1810 to 1821. He fought with the 69th at Waterloo, and died at Cannanore in the latter year.

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as possible. I found the cabin doors fastened and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at us through the windows, but having burst open the doors, the soldiers fired and the Spanish brigadier fell as he was retreating to the quarter-deck. Having passed on to the quarter-deck, I found Captain Berry in possession of the poop and the Spanish ensign hauling down.* I passed with my people and Lieutenant Pierson along the larboard gangway to the forecastle, where I met two or three Spanish officers prisoners to my seamen, and they delivered up their swords. At this moment a fire of pistols or muskets opened from the Admiral's stern gallery of the *San Josef*, and I directed the soldiers to fire into her stern." The boarders then entered the second ship, which surrendered, and Nelson continues :—" On the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, extravagant as the story may seem, did I receive the swords of the vanquished Spaniards, which, as I received, I gave to William Fearney, one of my bargemen, who put them, with the greatest *sang-froid*, under his arm. I was surrounded by Captain Berry, Lieutenant Pierson, John Sykes,† John Thompson, Francis Cook—all old *Agamemnons*—and several other brave men, sailors, and soldiers. Thus fell these two ships."

In the mess of the 69th is the well-known picture showing the above scene, framed in the wood of the *San Josef* than which there is no more cherished possession. The regiment is the only one in the Army to bear the battle honour " St. Vincent " on its colours, and the sergeants make the anniversary the occasion of their annual ball.

One of the most striking points about the victory is the small number of casualties sustained by the British, and there can be little doubt that the Spaniards were considerably taken aback at so prompt and vigorous an attack by such a numerically inferior force. The losses for the whole fleet amounted only to 74 killed and 227 wounded, and of these, the *Captain* had 25 and 56 respectively. The detachment of the 69th lost 3 killed and 4 wounded—a remarkable escape when one reads Nelson's description of the state of his ship. On the other hand, the Spaniards lost heavily, the casualties

* This was done by Pte. John Ashcroft, of the 69th, who hoisted the British flag before the boarding party was fully established on board.

† Coxswain of Nelson's barge. He was killed about a year later by the bursting of a gun.

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in the four ships captured from them alone amounting to 593, and it is said that their flagship, which narrowly escaped, lost a further 200 men.

The Battle of Copenhagen on April 2nd, 1801, was one of the last great actions in which troops were used purely as Marines, and this would not have been the case had not circumstances prevented the original plan of a military landing being carried out. The British Government had come in for severe criticism for having given the command of the fleet to Sir Hyde Parker when Nelson was available, but fortunately the former officer fully appreciated Nelson's genius and concurred in his proposal to attack the Danish fleet and forts with one squadron, while the remainder of the fleet under Parker remained in support. So it came about that Nelson, with 12 ships of the line, none of which carried more than 74 guns, 6 frigates, and a few small craft, advanced to attack the Danish forts and fleet, the latter numbering 18 ships of varying sizes, mounting 625 guns in all, and manned by nearly 5,000 men.

The troops in the British fleet consisted of the 49th Regiment under the officer who afterwards became famous as Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, and a detachment of the Rifle Corps,* consisting of 4 officers and 109 men, the whole of the military force being under the command of Colonel Hon. William Stewart of the same regiment. On leaving Portsmouth, the Rifle detachment was in Nelson's flagship, *St. George*, but on reaching Yarmouth Roads, half a company was shifted to Parker's flagship *London*. Before the battle, Nelson moved his flag to the smaller and lighter ship *Elephant*, accompanied by the Rifles still left in the *St. George*, while the half-company in the *London* was transferred to the *Isis*. The 49th were distributed among the following twelve ships, of which the first eight were included in Nelson's squadron :— *Ardent*, *Ganges* (in which was Brock), *Polyphemus*, *Monarch*, *Glatton*, *Defiance*, *Edgar*, *Bellona*, *Blenheim*, *Ramillies*, *Saturn*, and *London*.

Operations opened about 10 a.m. in anything but an auspicious manner, for the difficulties of navigation were considerable, and the *Bellona* and another ship went aground, while adverse tides prevented the smaller craft from extending the line to cover the formidable land batteries. The latter were consequently attacked by the frigates which suffered

* Now The Rifle Brigade.

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severely, and were compelled to draw off. After three hours' fighting the attack seemed to have failed, so Parker hoisted the signal to break off the action, and it was on this historic occasion that Nelson put the telescope to his blind eye and continued to fight. His persistence was justified, for in another hour all the Danish ships had been silenced and the *Dannebrog* blown up, and although the land batteries continued to fire, the arrival of three fresh ships (including the *Ramillies*) as reinforcements, made the Danish position hopeless. However, directly an attempt was made to board the silenced vessels, firing broke out afresh, and they were constantly reinforced from the shore, so that some time elapsed before a truce could be arranged.

The officer commanding the troops in those ships which were too far off for effective musketry fire, insisted as a point of honour that his men should not be sent below, and they were, therefore, drawn up on the gangway and subjected to a heavy fire from the batteries without any possibility of reply. However, they had their revenge upon a floating battery of 24 guns which endeavoured to establish itself under the hulls of the British ships, for so devastating a fire of musketry was poured into it that the attempt was abandoned with considerable loss.

The casualties among the Rifle Corps were confined to the *Isis*, where their adjutant, Lieutenant J. Grant, and 3 men were killed and 5 men wounded, after which " Second-Lieutenant Prendergast commanded a division of the Rifle Company with great spirit during the remainder of the action."

The 49th suffered more severely, as would be expected from their wider distribution, their losses amounting to 13 men killed and Captain Alexander Sharp in the *Bellona* and Lieutenant James Dennis in the *Monarch* and 40 men wounded. Incidentally, the *Monarch* lost more heavily than any single ship owing to her exposure throughout to the heavy fire of the land batteries.

The battle honour " Copenhagen " is borne on the colours of both regiments, and the custom of playing " Rule Britannia " by the band of the 49th has previously been mentioned. It is curious that the Royal Marines take precedence in the Army immediately after the 49th and before the 50th,* and a further coincidence, in view of the

* Now The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment.

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49th's naval associations, is the fact that their first Royal colour was presented by a British admiral—H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh—at Malta on April 1st, 1889.

On receipt of Nelson's despatches, the Duke of York, through his Military Secretary, expressed his "fullest approbation of the gallantry and good conduct displayed by the officers and soldiers of the 49th Regiment and detachment of the Rifle Corps on that memorable occasion," and the thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to the fleet and also to Colonel Stewart as the commanding officer of the troops engaged.

Mention has already been made of the naval service of the 14th Foot in 1781, and exactly thirty years later, after taking part in the capture of Java, they again served afloat, and were engaged in two small but brilliant actions against the Dutch. On May 23rd, 1811, a detachment of the 14th was on board the frigate *Sir Francis Drake*, proceeding from Rembang to Sourabaya, when no fewer than fourteen Dutch gunboats were sighted. They were immediately attacked by the frigate's boats, whose crews included Lieutenant Henry Gilman and 12 men of the regiment. *Nine* of the gunboats were captured without the loss of a man, and a picture of the action in the 14th's mess commemorates the exploit. Shortly afterwards H.M.S. *Procris*, having on board Lieutenant H. J. Heyland and 40 men of the 14th, sent her boats to attack six Dutch gunboats protecting a convoy. One was blown up, and the remaining five captured, the casualties on the British side including two men wounded among the 14th, whose conduct was highly commended in the despatches of the *Procris's* captain. The Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital contains a painting of the action, and both these fights are interesting examples of soldiers' Marine service away from their parent ship.

A similar success was achieved in the war with America 1812-1814 by the 100th Foot.* In the summer of 1813 the headquarters of the regiment were at Isle-aux-Noix. This island was on the river Richelieu, about ten miles from the frontier which intersected that river about ten miles from Lake Chaplain, the whole of which belonged to the United States. Upon the lake the Americans maintained a small naval force, and on the morning of June 1st two armed Yankee sloops appeared off Richelieu. On the British side

* Later 1st Bn. The Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians).

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in addition to the 100th were three small gunboats with Canadian crews and a few artillerymen in each. Major Taylor, commanding the 100th, immediately embarked his men in the gunboats, two *batteaux*, and two row-boats, and after a brisk action the American vessels surrendered. They proved to be the *Growler* and *Eagle*, from 90 to 100 tons burthen apiece, each carrying 11 guns and a crew of 50, and under the command of Lieutenant Sidney Smith, U.S.N., formerly of the *Chesapeake*. The captured vessels were renamed by the 100th the *Broke* and *Shannon*. The former name is represented in the Navy to-day and is associated with one of the most stirring episodes of the Great War.

When outward and visible links between the Navy and Army are so comparatively few, it may perhaps be permissible to mention one other instance, though it does not, certainly, record any battle except, in truth, a battle against disease and death. In 1852, H.M.S. *Dauntless* was in the West Indies, when she was stricken by that terrible scourge, yellow fever. The entire crew was disabled with the exception of a single midshipman, and one or two men who with great difficulty and in dire distress managed to navigate the ship to Barbados, where the 34th* and 69th Regiments were then stationed. Some years later, the assistance rendered to their comrades of the Navy was recognized by the presentation to each regiment of a piece of plate. This takes the form of a silver centre-piece representing a palm-covered beach on which a sailor is being supported in the arms of a soldier of the regi ment. The base bears a representation of the *Dauntless*, and the following inscription :—

> " Presented by the officers of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines to the Officers of Her Majesty's 69th Regiment† in grateful remembrance of the unbounded kindness and generous aid afforded by them to the officers and crew of Her Majesty's ship *Dauntless* when suffering and disabled by yellow fever at Barbados in 1852."

The " unbounded kindness and generous aid " of the Royal Navy has been experienced since then by many a soldier both in peace and war, and if this brief record of some of the links which bind the Services together does even a little to strengthen them, it will not have been written in vain.

NOMAD.

* Now 1st Bn. The Border Regiment.
† 34th in the other case.

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AN UNWORKED CRICKET MINE

IT was early in the year of 1915 that H.M.A.S. *Encounter* visited the Tongan Islands for the first time during the war, and this rather remarkable cricket match took place between the ship's team and one from the Tongan Mission, composed entirely of native Tongan Islanders.

The *Encounter*, assisted by a Japanese cruiser of a correspondingly ancient type, had been left, with Fiji as a base, to guard the Western Pacific, which was now thought to be clear of all enemy vessels, so we took it in turns to go for cruises round the islands while the other vessel remained at the base. Admiral von Spee in the *Scharnhorst*, with the *Gneisenau* and light cruisers, had by this time met their fate at the hands of Admiral Sturdee's powerful squadron at the Falkland Islands, after inflicting that crushing defeat on Craddock's ill-assorted ships at Coronel in November, 1914, so that we in the *Encounter* were almost as far away from any theatre of war as it was possible to get. We had had a trying time while employed capturing and occupying the German New Guinea and new British possessions, being cooped up for several months in the tropics without landing for exercise, and were now doing our best to make up for it by partaking of any kind of sport that was to be obtained.

On arrival at Nukualofa, the capital of the Tongan Islands, which is a British Protectorate, we were rather disappointed to hear that the King of Tonga was indisposed and not able to come off to the ship to pay his official call, as we had heard he was a very impressive sight in his full uniform. He was an enormous man of six feet four inches and proportionately broad, and reigned under the title of King Jioaji (pronounced " see-o-assee " in Tongan, and meaning George) Tubou II. He died in 1918, and was succeeded by Queen Salote (Charlotte), his only child. However, we were visited by the British Agent and Consul, then Mr. H. E. W. Grant, C.M.G., who keeps a watchful eye on Tongan affairs and can be of great help to the rulers of the kingdom. He brought us a challenge from the Tongan Missionaries to play us at cricket the next day, and also kindly asked some of us to play tennis with him at the Residency that afternoon. Both invitations, needless to say, were gladly accepted. On the Residency court some of us played with and against two

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Tongan gentlemen named Ata and Kaho. They both played a very good game, wearing native costume and without shoes, the former especially driving very hard off the ground, but neither had a very difficult service ; at any rate, they did not often get their first service, which was rather severe, into court. As far as I can remember, our captain and I defeated them fairly comfortably, although we had some fairly close sets. Ata was a noble of high rank and had been educated in Sydney, so spoke English fluently. We discovered that he was to captain the Tongan cricket team the next day, and I thought at the time that he might be very good, having learnt his cricket in Sydney, and wondered how many of his team had had similar training.

We had managed to get a few games of cricket at Suva, Fiji, where the standard of play was particularly good, both on the part of the native and white population, and had acquitted ourselves fairly well, so we thought that we should be able to give the Tongans a fairly good game, as we were under the impression that they were not as skilful as the Fijians. The fact that it was only a Mission team that we were to play, and therefore probably not the best Tongan team available, rather added to our confidence. I was also of opinion that our team was well above the average for a cruiser of the size of the *Encounter*, and perhaps it was, although we were a bit weak in bowling. Our captain, an ex-county and Navy cricketer, was of course our best bat, and bowled a useful leg break ; while one of our wireless ratings, B——, an Australian, delivered a decidedly fast ball, usually of a good length, and in addition was a very clean hitter when set, and played with a straight bat. He was also a first-class wicket-keeper. For the rest, Lieutenant R—— and myself were capable of making a few runs as a rule, while two or three more of the team had previously taken wickets at Fiji.

In great heart, therefore, we went ashore on a lovely afternoon with a cooling South-East Trade blowing, to show the Tongan Missionaries' converts how an Australian man-of-war could play cricket. I was, I regret to say, captain of our team, but I was full of confidence. I won the toss, and chose to bat first, there being no reason for doing otherwise. The wicket was matting, stretched out on what looked like a level piece of hard gravel, and the rest of the field was coarse grass, very rough and long in the out-field, but

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improving the nearer one got to the wicket. I went in first with Lieutenant R——, and we were soon in trouble, as both bowlers got a large amount of work on the ball and were keeping an excellent length. In addition to this, the wicket did not seem to be playing at all true.

We noticed that the Tongans had no wicket-keeper, and at first were not able to fathom the reason of this, as the bowling was not fast enough to cause a good wicket-keeper to stand back. Instead they had a long stop stationed about fifteen yards behind the wicket. In the second over I thought we might get a few byes by backing up well, as even if the long stop threw down the wicket, a good shot at the distance, there appeared to be a very good chance of the non-batting player getting home first. But what about the batsman ? With the fielding as keen as it then was I did not think that he would get run out unless the ball was thrown direct at the other wicket and hit it, so determined to have a try at the first favourable opportunity. Before I had time to put this plan into execution, however, a ball which had all but bowled R—— evaded the long stop, due to the rough ground, and went towards the boundary. I called R—— and we ran one bye. The ball was travelling fairly fast and would undoubtedly have hit the pavilion, but that our wireless operator, B——, jumped out and prevented it doing so and jerked it smartly up to the long stop, who by then was some forty yards from the wicket. We were walking back to our respective wickets, taking it for granted that we had scored two byes at least, when the long stop threw the ball with great force and accuracy directly he received it from B—— and hit R——'s wicket. We had just passed each other on the return journey, and to our astonishment R—— was obviously, according to Tongan rules, expected to retire to the pavilion, as his wicket had been thoroughly shattered. He did so with very good grace in the circumstances, and during the interval which elapsed before the next batsman arrived I took the opportunity of explaining to Ata that we had considered the ball dead, as it would have hit the boundary but for B—— having chucked it up to save time. I also asked him what the boundaries were, and it then transpired that they usually ran everything out except the balls that went outside the field (a very big hit) altogether. Ata, of course, saw our point of view, and apologized for not having told us that there were no boundaries before the match started,

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and promised that R—— should come in again later. This was satisfactory, but our main object of obtaining a few runs seemed as far away as ever, as R—— had gone out without scoring and I had only succeeded in making one. The bowling was too good to take any risks with, and the pitch played so untrue that I could then foresee that our grand total would not be a very large one. Shortly after this our next wicket fell, clean bowled, and I was disposed of by a ball that shot along the matting from its pitch without rising an inch. Wickets continued to fall with great regularity, and only an occasional run was scored, although Captain L—— stayed a considerable time, but found the bowling, aided by the unreliability of the pitch, almost impossible to score off. He had a habit of strolling outside his crease after playing a ball, always keeping an eye upon the fielder, thereby inviting him to have a throw at the wicket. There was always the chance of getting a few runs from overthrows, especially as there was no wicket-keeper. The Tongans, however, scarcely needed this invitation, but unfortunately for us there were no runs to be obtained in this manner, as they almost invariably hit the wicket, and Captain L—— had many narrow escapes, only just getting his bat down in time on many occasions. The reason that the Tongans dispensed with a wicket-keeper was now fully apparent, as every man appeared to be able to throw down the wicket with unerring accuracy from any distance up to forty yards. With some of the sailors putting up easy catches, all of which were, of course, accepted, and Lieutenant R—— not improving his score on his second appearance, our first innings came to an inglorious end with the total at 13. Our top scorer was quite our worst bat, but he landed a " skyer " into the deep field well round on the leg side and ran three for it. Owing to the unexpected nature of the stroke and the roughness of the ground, not even these keen fieldsmen were able to make a catch of it.

Our discomfiture was completed on finding that our bowling proved quite ineffective, their first five wickets treating us to as fine a display of all-round hitting as one could wish to see. I think we got one of them out, a hard catch being held by one of our men, but the remaining five out of the first six wickets all voluntarily retired after making half centuries. Of course, a few catches were missed, but not easy ones, as they were usually in the long field, where the grass was very long and the ground rough ; but for the most part the Tongans

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landed Captain L——'s best slow leg breaks and the rest of our bowling as well (we all had a turn before the end) out of the ground altogether. With their score at three hundred odd for one wicket (five having retired), Ata declared his innings closed, and we took tea, for which we were very grateful. I am not sure that some of us did not drink *kava* first ; we were quite thirsty enough, and it needs that and a good deal of courage to drink it, but the Tongans are very fond of it. Our ignominious defeat was not, however, to end here, as we batted again after tea with very much the same result, except that we made four runs more, and they for the most part only employed their change bowlers this time. Pretty useful change bowlers they were, too.

I should very much like to see this team of Tongan missionary converts or the younger generation of them take on one of our best county teams on an English wicket. I feel sure they would put up a very good game, and would certainly show some of our so-called first-class counties up very badly at fielding, at any rate. Several of their team had undoubtedly learnt their cricket in New Zealand or Australia, but the ones that had not were so keen and showed such natural aptitude for the game that I think it would be an easy matter to produce a first-class team out of such material.

Perhaps some benevolent millionaire will one day ask the Rev. P. Rodger (or his successor), of the Wesleyan Mission in Tonga, who was, I believe, the direct cause of our returning to our ship sadder but much wiser men, to bring a native Tongan team to these shores. I feel certain that it would add a much needed interest to English cricket, and possibly be a financial success.

SPLINTS.

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MARITIME RIGHTS AND THE RULES OF WAR

THE principles, or aims, of internationalism, notwithstanding the uniform success that has attended them in peace time, came in for some very rough handling by the Great War. So far as these principles relate to the subject of maritime rights, brief introductory and occasional reference to them will be made.

In 1907 delegates from all parts of the world were invited to assemble at The Hague for the purpose of giving expression to the feeling of goodwill which it was sought to establish on a firmer footing among nations, by the adoption of such measures as might tend to avert war, mitigate its horrors, and limit the scope of its operations. To this end there was drawn up a series of Conventions, one of which led to the codification of the rules of naval warfare as set forth in the Declaration of London. The British policy of conciliation, by which it was hoped further to strengthen the international tie of friendship, had contemplated the erection of an International Court of Appeal, which, usurping the principal function of the national prize courts, would have added immeasurably to the injurious effects of the Declaration of London on the blockade of Germany. This proposed measure was rejected by the House of Lords. International goodwill having been more firmly established, the delegates parted company and returned to their native lands.

In 1914 a murder was committed. It was followed by an avalanche of ultimatums, which came showering down over the principal delegates' homes in Europe, and displayed so unusual an agility as completely to out manœuvre the teeming messages of goodwill that had been sent out hot-foot immediately after the murder to intercept them. The Serajevo murder contained, it is conceded, the germ of international trouble; but similar evil deeds, from which civilization has recoiled with even greater horror, have been committed, and the world has not been asked to share in the atonement for them.

It is clear that internationalism must stand discredited, at least in this particular case, in respect of its power to promote goodwill to which any transparently useful purpose

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may be traced, to avert war, to mitigate its horrors, or to deflect it by so much as a hairbreadth from its predetermined course.

But internationalism stands arraigned, if not convicted, on the further more serious charge of having actually precipitated the disaster which it was its chief object to avert. For it is at least arguable that Germany would not have risked provoking our hostility in the absence of the security given to her by the Declaration of London for her sea-borne supplies of munitions ; still less is it likely that she would have done so in the certain knowledge, which came to her too late, of our intention to respect our moral obligations to France.

Be this as it may, war came with its facts and proofs. Without waste of time it took internationalism out into the open and, after stripping it of its outer coat of many colours, shook it clear of its inside rags. The nude figure, it must be confessed, inclined, perhaps the veriest shade, to too much skin and to too little substance to satisfy the more fastidious notions of perfection in point both of beauty and of utility.

War then laid hold of the Declaration of London, the Hague Conventions, and the principal iterature bearing on the subject of itself and its rules, all of which it proceeded forthwith to reduce to pulp. It endeavoured to break the tie that bound this country to France. The Entente withstood the unexpected shock, but it bent under the strain. War next turned its attention to America. Here were two main sets of goodwill and friendship for it to sport with—that of America for England, and that of America for Germany. It was not possible actually to destroy both sets, but a strain could at once be introduced into each. This was done. Diplomatic broadsides were exchanged and friendship was placed on a formal footing. It was undecided for some time which of these friendships was to be saddled with a rupture. England survived. The seeds of distrust and jealousy were scattered about broadcast in the ranks of the allied belligerents themselves, who were united by friendship certainly, but by a friendship that had its source and its strength in the common bond of a deadly enmity. Friendship, in the common acceptation of its meaning, was to be found only in the ranks of the individual nations themselves, whose members were bound by the instincts and interests of their own nationality. Let us see how the war has defined the national interests of this country.

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The war was a struggle and a race between the sea and the land forces. It resolved itself into the question whether Germany could obtain a decision before her strength should be undermined by blockade pressure, and she should be overtaken by famine. The belligerent right of interference with neutral oversea trade derives its authority from the Law of Nations, which, however, had not contemplated the peculiar difficulties that the conditions of modern warfare have placed in the way of the application of its principles. The rules of naval warfare profess to meet these difficulties. They are, however, susceptible of considerable variety of interpretation. The protection afforded by this susceptibility was eagerly invoked on behalf of the interests that found themselves in conflict. There were three main interests concerned—British, American (representing neutral), and German. The view has been expressed by Lord Grey and by Lord Lansdowne that to have asserted the full maritime right we claimed over American trade (the main source of supplies to Germany) during the war would have involved this country in the risk of a rupture with America.* These opinions cannot be disregarded. We thus found ourselves in the peculiar position that the exercise of the right which was to defeat one enemy would have involved us in the risk of making another. Since, however, our object was not to multiply enemies by asserting maritime rights, but to defeat Germany and win the war, we yielded to the unusual exigencies of the situation. Germany took a different view. She placed her own construction on the rules of naval warfare, and brought America into the field against her. The rupture which was averted by England but which overtook Germany had its root cause in the rules of naval warfare.

Two clearly defined British interests are here brought prominently to the front: the interest in the principle of the Law of Nations as distinct from that of the freedom of the seas, and the interest in the rules that govern the application of this law.

As to the first of these two great national interests, it is to be observed that, had the seas been commercially free to Germany, the war would have been purely military in its character, and, though it is idle to speak positively on what must always remain matter for conjecture, it is tolerably

* On this subject see "The Triumph of Unarmed Forces" (Chap. V), by Rear-Admiral Consett (Williams & Norgate).

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certain that in such case Germany would not have been signing any armistice in November, 1918. With the same reservation, it may be stated that had England been able to exercise her full belligerent maritime rights, the war would have been substantially shortened ; and that, limited as were these rights, it was through them alone that the final collapse of Germany was brought about.

Wars take us from the obscurity of opinion into the light and certainty of fact. Before the war, in the traditional spirit of conciliation that has always characterized this country's policy, it had been thought well, after balancing our neutral and belligerent interests, so far to respect the principle of the freedom of the seas as to suggest the practical abolition of the principle of contraband ; but overlooking this, that the vital national interest of safety and security, to which all other interests are subordinate, arises only in war time. When England assumed belligerency, contraband leapt instantly into life, and the main end of British diplomacy was to create it, to multiply it, to prove it and to capture it. The burden of Royal Proclamation after Royal Proclamation, of Orders in Council and of letters to America, was, in effect, to repudiate the engagements into which we had entered at The Hague and elsewhere in peace time ; our war time policy was to retrieve the full maritime right of capture over enemy property conferred by the Law of Nations, and, in its strained and sustained effort to do so, to prove that the freedom of the seas—that is to say, the freedom of transit for our enemies' supplies of munitions under the protection of our fleet through the friendly offices of the neutral flag—was not consistent with our national safety.

So much, then, for the first of these two interests. Wars, such as that of 1914-18, do not often come to us with their friendly advice. On none of its proved facts did the Great War lay greater emphasis than on the identification of our national interests with the principles of the Law of Nations, and on the necessity for the naval supremacy by which alone these principles can be vindicated. Our navy, it is true, is not likely to be called upon in the immediate future to meet an emergency such as that with which so comparatively recently it was confronted. Cash is not over-plentiful these days, but it is difficult to reconcile the recent stubborn opposition to the extremely moderate proposals for the maintenance of our cruiser strength with a correct appreciation both of the

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present intrinsic weakness of the fleet, and of the inherent objection to any future abnormal and sudden increase in its strength that unforeseen occasion might call for. Disinterested critics would have the enemy pointed out to them. It is indeed true that he is neither to be seen nor heard. But we still have our disinterested friends.

The proposed scheme for the enlargement of the Singapore base was rejected by the late Government on grounds of policy, not of finance.

"As we have repeatedly stated, we stand for a policy of international co-operation and the settlement of disputes by conciliation. Our task must be to establish confidence. It seemed clear that to continue the development of the base at Singapore would hamper the establishment of this confidence and lay our good faith open to suspicion."*

Words, not less sincere and of similar tenour, were used when sacrifices in naval strength were made in the cause of goodwill and peace before the war. To ignore the consequences of these sacrifices as a determining factor in this policy of conciliation would almost seem to be transferring to common sense the rather serious load supposed (quite wrongly) to be shouldered by our good faith. We had been favoured with Washington's special permission. Japan herself at the time was most sympathetic, and did all she possibly could to help us. Indeed, according to Lord Balfour and the late Lord Curzon, she seems to have scoured her islands, but without success, for conciliable material, necessary for the efficient working of this policy; which must inevitably have died of starvation but for other measures happily now contemplated. These measures, at a comparatively trifling cost, will give protection to interests of no trifling account, whether considered in the light of their historical associations, their commercial value, or their gigantic importance as a present and future imperial asset. This policy commanded some measure of approval in the country. It is referred to here, not with any object of contemning a sound enough general principle, but of questioning its wisdom in a very particular case; and in order to show the vitality and the tenacity of purpose of internationalism, which, in its thought for others, is apt to regard too lightly the magnitude of our national interests and the teachings of the war.

* Mr. MacDonald, House of Commons, March 18th, 1924.

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We turn to the second interest—that in the rules of naval warfare.

The success that attended Germany's submarine operations, and the menace that it brought to our islands, were due solely to imperfections in, and disregard of, the rules of war. The mischief appears to have been brought about mainly by the possible plea of justification that the loose character of the drafting of the rules affords to an unscrupulous belligerent for resorting to any and every means at his disposal of injuring his adversary. At The Hague Conference of 1907 it was proposed by this country to confine the use of mines to territorial waters. The proposal was resisted by Germany; and, although the Convention dealing with mines is undoubtedly designed to impose limitations on their indiscriminate use, its purpose is left open to a very obvious misconstruction that confers complete freedom of action in the matter. For instance, in one case mines are to be laid only "with the *sole* object of interrupting commercial shipping" (the italics will explain). In another case the danger is "to be notified as soon as military exigencies permit." At first sight it looks as if there were only three quantities involved here: the mines, the notification, and the exigencies. The elapsed time, ϵ, which comes between the mines and the notification, and may have a value of anything up to (and including) infinity, reveals itself later. The point of this mild international pleasantry was completely lost on the neutral, who is notoriously deficient in a sense of humour, and would have preferred, if the mines could not be left out altogether, at least that the notification should come first, and that some little mention should have been made of his own exigencies. Of this Convention, Sir Ernest Satow says:—

"There is nothing in its provisions to forbid belligerents placing mines, floating or anchored, on the high seas, nothing to prohibit them from placing mines off the coast of the enemy without regard to neutral shipping."

On the outbreak of war Germany commenced to scatter mines broadcast in the North Sea. Her action led to the sinking of British and neutral shipping. In defence, England laid down a small mine-field. These acts led to a series of measures of reprisal of increasing stringency. They culminated in the practical closing by Germany of the approaches to the North Sea and the Mediterranean to all shipping except

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with her permission. Germany, in her decree of January, 1917, proclaimed all neutral merchant vessels that entered a barred zone, except under conditions so humiliating that no self-respecting nation could entertain them, as liable to be destroyed without warning. This measure was justified on the ground of the undoubted right of retaliation against Great Britain, in that she was " using her naval power in a criminal attempt to force Germany to submission by starvation, in contempt of international law."

Waiving as irrelevant the question as to who, in the first instance, was wrong,* observe the inherent weakness of a set of rules, the slightest flaw in any one of which instantly brings the whole structure crashing down in ruins, and leaves the unscrupulous belligerent, in the absence of a penalty, free to indulge his pleasure, undeterred by any considerations that should not happen to suit his own precious exigencies. It is even more important to observe that Germany's purpose was nearly achieved. A little more restraint on her part, with a corresponding forbearance on America's, and the destinies of the world might have shaped themselves differently.

Under the combined plea of military necessity and reprisals the functions of all law are undermined. International morality sinks to a very low ebb on the appearance of war. It endeavours to save its face by clinging desperately to such shadowy shreds of virtue as " military necessity " and the " undoubted right of retaliation " can supply, weighing its chances nicely with the retributive material forces that are liable to be provoked into action against it by an alien morality—and occasionally making an error of calculation. It seems tolerably certain that the war was launched in the knowledge of the inestimable advantage and in the hope of a speedy decision that the plea of military necessity would give to Germany. It is more than likely that the same necessity that brought about Belgium's ruin saved Denmark from a similar fate. Military necessity and military exigencies, with all their urgently-worded variants, may quite safely be defined by the one word " convenience."

* An almost over-punctilious respect for Law, in circumstances of extraordinary provocation and national danger, was shown by us throughout the war. See " International Law and the World War " (Garner : Longmans & Co)., chap. XIV., for comparison of England's and Germany's acts

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The difficulty of getting this highly objectionable and unmilitary term out of harm's way would seem to be less than that of clipping the wings of reprisals. The fundamental difficulty that has here to be faced at the outset is, that a reprisal contemplates in the first instance the commission already of some illegal act (purely military acts are supposed); it would therefore seem to be as useless to frame a rule for the prevention of a reprisal as it has been, in the cases we are considering, to frame a rule for the prevention of its provocative and illegal cause. A reprisal, moreover, must, in its nature, itself be illegal, except on the assumption that for some inscrutable reason a belligerent has been withholding part of the full lawful military resources at his command. If neutral interests were not affected, the case of the belligerent who, by abstaining from retaliatory measures, should place himself at the mercy of an unscrupulous enemy, would call for redress on the ground alone of simple justice. But the overwhelming case of the neutral himself calls, on a further ground of urgency, for international intervention, with the view, if not of removing, at least of checking the gross abuse to which the whole fabric of law stands exposed by the unprincipled use of the cover to be found in the plea of reprisal. However much open to objection are all bad rules, this is clearly a case in which it is preferable to have rules with their objections than the objections by themselves. At present reprisals have no recognized legal standing in naval warfare,* and so long as they remain on this undefined footing, so long will they be a standing menace to the peace of neutral nations in war time.

There is this defect in the rules of naval warfare, that there is no appropriate penalty attached to their violation. It is manifestly impossible to make rules unbreakable; and, though no amount of paper will ever prevent a Germany,

* This, taken with the preceding observations, appears to the writer to be stating no more than a truism, notwithstanding pronouncements to the contrary of competent authority, and that the principle of reprisals has, in certain cases, been upheld by British prize courts. But these facts have to be faced: we ourselves denounced Germany's reprisal measures; Germany denounced ours; America denounced both—to us in pretty round terms (see Cd. 8233 and 8234, which latter declares our judicial procedure to be inherently defective), and to Germany, after exhausting protest, by fighting her. There is national assertion here in abundance; it seems to give us three flawless national laws, but no international, which is what legality requires here.

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should she feel so disposed, from attacking a Belgium, or from committing acts which present in an entirely new light all previously held views on the meaning of "freedom of the seas," at least internationalism could prevent the pretext for a good many illegal acts from being found, and this would count for much.

With regard to the fundamental maritime rights of visit and search, blockade and contraband, conferred by the Law of Nations, it is clearly undesirable that this country's national interests should be committed to any set of rules, which profess to define and tend to narrow the circumstances in which the principles of law can be applied. Moreover, the war has given to the extension of the first two of these rights the valuable sanction of precedent, which allows circumstances, both belligerent and neutral, to be considered, enables the extension of the rights to be resisted, and prevents it from being abused.

With regard to contraband, a curious feature of the war has been, by giving a contraband character to practically all merchandise, to restore to its former integrity the old belligerent right of capture over all imported (but not exported) enemy property, which, with the exception of that over contraband, we surrendered in 1856 by the Declaration of Paris. Modern warfare has, however, encumbered this right with a condition that deprives it of most of its value. Into the thorny and crucial question of proof of enemy destination and warlike purpose of contraband there is not space to enter. Both the difficulties and the possible remedies are well known.

The feeble condition of the old law of technical blockade has weakened the belligerent hold over enemy property, which the war has shown to be as important to this country to-day as it was in the past, when, by various devices, but chiefly by appealing to the strong musical instincts of the neutral trader and the neutral carrier with the passionate refrain of the "Freedom of the Seas," it was sought by Frederick the Great and other European potentates to impress the belligerent right of their enemy into the service of internationalism (not to be confused with nationalism) and render him impotent in war time.

Internationalism, unlike that prince of impostors, democracy, which is a purely domestic product and has put in some really useful work with its labels and paste, is of

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foreign extraction. Its growing intimacy with the freedom of the seas recalls strongly its past associations and makes it suspect. Suggestions have come from Washington favouring the principle of the freedom of the seas and approaching the kindred principle of the command of the seas. The national interests of England differ widely from those of America, or, if it is not to interpret the position incorrectly, British national interests differ from international interests. To reconcile both, and to meet the small points that have been touched upon in this article, a couple of concrete suggestions are offered, one on behalf of each set of interests. They are :—

> That the questions of " Military necessity " and " Reprisals " be brought before an international conference with as little delay as possible, with a view to the international pen being ruled through the former, and the international axe being laid at the roots of the latter. With the removal of this double affront to international common sense would probably disappear many of the legitimate grounds for neutral complaint against belligerent interference with their trade.
>
> England to revert to the Law of Nations, which confers maritime rights, alike, be it noted, to all belligerents ; and to reject the rules of naval warfare, which deny the exercise of these rights.

British interests are best secured by our adhering to the generally recognized principles of law as interpreted by our prize courts, unfettered by such ordinances as the Declaration of London and The Hague Conventions, which, in point of their hopeless failure during the war to achieve any useful military purpose, stand a lasting monument to the deadly results of compromise, and furnish probably the best example extant of the unwholesome effect of internationalism on British naval interests.

It is to be observed that the issue of the war centred largely round the subject of maritime rights ; that America was drawn into the struggle by circumstances that are directly traceable to the special defects that have been noted in the rules of naval warfare. It is quite certain that these rules will again be brought into use. It is equally certain that since the Armistice they have not been heard of. The despatch from the First British Delegate to the International

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Commission for the Revision of the Rules of Warfare* contains no reference to the gaping flaws which the war has revealed in the rules, and has shown to be of very real international concern.

To return to internationalism: whatever its measure of success in preserving peace, it cannot avert war. The international tie is then dissolved and nations become neutrals and belligerents. War, in which first-class Powers are engaged, is no passing interruption to normal international relations, to be resumed on its conclusion: it is a definite termination of them. The status of nations in the succeeding peace is determined by the respect that has been paid to their own interests during the reign of internationalism; which, throughout this article, has been used in its limited naval sense. It will, it is hoped, be none the worse for a mild airing. So long as we know what it is and what it is not, and what nationalism is and what it is not, the two are far more likely to make friends and to get along better together in the future than they did at The Hague in the past.

O. H. DANIEL.

* Cmd. 2201 (1924).

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THE ATTRACTIONS OF WAR

MUCH of what is now written on the possibility that war will bring about a collapse of our civilization, and on its increasing horrors, is mere hysterics, futile as an argument of restraint. The technique of defence develops close on the heels of offence, and men will never be *frightened* out of making war. As Chesterton has put it (in a pamphlet about St. Dunstan's), if war ever ends, it will be not because war has become too big a thing for man, but because man has become too great for war.

Are the various motives which, given certain circumstances, induce in men the volition to make war, growing weaker or stronger? It is surprising to find in the long controversy of pacifist *versus* fire-eater no logical analysis—clear, cold, unimpassioned, and impartial—of these motives, yielding an answer to this question. Such an analysis it is here proposed quite briefly to attempt—not, be it carefully noted, a study of the influence which reason and morality may exert in determining whether the motives shall be repressed or be given effect, but a study of the motives themselves, which exist on a deeper plane than these considerations and do not depend upon them.

The reasoning will be based upon three axioms which we will now state, and none of which the reader will find difficulty in granting. Firstly, that wars have taken place in the past and may take place in the future. Secondly, that an alternative method of settling international disputes, or of attempting to settle them, is *conceivable*. (It is here neither asserted nor denied that such an alternative would be better than war, or that it would even be practicable; we merely claim that the idea of an alternative is one which the mind is capable of entertaining, which is not absurd as is the idea of two and two not making four.) Thirdly, that modern warfare makes an increasing use of machines.

Reasoning from axioms one and two, the practice of war will continue for just so long as, whenever its outbreak is in question, the attractions which it offers to those who are charged with making the decision outweigh the attractions of trying its alternative. The attractions both in favour of and against war, as we shall attempt to show, will be partly conscious and rational, partly subconscious and instinctive.

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In a democratic state the decision will tend to be made on lines which must be studied from the point of view of crowd psychology ; it will not in practice result from a conscious and reasoned debate, but will rather be an estimate of the atmosphere existing at the time, a reflection of public opinion. In an autocracy the problem will be simpler, but this case has little practical interest, for the only existing autocracies are Oriental (such as the *de facto* independent portions of China ruled by the *tuchuns* or military governors), and Oriental psychology and economic conditions are so different from our own that the present article will only apply to them in the case of Europeanoidal states such as Japan, and in the case of possible war between an Oriental and a Western or Europeanoidal state. If the attractions of an alternative to war ever permanently outweigh the attractions of war, then war will eventually cease ; that is, will cease when the residual momentum of the attractions in favour of war has had time to be dissipated.

The attractions in favour of war are, firstly, belief in its efficacy, and secondly, its pleasures. Possibly if the first were eliminated the second would still suffice to weigh down the balance on the side of war, a point often ignored.

As regards the first, in a primitive society war can be efficacious ; the victor is able to achieve his intended object of securing the subjection of the vanquished without suffering disproportionate loss himself. This is because war between primitive peoples depends upon fighting and not on economics. The fact which we have stated as axiom three modifies this condition profoundly ; modern war tends to be decided by the relative industrial capacities of the combatants as measured by their output of war material ; the centre of pressure of the effort of a nation at war may conceivably shift so decidedly from its General Headquarters in the field to its Ministry of Munitions at home, that the actual use of the material becomes of secondary interest and importance compared with its production. On these lines war must gradually cease to be thought efficacious except where the two sides are evenly matched industrially, which will tend to limit its scope.

In the event of actual invasion or aggression no nation will dispute the efficacy of meeting offence with defence, which is obvious, whatever the cost. Apart from this, the complicated structure of international trade and finance now makes it impossible for the victor to injure the defeated party

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without suffering almost equally himself, a fact which was taught well before 1914 by Norman Angell in " The Great Illusion," which events have proved true as regards the last war, and public opinion now seems inclined to accept, at least within the field of economics. It is possible, however, that a sufficiently emotional or sufficiently idealist nation might frankly face economic loss through war, in return for some other gain, such as liberation from an oppressor or alleged oppressor, or the empty assertion of racial equality or superiority, or in support of a pure question of principle. Though possible, this is uncommon ; one may, at slight risk of being thought a cynic, doubt whether a policy utterly divorced from and unmodified by even the remotest economic interest would find much support in the modern world, and safely ignore the contingency.

There is, however, an exception of greater practical importance in which current opinion would not question the efficacy of war ; that is, in the event of insurrection by a subject, people, or nation (as India) or of foreign intervention in an ineffectively governed country (as China). It might assist clear-thinking to recognize two classes of wars : those where some rather vaguely-defined equality of status (not necessarily of size or power) between the belligerents is tacitly implied, as in the case of wars between European nations, and secondly, those analogous to police work on a greatly extended scale, such as are suggested at the beginning of this paragraph. Adopting this classification, the conclusion at which the writer arrives is that belief in the efficacy of war is gradually declining in the case of wars of the first kind, and is undergoing no modification in regard to those of the second (apart from the ethical aspect of the question which is foreign to our subject).

What we have called the pleasures of war, the second of the classes into which we divided its attractions, will now be considered. By this is meant that portion of the subconscious inherited memory of the race—memory of satisfaction through war in the past—which induces the desire to make war again, regardless of the particular issue at stake. These pleasures lie far deeper than any conscious process of reason, so deep that their existence may be denied or unsuspected, or may be totally masked by the displeasure of the moment, such as the excessively conscious displeasure one experiences while being shelled. They are instinctive, complex, a summation of many

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components of which some may under modern conditions be gaining effect while others lose it, and the balance of these positive and negative changes will determine whether this part of the attraction of war is, as a whole, increasing or decreasing.

In studying a complex subject the first step is one of classification. It is proposed to class the pleasures of war under six heads, being respectively the Pleasures of Fighting, of Destruction, of Weapons, of Manœuvre, of Adventure, and of Parade. Each will be discussed in turn.

The Pleasure of Fighting seems to be the only one of these which has hitherto received consideration, and is often loosely talked about as if it alone were the cause of war. Conflict, struggle, the interplay of divergent forces, are a part of the process of evolution, one of the fundamental conditions of existence, an idea of which the absence can scarcely any better be imagined than that of time itself. In the animal world, which includes man, fighting is the most natural, the most obvious and the most elementary conscious form that conflict between two or more individuals can take. Hence, a normal healthy man enjoys fighting, in moderation. His pleasure results from the fact that by fighting he is exercising one of the fundamental capabilities of his nature, the capability of conflict. In a primitive society physical fighting is almost the only direction in which this capability can be exercised, but civilization opens out other ways ; the conflict may, for instance, take an economic course, as in competitive trade, or it may find a highly satisfying expression in the daily work of a physician fighting disease, an engineer fighting the forces of nature, and so forth. It is largely through widening this possibility of fighting something else than one's fellow men that civilization may hope to deaden the desire for war. Perhaps owing to this effect, the wish to fight physically has undoubtedly become weaker during recent times. Boys fight more readily than men, as one would expect from the fact that they are biologically more primitive, less restrained by the mantle of acquired inhibitions and conventions which constitutes civilization ; yet boys of to-day fight far less than their grandfathers did in "Tom Brown's Schooldays." (Some people think this is a sign of degeneracy.) Going farther back, Pepys in his "Diary" (May 27th, 1667) describes with great gusto how he went to Bear-garden Stairs to watch a most bloodthirsty prize-fight between a butcher and a water-

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man which ended in a foul, whereupon the crowd " fell to it, knocking down and cutting many on each side. It was pleasant to see, but that I stood in the pit, and feared that in the tumult I might get some hurt." A present-day Secretary to the Admiralty would not have said that ; he would probably have thought it rather vulgar, and preferred an orderly boxing match as being so much more scientific. Again, the conduct of the Great War was humanity and restraint itself compared with what would have happened if men of the standard of civilization reached by the Spanish Inquisitors had had command of the means of destruction now available ; in their day atrocities would not have been so exceptional as to possess a propaganda value. It is not surprising that civilization has not developed quite so fast as modern mechanism, and has headway to make up ; nevertheless, the evidence seems conclusive that the taste for physical fighting is diminishing.

This is but one side of the question ; an even more important fact results from our axiom number three. This is that modern war, as it becomes more mechanical, gives less scope to the combatant for the inward satisfaction of direct physical fighting. The old sword-slashing, cavalry-charging kind of battle is passing away owing to the greater efficiency of mechanical methods of killing, and the mere tending of a killing machine, especially of one with so long a range that the operator cannot see whom he is trying to kill, is an indirect and, therefore, psychologically less satisfying, way of fighting than the old. In naval warfare this tendency must be even more marked ; it has been said that a member of the crew of a battleship in action gets no more coherent an idea of the battle in which he is taking part than does a tinned sardine of the happenings when the shop around him passes through an earthquake and a fire. Machine guns and hand grenades are probably the only modern war inventions which increase the number of visible opponents that can be fought directly by an unaided individual ; otherwise, the tendency is strongly away from individualism, even in air warfare.

Altogether there can be little hesitation in classing the Pleasure of Fighting among the factors in favour of war which are diminishing in importance.

Next in order comes the Pleasure of Destruction. This is harder to account for than that of fighting ; it does not seem to correspond with any elemental and essential need in our

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being ; yet it is very real. Almost everybody enjoys smashing things, more or less. There is no reason to suppose that the desire is dying out (although its exercise may, of course, be restrained by morality), and it does not seem to admit of diversion into harmless or beneficial channels as we have suggested is the case with the fighting instinct. Probably, personal and mechanical warfare gave just about the same satisfaction to the individual in his subconscious craving to destroy, for although in the second the total destruction is greater, it is shared among more men. This particular pleasure of war, then, may be taken as remaining unaltered.

Thirdly, there is the Pleasure of Weapons, which the writer believes is a hitherto neglected factor in the causation of war, and one of importance, for it is definitely increasing. It is here necessary to attach a wide meaning to the term " weapons," making it cover almost every kind of war material, whether actually for use against the enemy or not.

To the mathematical mind the study of gunnery, especially the wonderfully clever technique of sound ranging, indirect fire control, creeping barrages, and anti-aircraft work, is a thing of genuine abstract beauty, remote as could be from the direct thought of killing. Ships and aeroplanes never lack enthusiasts. The scientific aspects of machine guns, modern rifles, transport, bombs, submarines, torpedoes, signalling, tanks, and all the countless accessories of modern war give scope in abundance for that beautiful instinct of the skilled worker to love and take pride in the tools of his craft—and to long to test their quality. Even gas, which to many seemed the last straw of unchivalrous cadishness, seems to throw a kind of scientific rapture over its exponents ; those who doubt this should read " The Riddle of the Rhine " by a French officer, in which (the title is misleading) this expert, as far as the present writer understands him, urges amongst other interesting views that gas research should be kept up in peace time because gas alone, unlike other weapons, may conceivably develop into a means of comparatively painless war, producing only temporary casualties. This may be true enough, but what is even more striking than the theories expressed is the evident desire to speculate on the subject not as a soldier, but as a chemist dealing with a problem in pure science. The tone of the book, perhaps in spite of the author's intention, is that of one trying to find an excuse for a practice which he enjoys, but which has hitherto not been considered quite the thing to

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do, in the best circles. The present writer does not wish to be understood as disputing the practical value of the author's thinking and conclusions.

After the Washington Conference one of the engineering papers contained a quaintly mournful article shedding tears over the reduced naval construction programme, not so much because of the unemployment which would ensue, as because it feared that the science and art of naval design and development might suffer a set-back—one of the very results, one would imagine, that the idea of a " naval holiday " hoped to bring about ! Like any engineer worthy of the name, the writer of that article evidently thought of his branch of the profession as something inspiring and self-sufficient, as an artist thinks of his art, with only a half contemptuous regard for those on whom he is unfortunately compelled to rely to buy the product of his work in order that he may live. But his art was to make weapons, and therein lies a danger.

Another illustration of the point we are trying to make is the strangely pleasurable thrill that most of us feel on hearing of some wonderfully powerful new bomb or " ray " (that magic word of the sensation-monger), or on reading the earlier type of Mr. Wells's romances—a sign of the strong attraction of modern weapons, not so much because they are weapons as because they are ingenious and powerful machines, and we admire power and ingenuity. And a love of weapons inevitably inclines to a love of war.

Thousands of the young officers and men who, in the training camps and in the field, became so keen—even while they considered themselves bored—on the scientific work of war, are now compelled by the place which the very structure and proportions of civilized society impose upon them, to be adding up figures in banks, or selling ribbons in shops, with never a chance to handle *real* tools for a real purpose, to discover that surveying is more interesting than gunnery, microscopy more fascinating than the interpretation of aeroplane photographs, civilian telephone exchanges finer than army signals, or the management of a steam laundry more satisfying than charge of a machine gun. Lacking such opportunities, as many of them must, they will continue subconsciously to cherish—though outwardly they would be the first to deny it—the pleasure which the handling of real things once gave them, to infect coming generations with their interest in weapons (an easy matter in a mechanical age), and

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so to fortify the most potent of all the subtle attractions of modern war.

The fourth item to be considered is that which for want of a better name we have called the Pleasure of Manœuvre, meaning by this word the science of organization and command, strategy and tactics, staff work and training; all that which differentiates a campaign from a mere summation of individual duels. In this sense, manœuvre is a game of skill, comparable to Rugby football on an enormously extended scale. Its appeal will vary with the intelligence, physique, cunning, and other qualities of the players. It appears to the writer that what may be called cross-country warfare, in which comparatively small forces make rapid movements and there is much scouting, as for instance in the South African War, must have given a far greater share of this " pleasure of manœuvre " to the private soldier than was the case in the trench warfare of France, or even than is likely in open warfare in the future when, once again, our axiom number three (the increase of machinery) will tend toward collective and not individual action, more and more. There are exceptions to this tendency, such as aeroplanes and tanks where a junior officer or non-commissioned officer is in effect an independent and responsible commander of a powerful unit, but generally speaking, the thrill and responsibility of decisive action will be confined to the higher ranks, especially to the General Staff, and the rest will become obedient automata. The remarkable development of communications in the field will assist this. The remainder of the army, having no more of the pleasure of manœuvre than they share with the civilian population at home by reading the newspapers, will become more and more utterly bored. Regimental officers and non-commissioned officers will remain as important as ever, but they will be pitting their skill not so much directly against the enemy as against problems of organization and discipline within their own side. We may class the Pleasure of Manœuvre among the factors which are declining in importance.

Fifthly, there is the Pleasure of Adventure, felt more especially by very young men; the thrill and attraction, less subconscious than the others we have discussed, of setting out on something risky which one has not done before. It is natural and healthy, and shows no sign of changing, which is a good thing for mankind, though a powerful incentive to war.

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Nothing could be more foolish than to suppose that the wish for adventure will be damped by recounting the hardships of those who have experienced it before.

The sixth and last of the " pleasures " is the Pleasure of Parade, the curious fascination which we nearly all feel, more or less, in watching and contemplating drill, uniforms, saluting, decorations, military music, and all the incidental pomp of military tradition. Parade symbolizes discipline and leadership, the merging of the individual into something greater than himself, which things we admire ; hence, probably its appeal. The drilled may scoff at the idea of there being anything very attractive about drill, and some may consider the business childish even when they admit its necessity ; yet there can be little doubt that it exerts a powerful force. A crowd such as watches the changing of the guard every day in London (let alone in pre-war Germany) does not follow with the same admiring interest a spectacle which, however useful and necessary, is prosaic and uninspiring, such as the dustcart on its daily round. The hypnotism of parade is felt much more strongly in some nations than in others. It is not, perhaps, a direct incentive to war, but it is a powerful preservative of the military tradition, which is the potential energy of war. There seems no reason why it should diminish, and there is even a quaint flavour of old-world pageantry about some of it—(. . . " Old Guard, pre-sent *hipe*." " New Guard, pre-sent *hipe*." " Old Guard, slo-ope *hipe*." " New Guard, ser-lope *hipe*." " Old Guard, or*der hipe*." " New Guard, *ott*-ter *hipe*" . . . .)—whose appeal may increase with its age.

Our analysis is now complete. It may be objected that some of the most powerful war-causing factors of all have been omitted from it—patriotism, racial antagonism, and the love of glory. This is not so, for they have been covered incidentally. Sane patriotism means quite simply and plainly the love of one's country. As such it is something innate, natural, like the love of kindred ; not a figment of reasoning, subject to assertion or denial, but part of the normal make-up of a human being ; no more to be obliterated by sneering at it, or stimulated by education, than is the nose on one's face. It implies an interest in the prosperity of the country and a natural impulse to defend it. This interest may suggest war, in which case war will result if it is deemed efficacious, and this question we have already discussed. Patriotism does

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not include jingoism, arrogance, desire for glory, craving for empire and expansion without reason, inter-racial snobbishness as distinguished from deliberate policy, and contempt of other nations. When these accretions, masquerading as patriotism, result in war, they are forms of expression of what we have called the pleasures of war and analysed as such.

To summarize. Belief in the efficacy of war is gradually decreasing in the case of one kind of war, and remaining unaltered in the case of another kind. The pleasures of fighting and of manœuvre are decreasing; those of destruction, of adventure, and of parade are about stationary; that of weapons alone is vigorously growing. On the whole, the balance is negative. The conclusion which the writer permits himself to draw from this estimate is that war between countries civilized after the European pattern is destined eventually to cease. To say when is more difficult, perhaps; but this is a pure guess, during the present century. There are powerful moral forces, in particular the existence of the League of Nation (which we have purposely ignored in this discussion) which tend to hasten the result.

J. Edwin Holstrom.

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BLOOD WILL TELL

"BLOOD will tell," said my Uncle James. The remark was addressed to me, but directed at the retreating figure of a young man, Gideon Hepburn, who had been lunching.

My uncle was great on heredity and blood. He was always certain that these things tell. So though no one else saw in Gideon Hepburn anything but rather a raffish young man, of ne'er-do-well record, never likely to restore the fortunes of an ancient but much decayed family, Uncle James was positive to the contrary. He had voiced this certainty in the three opening words of these lines, and he was to find how truly he had spoken, but scarcely in the sense intended by him.

II

A year had passed. I was in India, and in the late afternoon of a fearfully hot May day I was waiting under a giant fig-tree. The hot wind roared through the branches of my shelter. Sun, sky, and landscape were all shrouded in a yellow dust-cloud. Not far off the gaunt blocks of the barracks loomed up—barred, shuttered, without sign or sound of life. For no white troops were allowed out till sundown.

A bicycle, thrust along by the wind, skimmed noiselessly past me. It whizzed through the cemetery gates, overshot the lodge, and then its rider, stopping it with difficulty, dismounted, and, head down, tacked into the lodge.

This was the chaplain. A minute or two later he was followed by his orderly, who marched past me with the wooden gait which ammunition boots, starched white uniform, and the drill-sergeant give a man. He carried a haversack with something heavy in it which chinked. His helmet shaded the upper half of his face; but what I saw of it seemed familiar. He, too, entered the lodge, and from this presently came the explosive sound of an opened soda-water bottle. Then the chaplain's voice, loud and peevish, "Why, the stuff's as hot as blazes. I told you to put it on the ice." A pause, and then, "You haven't forgotten the what d'you call it, have you?" Evidently not, though the answer was inaudible, for the next words, angrier still, were, "I didn't say stop—go on till I say when."

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Presently his reverence appeared at the door, his surplice flying in the wind. Shortly afterwards the funeral arrived. One victoria held it all—two parents, a weeping nurse, and a very small white coffin.

One of us could have easily carried this, but respect seemed to demand the services of two. And so we bore it to the grave, a very large one, of the kind always kept ready dug in Indian cemeteries against sudden emergencies, and to take any sized tenant.

The chaplain's lips moved and the wind blew all the words away. The orderly at the right moment threw in a little dust, and did it as if it had been a drill movement. The ceremony was soon over. We left the parents standing by the grave, and passed out down the long straight path, across which the thirsty marigolds bowed to one another. A brain-fever bird screamed from the fig-tree. It was twilight and hotter than ever.

During the service, when hats had been lifted and held a few inches above our heads, the shadow was off the orderly's face—and I saw at once that he was Gideon Hepburn.

Next day I made some inquiries about him, and was told that he had been sent out to the battalion a few months previous, was known to be a gentleman, but not one at all likely to get his commission. He had enlisted under his own name. My informant added tersely, " So we shot him on to the *padre*—birds of a feather—a reverend wrong 'un is a black swan, and we thought ' birds of a feather ' would suit each other."

III

A few months later in the same year the South African War broke out, and I found myself in the neighbourhood of Kimberley serving with a newly raised corps of irregulars called Rhodes's Own.

We were in bivouac one day when a Cape cart drove up containing two persons. One of them, a very spruce-looking officer, got out and introduced himself to me as Gideon Hepburn. Indeed, it was no other. He recalled what he was pleased to refer to as our last meeting at my uncle's house.

Gideon's rise in his profession (since our real last meeting in India) seemed to have been rapid. He was wearing captain's badges. But, curious though I was on this subject,

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I was unable to decipher his regimental badges, for these were an illegible monogram mingled with lances.

His account of himself, however, was plausible enough. He told me how he had enlisted and joined a battalion in India, hoping for a commission. Seeing no immediate prospect of this, he had bought himself out and taken on with a rajah, who wanted his scallywag army knocked into shape. When the war broke out the rajah had offered his army (with its arrears of pay) to the Government, who had accepted the horses but rejected their riders, and Gideon had come out to South Africa with the horses.

"Promotion ran quickly in my new regiment," he continued. "I became a captain straightaway, and I could have been a general. Only my rajah doesn't pay his generals —there are too many of them."

Having landed his horses at the remount depot at Stellenbosch, Gideon had got quit of his charges, come up to Kimberley, and had been sent out to join Rhodes's Own.

I asked him who his companion in the Cape cart was. "Oh," said Gideon, "that's my orderly. He was my chum in the old battalion. When I bought myself out I bought him out too and got him a job in the rajah's army. He came along with me and the horses."

But here Gideon lied. The figure in the cart had sat nursing a rifle between his podgy knees and with head averted. But I had caught a clear view of his face and recognized it at once. I had last seen its owner in a fluttering surplice, tolerably sober, at a funeral on a hot May day some nine months previous in India.

Well, if Private Hepburn chose to buy himself out and cease being a private in Her Majesty's Forces and become a captain in a rajah's, it was no concern of mine. And if the tippling chaplain chose to become his late orderly's orderly, that was no concern of mine either. In Rhodes's Own there were many queer characters. We live and let live, and asked no questions.

That was the last I was to see, but not the last I was to hear, of this queer couple. Gideon went off to interview the adjutant, and I learnt later that, as we had already our full complement of officers, he had been sent back to Kimberley to raise another squadron.

He and his friend the ex-chaplain—for such the companion was—drove away in the best of spirits. Nothing

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could have suited them better than this raising of a squadron, well away from regimental headquarters, and very much on their own.

In due time it was raised. It wore as a badge the two brass letters signifying it to be Rhodes's Own, but I shall take the liberty of referring to it as Gideon's Own. It consisted of rather tougher and rougher material than usual, which is saying a good deal. To the last gaiter button, however, it was raised and, complete with one football in a canvas water-bucket of each of its four troops, it rode forth to battle.

It rode north with a touch of east in it, to act on a sort of roving commission on the eastern flank of the British Army which was sweeping northward and apparently going to finish off the Boers in less than no time. That's what everyone thought, at least.

Hepburns in olden days had ridden on many a foray, and here was another of them following the same old game, though at the head of a very cosmopolitan lot of moss-troopers.

One can visualize that squadron on the march, lounging along at an easy walk or a lolloping canter—trot it never did. Well strung out and with apparently no protective measures taken; clad in brown jerseys; jackets strapped loosely in front of the saddles; wearing smasher-hats; each hat with a toss-pot feather varying according to the price its wearer could afford. In place of the iron girdle and bag of oatmeal which sufficed the old-time moss-trooper, these men carried various things besides the authorized equipment—a rail-post, a fowl dangling upside down, a hat full of eggs, anything that served for fuel or food.

At their head rides Gideon, well mounted, and sitting his horse well: a very pretty figure of a man. For sword he carries in his shoe case a hatchet, and in his belt, to balance his revolver, he wears wire-cutters. At his elbow, and not looking too happy in the saddle, rides his quartermaster-sergeant, late chaplain under the Government of India, and, once away from the liquor-bars, a clear-headed, unscrupulous second-in-command. For such he was to all intents and purposes. His reverence (so rumour had it) had aspired to officer's rank, but Gideon no doubt perceived a more useful sphere of action for his crony and greater independence for himself in the warrant rank, and the chaplain had been dubbed

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quartermaster-sergeant. Such were Gideon's Own on the war-path.

Behind the squadron comes a small mob of spare and pack-horses, handled by Kaffirs, and a Cape cart or two.

Gideon's Own did uncommonly well and acquired a name for themselves. They were extremely good at not losing themselves, rather a rare accomplishment in South Africa. They never worried the A.S.C. or Remount Departments, yet they never went short of a meal and always had more horses than they ought to have had. They never went without anything if it was to be obtained. They never asked for orders, and only obeyed such as suited their convenience. They were a thoroughly immoral body, but their rigid dislike to getting killed or wounded without good cause amounted almost to a religious tenet. In Gideon's Own it was one of the few, the very few, things that simply was not done. Most of them spoke the *taal* as well as English ; some of them spoke it even better. If they seemed to neglect most military precautions, they possessed a useful working intelligence system of their own chiefly through Kaffirs, and were not to be caught napping.

Some towns and many villages fell to Gideon's squadron. Certainly most of these contained no enemy, but who was to know that ? They were all galloped in dashing style, occupied for an hour, or a day or two, the squadron was refitted with any few things it was authorized to take, and plenty of other things it was not entitled to. Supplies were swept up from farms and forwarded in generous fashion to the headquarters of the formation to which Gideon's Own were in some shadowy way affiliated. And those headquarters rose up and blessed him, for supplies were very welcome. Nor was Gideon's the pen of an unready writer. Accompanying the supplies there always went a well-written account of such portions of his doings as he wished to be known.

In this way he came by much merit. He was cited as the perfect type of the resourceful irregular officer, so different from the helpless Regular, who was always asking what to do or whether he might do it.

It was a country rich in deserted farms and rich in stock. It abounded in pickings, chiefly stock.

Whether Gideon had foreseen this, and had intended to pick, or whether the idea of ensuring a modest competence

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against the stricter times of peace which appeared to be drawing near, occurred to him with the opportunities for picking, may be conjectured, but never known. For the unscrupulous such opportunities were abundant. And there were plenty of quiet places where stock could be hid away. Brands can be altered by the skilful, and Gideon's quartermaster-sergeant carried two branding-irons, neither of which showed the broad arrow.

Horses, cattle, and supplies of all kinds were assiduously forwarded to the army, but selections were retained and left in quiet places under easily made arrangements.

For a few weeks all went merrily as wedding bells. Then the quartermaster-sergeant disappeared, never to be seen again. At the time nothing much was thought of this. Irregulars did occasionally disappear if the fancy took them: and the fancy was usually a woman. Inquiries came to be made later, and a Kaffir gave evidence something as follows. He had been a hanger-on to Gideon's squadron, in charge of spare horses. One afternoon, while halted at a dorp, he had wandered up a kloof a mile or two away. The kloof was densely bushed, and he found a herd of cattle and some horses grazing there under an old Kaffir. Presently the captain and the "fat white sergeant" came along, and the witness lay down and hid. The two, after looking through the cattle, came to words. The captain got very angry. Then the other said something in a low voice and turned and began to walk back towards the dorp. The captain followed, drawing his revolver. The other turned round and held up his hands, and presently fell down on his knees. The witness was a good actor and reacted the scene, turning green while doing so. The captain walked up to the sergeant, and the two spoke in low voices. The captain put his revolver back in his holster, and the sergeant got up and began to walk away. But as he turned to do so, the captain whipped out the revolver and shot him in the back of the head. He dragged the body into the thick part of the bush so close to the witness that the latter thought that he would be discovered and shot also. All the time the old Kaffir sat on a rock and looked on. He was a fool not to hide after seeing all he had seen. The rest followed like this. The captain opened his revolver and jerked out the empty cartridge case—so. He put the revolver back in his belt—so. He was walking away towards the dorp when the old Kaffir, being mad, called out "*Baas!*" The

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captain started—so. He called to the old man to come to him, but he wouldn't come. Then the captain walked towards him, getting his revolver ready, and the old man slipped off the rock and ran away, and was hidden by the bush. The captain ran after him and one shot was fired. There was a scream and then another shot. After that the captain passed again. His sleeve was torn by the thorns. He went back to the dorp. Witness, as soon as he was gone, cleared out. He was frightened—frightened of the captain and frightened of spooks. That was the story told in an impressive, deep, booming voice, and acted right through. It sounded uncommonly like a case of two thieves falling out.

It was said a little farther back that Gideon's Own were very seldom caught napping. There was one occasion, however, when they were so caught. They were rounding up a farm after an interchange of shots. The farm hung out white flags. In advancing to take possession, the squadron displayed a culpable credulity, which amounted to verdant greenness and brought its own reward. The farm reopened fire and three of Gideon's men were killed and several horses hit; but horses didn't matter. The loss was annoying because it was unnecessary, but the shock to the *amour propre* of the squadron was what really roused them. The farm was very soon taken, and the three Boers who were caught were immediately hanged.

Unfortunately the firing brought a stray staff officer galloping up from goodness knew where. Gideon's were in no mood at any time for interference, and at the present moment they were very much wounded in their feelings. The staff officer came galloping up to Gideon, and, seeing the hanging Boers, fussily demanded "What about it?" Gideon replied that there was this about it, that if the officer didn't clear off and pretty quick, he would "join that outfit." The officer glanced at the outfit, observed (so he swore) a movement amongst the hard-bitten crowd and a loosening of rawhide head-ropes, and departed as swiftly as he had come. Indeed, he may well have feared his fate, for Gideon's Own, after a month on the veldt, and with three of their number just outed, must have looked quite nasty.

IV

Shortly after this incident the squadron added a last laurel to those its brows were already packed with, by the taking of the considerable township of Pietstroom.

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Pietstroom contained no enemy, and by a generous display of its largest bed-sheets intimated from afar a cordial welcome to, rather than a hostile reception of, its captors. But these were now a little flag-shy, and had pumped lead into the town until they were short of ammunition. Not till then was an advance made on the place.

Gideon furnished a written report of this exploit and gilded it with, not a wagon load or two of supplies, but a whole train load. For the place possessed a railway, and an engine and some trucks stood in the station. An irregular squadron could usually be counted on to supply a man for the job in hand, and in this case a driver and train staff were quickly forthcoming and took the train to its destination.

Gideon settled down to take stock of the town, and to see whether it was good enough; and his investigations, which were very thorough, convinced him that it was. Put in another way, he decided that he had had enough of the bubble reputation, and would in future ensure something much more solid and as far from cannons' mouths as might be. The war looked like ending. In his rear he had acquired with the aid of his late quartermaster-sergeant a modest competence, and it was time to consolidate his position and range himself. Moreover, Gideon's officers and men were quite sure that they wanted a rest, and not quite sure whether they would have continued a forward movement had they been told to. Nor was Gideon.

So he reported his command as immobile owing to loss in horses. This was a slight overstatement, but if sore backs counted for anything, he could show at least one for every horse in the ranks. For Gideon's men rode and spared not. Like all footy men on horseback they were not the boys to get off and lead a tired horse; nor to go short of any small comfort if by any means the horse could carry it; nor to feed or water their horses until after they had themselves done both, and not always then.

Gideon suggested in his report that his command should be given a week or ten days' rest in order to remount themselves. This he undertook to do in a thoroughly satisfactory manner without worrying the Remount Department; and he proposed that he should act as commandant of Pietstroom till a permanent officer should be appointed. He added that his district abounded in supplies and clinched the matter by

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indicating how many truck-loads he reckoned on sending in per week.

The report produced the results he had anticipated. He was commended for his resource, appointed commandant himself, and begged to get busy with the urgently needed supplies.

At that time the army was nearing Pretoria, and there were more towns captured than there were officers available to command and administer. And lo! here was the very man for the job practically volunteering for it, and a job that most fellows hated. Once again Gideon stood for the capable, resourceful, independent non-regular officer. If those hide-bound Regulars would only take a leaf out of his book!

Gideon's investigations at Pietstroom convinced him that although he might go farther and fare better, he might stay where he was and not do so badly. The town contained the usual sort of population, much of it apparently delighted at the advent of the British, and a small minority of it really glad. The supreme *bonhomie* of the former, and the reserve of the latter, were fairly good proofs to all but the very simple-minded as to who was who.

There was an out-and-out openly hostile Hollander *predikant* or minister, of whom more anon, a trembling landdrost, a market master, and the usual officials.

The landdrost had need indeed to tremble, for he had been very maladroit in his method of handing over his town to Gideon. On the day that the place had fallen he had proceeded to the market-place, accompanied by a photographer who carried, besides his camera, a pole from which flew one of Mrs. Landdrost's marital bed-sheets. There being no city gate, there was no city key to deliver up, but in its stead the landdrost had produced on a cushion the key of the town hall. And this he had had the foolishness to deliver up to the first officer he met, and he but a subaltern. Worse still, the photographer, planting his emblem of peace in the ground, had grouped landdrost and subaltern under it, and then photographed them. This pleasing scene had scarcely been enacted, when the commander of Gideon's Own arrived. Landdrost and subaltern were rebuked with a sternness that was merited by such malapert folk. The plate was withdrawn from the camera and smashed; and the scene was now enacted a second time, but it was Gideon who

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received the key from the landdrost, and the latter (with a little prompting) performed his part on his knees. The camera duly recorded this stately pageant, and I dare swear that millions thrilled over its reproduction in England's pictorials.

Within the town were a number of houses which belonged to farmers in the district, who only used them on occasions. In the best of these Gideon established his private residence. His headquarters were in the town hall, in front of which flew one of several Union Jacks placed at the disposal of the commandant by the friendly and effusive ones.

Rhodes' Own, excepting Gideon's squadron, had been enlisted on a short engagement, and had by now dissolved into thin air. I had been appointed commandant of Kraalhoek and this place and Pietstroom were linked by telephone, and were some thirty miles apart. One day I had called up Pietstroom and found at the other end of the wire that oft-recurring decimal Gideon Hepburn. We thus renewed our acquaintance and I learnt his version of his exploits since our last meeting. But we never met. In this way and from other means of liaison between his town and mine, I heard a good deal as to what went on—how he had organized a corps of native scouts, a town guard, a press censorship, had given a ball or two and several dinner parties. No one knew how he financed his entertainments, but a Jew contractor and he were known to be in very intimate relations.

When citizens of Pietstroom were convicted of hiding arms in their houses, Gideon confiscated their property, but with a *beau geste* would usually restore it. He thus earned popularity together with a reputation for stern justice tempered with much mercy. In other words, his hand was of velvet, but the glove that covered it, of steel.

But he was not the man to spend the time solely on public affairs for altruistic motives. He redeemed the time thus squandered, in casting a modest, but deliberate, eye into a matter that affected his own private interests. In a word he was looking for a wife and one with money. Rumour, which is always optimistic in such matters, first had it that the girl was worth £100,000 on reaching the age of twenty-one. But in such delicate affairs, a fig for rumours. Patient and thorough enquiry is the thing, and Gideon's enquiries were both. These reduced the £100,000 to £20,000; the twenty-one years to twenty; and established the fact that the girl

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would reach that age within a month or two. Now, was this sum good enough for a respectable downsitting for a good-looking gentleman of undisputed lineage? Gideon seems to have decided that it was, that the stone had rolled long enough without gathering any moss (except certain livestock before alluded to), and that it was time to stop and gather some.

The war must soon end. The Free State and most of the Transvaal had been overrun, the capitals had been taken, Oom Paul had departed, and the Boer commandos had apparently vanished, circumvented though not beaten. Gideon, like the rest of us, then imagined that the peace-bells would soon be ringing, and that his intended wife's guineas would add a modest jingle to them.

So he called on her father and gave him a permit to retain a horse. Mr. V. was a sly old store-keeper, a widower, who preferred British to Boer forces, because the former paid well, while the latter paid not at all. He flew a Union Jack over his store, while a *Vierkleur* resided in an attic. One never knows. His store was also one of the few permitted by the commandant to remain open, and when a yeomanry regiment passed through the town, as sometimes happened, there was money to spend, and old V. received most of it.

Gideon became an intimate of the V. household. Report stated that the courtship was rapid and the girl not unwilling. But her father, though ready to take British money, was not willing that his daughter should marry a Rooinek. This was obstacle number one, but it was not insurmountable. Obstacle number two was the *predikant*, that sour-visaged Hollander who thundered from his pulpit against the validity of the oath recently taken by surrendered Boers. He could tie the knot, but would he? One may wonder whether Gideon regretted his quartermaster-sergeant, who would presumably have been capable of performing the marriage service. So the anxious lover is driven to seek the *predikant*. The proceedings can be imagined. Gideon's call on him; his request: "Will you marry me to this girl?" *Predikant's* answer "No; I will not." Gideon's reply: "Then I have enough evidence against you, pastor, to send you packing to Holland." "All right," says his Reverence, "Send away; it's in a good cause." Gideon's reply: "But I do not wish to do so. Think over it for a week." And so the matter ends—for the time.

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VI.

Much may happen in a week, and much did happen in the seven days succeeding the date of this conversation. Regular warfare now ended. Guerilla warfare began.

The Boer forces had vanished from the front of our advancing army, only after a brief pause, to gather in many commandos and operate against the British lines of communication. Districts which had become pacified, now rose again. Boers who had taken the oath of surrender, once more took up arms, some by choice, many by compulsion. Towns, villages, districts, and convoys were snapped up by Boers. It was a sort of general post.

A commando hovered in my own district; another was reported in the neighbourhood of Pietstroom. Gideon and myself were in frequent communication by telephone, and if words meant anything, he was the man to give the Boers a warm reception should they try to recapture Pietstroom. The last message from that place arrived at about ten o'clock one night, saying all was well, and that every preparation had been made to meet every eventuality.

Early next morning we were rung up and a voice which informed us that it belonged to Gideon's telephone operator, announced that the town had been captured during the night, that the commandant and garrison had been marched off as prisoners, and that the Boers had up till then forgotten to muzzle the telephone. This omission was soon rectified, and we heard no more from Pietstroom. We wondered a good deal what had happened, but as we were ourselves besieged within two days we had other things to think of.

We must again reconstruct a little scene in Gideon's private quarters at Pietstroom.

The *predikant* had taken his week, or most of it, and had thought over things. He was decidedly averse to leaving a good pastorate and following a number of his cloth who had already been deported overseas back to their native Holland. So he calls on the commandant and puts the case something as follows. Here's a Boer commando wanting Pietstroom. And here's the commandant wanting to marry a girl of the same town. In the way of the Boer wishes stands the commandant. In the way of the commandant's wishes stands the *predikant*. Together let us now explore all the avenues which may lead out of this not very intricate maze. Let us see whether we cannot arrive at some formula,

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build some bridge, which will carry us through the trouble. So the conversation started.

There follows a good deal of beating about the bush. Both parties know well enough which avenue leads where they want to go, but decency in all things.

The first avenue proves a dead end, for Gideon, of course, proposes that the marriage ceremony should be performed first, and well—the rest would follow.

The *predikant* gathers his coat-tails about him, and prepares to quit. Gideon stays the holy man. Together they explore more avenues, try a formula or two, and fail to find a bridge. Together they return to the starting point. Here they pause, while they frothily refer to themselves as two honest men, as two friends animated by a common interest. Between such people a failure to agree is unthinkable. Between such there must be no mean spirit of bargaining. All the cards must be on the table. Why, it might have been one of those heart-to-heart talks that recently Prime Ministers held with rebels and murderers.

And so, kidding one another to the end, they go at it again. Gideon once more essays the first avenue, with the same result. The *predikant* has this time to be a little more explicit. Screwing that sour visage of his into a smile he intimates that if the commandant were once married, the rest of the compact might remain unfulfilled.

This is, of course, exactly what Gideon had intended. He utters a strong negative, but neither it nor the gesture that accompanies it, are very convincing. He had, in fact, blown out his cheeks preparatory to reminding his audience that as an officer and a gentleman—but no. That, under the circumstances, would be a bit too thick. He tries instead a *tu quoque*. Supposing, he says, that he gives up the town to the Boers first, what about the *predikant* fulfilling *his* part of the pact afterwards? To this the *predikant* calls the Almighty to witness several very improbable things. But he does this in such a convincing, solemn, and priestly manner, that Gideon begins to waver. He at this point should have gathered *his* coat-tails and prepared to quit. But he doesn't. There is a lot more talk, but Gideon had lost the weather gauge, the *predikant* has him under his lee and lets him talk. Finally, the bargain is concluded. Gideon is to let the Boers into the town and the *predikant* promises what he has not the slightest intention of performing, namely that

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the marriage shall be carried out immediately the town has changed hands. The odd thing is that Gideon should have trusted in him.

A few more details had to be settled, as to the night on which and the method by which the town should fall. There must be no fighting, yet no suspicion of treachery. That wanted some careful thought. There was a final assurance by the *predikant* that Gideon should be made prisoner immediately after the marriage ceremony and be treated in every way as if he had put up a stout resistance.

That was about the plain-song of the matter. And all went as arranged.

VII.

Pietstroom, owing to a marsh and a river, was only approachable from two directions. On the night agreed on one of these approaches was held by Gideon's squadron. The other by his precious town guard. At midnight the Boers walked in through the latter. There was not a shot fired. At the same hour the squadron received a verbal order to fall back into the town, and did so, not knowing that the place was in Boer hands. Arrived at the market square, they were fired on. It was pitch dark, they were left without orders, and were hopelessly at sea as to what was happening. After a brief resistance, some one sounded the " cease fire," and Gideon's men who were stout fellows enough had they had half a chance, were made prisoners, and immediately hustled out of the town and away over the veldt.

If their commander came forth from his chamber rejoicing as a bridegroom after the above recorded event, he could not have rejoiced long. No *predikant* came to his house to accompany him to the church, but a Cape-cart drove up, in which were two Boers, ragged, bearded men in shoddy clothing, wearing one spur between the two of them, and they invited, in a cogent way, the officer to a seat in the cart and drove away into the night. Of the happenings on the following morning rumour spoke in no uncertain voice. At dawn the two Boers outspanned and went into a farm for coffee, taking Gideon in with them. When inspanning to continue their journey, their prisoner possessed himself of a weapon, either his own revolver which he had managed to hide in a bundle of forage at the back of the cart, or one of his escort's rifles. With this he had shot in cold blood and without giving either a chance of putting up their hands, both the

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Boers, and had driven off. He had then found his way to the nearest British garrison. He seems to have preferred the devil to the deep sea, for he must have known himself to be between the two. Possibly he may have imagined that he had so manipulated the entry of the Boers into the town as not to have raised suspicions. Probably he banked also on the fact that so many places had recently changed hands and things were in such a state of confusion, that little attention would be paid to the fate of Pietstroom. He was wrong, but not so very far wrong, for owing to the wide dispersal of witnesses (of whom there were plenty) and owing to the cutting of the railways and other difficulties, it was many months before sufficient evidence could be procured to bring him to trial.

On arrival at the town above mentioned, Gideon was placed under arrest. This was a matter of regulation and routine, as would also have been the court of enquiry, had it been held at once. In this, however, there was delay and meanwhile the men of Gideon's squadron all of whom escaped, or were allowed to escape, fairly soon after being captured, began to trickle into various widely-dispersed places and to talk freely of what they thought of the capture of Pietstroom by the enemy. They all swore that the place had been given up by their officer, and any one of them would willingly have shot him if given the chance. There was talk, too, of other villainies besides treachery.

So Gideon remained for many months under arrest. Witnesses were here, there, and everywhere, and kaleidoscopic in their movements. But at last enough evidence was collected, and on the top of that Pietstroom once again became British, and there were tales to tell from there also. Gideon was at last tried, found guilty of both treachery and murder, and sentence of death was awarded. He was not found guilty of the death of the runagate chaplain, but of two other of his men, his accomplices on certain looting expeditions. These he had put out of the way on the principle that dead men tell no tales.

VIII.

Executions under military law are carried out in various ways, according to circumstances. The extreme penalty may be staged with all the grisly pomp and ceremonial that the military mind can conceive; and when this is the case, the

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execution is always carried out in public. Proceedings may drag out from first to last for an hour or more, and those who have been unfortunate enough to be present at such an execution will not readily forget the experience. On the other hand, the sentence may be carried out privately and swiftly, and it was in this way, that Gideon Hepburn died.

It was not quite full daylight, when the silence of the gaol-yard was broken by the measured tread of marching men.

An armed party under an officer, appeared on the scene, and was halted by subdued word of command some twelve paces from the gaol wall. In front of the wall was set a chair. The party was then turned about, backs to the chair, and received the order to ground arms. It was then again turned about and now once more faced the chair, backs to the rifles.

The officer then in a low tone went over a few simple instructions, the gist of which was, that after the appearance of the condemned man, orders would be carried out by pre-arranged signal in perfect silence. And these signals—there were but two of them—were rehearsed by the officer.

While this was going on a provost picked up each rifle, went through the loading motions with each, but only actually charged and loaded some of them.

This done, the men were faced about again, took up their arms, and once more were turned about and faced the chair. The provost then addressed the officer, who drew his revolver and showed that it was loaded.

The gaol clock now stood at two minutes to the hour. For a minute dead silence reigned, and was then broken by one of the firing party tumbling over with a clatter in a faint. His removal eased the tension of that last minute. But the single rank was again ordered and silent when the clock began to toll the hour. On the first stroke, the officer by a low word of command brought his party to the "ready." A few seconds later the condemned man appeared. He was led to and placed in the chair, and left. His eyes were bandaged. Over his left breast was pinned a white card. Only a very brief pause followed. Then the officer raised his arm and the party came to the present. Then the arm fell and all was over.

IX.

The war had been over a year and more. I was again in that uncle's house where I had first met Gideon Hepburn.

One day at lunch the conversation turned on the Hepburns

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whose place was near by. Someone asked me if I had met Gideon in South Africa. I replied that I had met him once only, for a few minutes. Someone else immediately asked how he had met his death. I said that I had heard he had met it well. Someone else said: "Against great odds, wasn't it?" I replied that I had heard so. The conversation here dropped. I suppose that one man facing a firing party of twelve men might truthfully be said to be facing odds.

Later on, in the smoking-room my uncle alluded to Gideon again. He said "there were rumours in the valley about that young Hepburn's death, very sinister rumours. Mere gossip, I suppose?" I did so suppose, and suggested that it was our old friend the red postman, he who supplied the house with letters and all the talk of the valley. My uncle replied "Just that," but absent-mindedly, for he was at the bookshelves and busy with tomes.

Presently he found the one he wanted, a history of the Scottish border families.

"Those old Hepburns" he continued, "were an unlucky lot. I don't suppose they were one whit less respectable than our own folk were, but they were unlucky. Now, I don't recollect that any of our people ever made acquaintance with a hemp rope. But—ah, here's the place—yes," and he read "Six Hepburns were hanged at Carlisle on that day for murder and cattle-lifting."

My uncle was a great believer in hereditary taints.

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THE AUSTRALIAN RAILWAYS

IN Australia, as in all civilized countries, the development and maintenance of an efficient railway system has for many years occupied a prominent place in the political and economic life of the people. There is no country which has been in a position to develop its railways solely with a view to their employment as a means of transportation in war, though the systems of both France and Germany have always had a definite strategic significance and have been modified in such a way as to facilitate movement of troops and material on both sides of the common frontier. As a rule the commercial possibilities of railways constitute their chief claim to development, and this is primarily the case in Australia, a land which has lived for so long in an atmosphere of immunity from war. Until recent years there was no strong foreign naval Power in the Pacific, and England held the mastery of the seas. These two facts contributed so largely to the feeling of security which existed, that for many years it was difficult for the various Australian States jointly to give serious consideration to defence questions.

Since the beginning of this century, however, conditions have changed. The problem of the defence of the Commonwealth has assumed a very prominent place in the questions of the day, and this article proposes to deal with it from the standpoint of the development of the various railway systems.

There is not sufficient space here to describe in detail the development of the Australian railways, but a brief outline of the events which led up to the present system might help to answer many of the questions which those who are not conversant with the early history of the country often ask. And may I say here that there is no more enthralling adventure contained in any of the modern histories than that of our own early English settlers in what was, until a comparatively recent period, a practically unknown and remote corner of the globe.

Australia then consisted of Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania ; six different colonies, each with its own political establishments directly responsible to the British Government.

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It would be as well at this juncture to picture the situation which existed in 1861. These colonies were for the most part centred around the original settlements which contained the bulk of the population, with an enormous hinterland and with little, if any, land communication linking them one with another. They were responsible for their own development. There was no central co-ordinating authority in the Continent. No attempt was made for many years to unite the colonies into one big Commonwealth, as it now exists. How, then, could early railway development be viewed from an Australian continental aspect? Would railway construction in Paris in 1860 have had a detonating effect on the railway policy of Vienna? And yet the distance by rail between these two cities is less than half that which separates Sydney from Perth (1,190 miles as compared with 2,759 miles). Hence the railway construction policy of each colony developed along its own lines without, for many years, any intention of linking up with that of its neighbours.

The rapid extension of each colony called for more and more railways, until most of them found their termini on the borders of neighbouring colonies. Unfortunately, these railways had been built to various gauges. The sage of to-day maintains that this state of affairs should have been foreseen, and yet he has only to look back thirty-three years and he will find in England, in the main railway systems, two different gauges in a country only one-twenty-third of the size of Australia. In 1888 the Chief Commissioner for the New South Wales Railways urged that a commission of railway officers be appointed in each colony to consider the adoption of a universal gauge. This suggestion was not acted upon. In 1897 the various Railway Commissioners realized "the desirability of providing the utmost facility for intercommunication," and expressed themselves as being " . . . impressed with the necessity of having, as soon as possible, a uniform gauge." All this time each colony was pushing on independently with its own railway construction, and the cost of the proposed unification rose proportionately.

When the colonies were federated in 1900 and formed the Commonwealth of Australia, the railways remained the responsibility of each individual State, and, although there were many conferences which dealt with the question of unification, nothing definite was accomplished. Finally, a Royal Commission was appointed in 1921, as a result of which,

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at a Conference of Premiers in the same year, it was agreed, amongst other things, that the adoption of a uniform gauge, 4 ft. 8½ in., was, " in the opinion of the Conference, essential to the development and safety of the Commonwealth."

This great national work was begun on January 17th of this year, when the Premier of Queensland turned the first sod of the railway which is to connect Southern Queensland with the Northern Rivers district of New South Wales. The next stage in the scheme will be the conversion of the narrow gauge railway in Western Australia from Kalgoorlie to Fremantle. This will be followed by the conversion of the Victorian and South Australian systems to the standard gauge.

A glance at the map and an examination of the distance table on page 439 will convey more clearly than words the extent of this enterprise. Let it suffice here to say that the estimated cost of providing a main trunk line between Fremantle and Brisbane, and converting the 5 ft. 3 in. gauge lines of Victoria and South Australia, is £21,600,000. The cost of conversion of all lines is estimated at an ultimate cost of £57,000,000.

Australia being an island continent peopled by one nation, there can be no question of initial local offensive strategy. The whole aspect of military strategy within the country is defensive. Hence the " railway " problem of the Commonwealth is here considered from the local defensive view-point, not from that of Imperial Overseas defence, which would necessitate consideration by the Government of the transportation of all available forecs to the vital theatre of war.

Following the general line of the coast from Cairns in North Queensland, south through Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, then due west through Adelaide to Perth, the trans-Australian line is one of the longest systems in the world, being 3,475 miles long. Radiating inland from this main line are many systems which are designed to take manufactures inland and to feed the various ports with produce for shipment overseas. It is at once apparent that most of the inland lines radiate from the chief port in each State ; this is particularly true of Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. Queensland shows more decentralization in that each of the four main " western " lines has its own port. It is, however, at present mainly with the coastal line that we are concerned for military

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purposes, though the " western " lines would all play their part in war, more particularly if they were linked up inland by a " north-south " main line, referred to hereafter.

In the present state of development of the country, there can be no doubt that the basis of Australian defence lies in the protection of vital areas in the east and south-east of the continent. Fortunately, as the railways at present stand, they allow for concentrations in these areas being carried out with a reasonable degree of expedition, provided there is no interruption of the main lines leading thence; but on the potentialities of the existing naval, military and air forces of the Commonwealth, it would hardly be possible to guarantee no interruption if the assailant were a first-class Power.

To pass now to vital areas. What are the " vital areas " ? Undoubtedly the great ports of Sydney and Melbourne come first in order of importance, both strategically and economically, and Newcastle must be considered jointly with Sydney as the interests of these two cities are so closely allied. Then come Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, with its port Fremantle, their relative importance being largely dependent on the strategical situation at the outbreak of war. The map shows how the railways gravitate towards Sydney and Melbourne, the capitals of the two most populous States, and the ports which are the termini of most of the overseas import and export trade of the Commonwealth, the volume and value of which reach an enormous figure each year. In and about these two great cities (populations in December, 1923, approximately 981,400 and 852,850 respectively) are manufactured many of the commodities which would be required in war. The extensive coal and iron industries of Sydney and Melbourne, their large works of all kinds, the fact that they are capable of rapid development into " first-class " bases and that they are at present bases for the Royal Australian Navy, make them of vital importance. Added to this, there is the fact that a great proportion of the man power which the two most populous and wealthy States will provide in war will come from these cities. So vital are they that it is very doubtful if any attempt would be made to do more than protect them in the event of a threatened invasion. It is inconceivable that the main forces would be moved to distant concentration areas, when by so doing Sydney and Melbourne might be left inadequately guarded.

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Perhaps the chief claim which Sydney and Melbourne can put forward to being vital areas is that they are the chief naval bases of the Commonwealth. And as it is unlikely that Australia will be able for many generations to undertake the sole responsibility for her own defence and, *ipso facto*, must rely on forces arriving from overseas, the protection of naval bases must be regarded as possibly the chief military problem. This will involve the concentration of the bulk of the land and air forces being effected either in their vicinity or on main railway communications leading to them. Hence, in the first instance, an alarming degree of dispersion of force will have to be faced, not with the idea of being strong everywhere, but of having sufficient strength at the " vital " points to be able to resist the landing of covering forces, or at least of being able to exert fully the greatest possible delaying effect on the invader. Once the hostile covering force is committed, then must the railways play their part in effecting the concentration of the strongest available force in the threatened area. The distance separating the vital points is so great that the main concentrations must be effected by rail or by sea. It follows that the known efficiency of the railways leading to important localities will have a proportionate bearing on the strategy of the invading commander. Whilst his ultimate military objective will be the defending field army, the immediate objective will be the nerve centres referred to, in view of the disastrous effect which their occupation must have on the movement and maintenance services of the defence and on the whole economic life of the country.

In building up an hypothesis on which to discuss the various aspects of the railway problem, it is necessary to consider in the first place the types of invasion which may appear feasible. These may be classified as follows :—

(*a*) A preliminary operation involving the seizure of a port suitable for conversion into an overseas base.

(*b*) The seizure of big vital points on the east coast, an *overseas* base having been first established elsewhere (probably on the east coast).

(*c*) Invasion by colonization, supported ultimately by military force.

I presuppose that in the first place the assailant has temporary command of the seas.

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In any case, it is improbable that the location of the port selected could be foretold, though we may assume that it will be situated in an area in which it would be difficult to affect a defensive concentration. There has been a certain amount of controversy on this point. One school of thought consider that new railways should be constructed on a lay-out which will facilitate the formation of defensive concentrations within reasonable distance of places likely to be selected as hostile overseas bases. There is, however, another school holding the opinion that the extent of coastline rules out such a suggestion as not being a feasible proposition for financial reasons and because railways must be constructed for economic purposes, and there is no doubt that the latter considerations outweigh the former.

It may be accepted that the base selected by the invader will be comparatively well served by railways, and this being so a decision would have to be arrived at as to whether the army should be moved against the enemy base or whether it should remain in such a position as to secure the " nerve centres." I do not consider the alternative of sending only a portion of the land forces against the enemy base and retaining the remainder for the protection of " nerve centres." The army, being small, must be utilized definitely for either one or the other purpose, and the decision as to which will depend on whether the disorganization of the base is likely to prevent any further operations being undertaken by the invading force. If any doubt exists on this point, then we may assume that any defensive concentration will be at or near a " nerve centre." From the invaders' standpoint, on the other hand, it is unlikely that he would select an initial landing-place which would facilitate the movement, by rail, of a superior force to oppose his landing or to interrupt the organization of his overseas base. He may be limited, however, by time and space problems, to a choice of overseas bases, all of which connect with the main railway system. In this event he would doubtless aim at the interruption of these communications as early as possible after, if not before, making his initial landing.

The east coast of Australia is freely provided by nature with ports which could be developed into overseas bases, and it is the eastern part of the continent in which the vital areas are situated. However, it is not proposed here to discuss the seaports in detail or to put forward their relative

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advantages and disadvantages as *points d'appui*, or even to examine the effect of the Great Barrier Reef on the employment of the naval forces which would be involved.

The railway communications which connect all these ports directly or indirectly are either part of or are connected with the main east coast " north-south " system. The map shows where the main line skirts the coastline, and it is here, obviously, that the danger of interruption in land communications lies. Aeroplanes or, possibly better still, seaplanes operating from carriers might succeed in destroying a railway bridge over one of the many coastal rivers, or the same result might be obtained by means of a subsidiary combined operation. Again, we are confronted with the problem inseparable from the defence of a sparsely inhabited continent with long and vulnerable railway communications. Whilst it is impossible to be secure everywhere at the same time, a railway system linking up vital areas with concentration areas and efficient from a troop-carrying point of view would go a long way towards extending the potentialities of the defending forces.

In this connexion, it is interesting to consider the case of reinforcing formations being disembarked at Fremantle, the port of Perth, and entrained thence for Sydney.

The breaks of gauge involved in such a movement are shown in the following table :—

From	*To*	*Miles.*	*Gauge.*	*Remarks.*
Perth	Kalgoorlie ...	573	3′ 6″	The scheduled time taken by mail trains from Perth to Sydney is approximately 108 hours = 4½ days.
Kalgoorlie ...	Port Augusta	1052	4′ 8½″	
Port Augusta ...	Terowie ...	119	3′ 6″	
Terowie ...	Albury, N.S.W. (via Adelaide & Melbourne)	813	5′ 3″	
Albury, N.S.W.	Sydney ...	402	4′ 8½″	

Total mileage=2,759, with four changes of gauge.

It would be a matter for detailed calculation to ascertain how long it would take to disembark a force of, say, three divisions at Fremantle and convey it by rail to Sydney, but the above table gives some idea of the magnitude of such an undertaking. Yet, should command of the Pacific not rest with the Royal Navy at the time, it is certain that to reinforce

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via Perth and the trans-Australian railway would be necessary. Disembarkation at Adelaide would avoid three changes of gauge out of four, but it would involve at least four more days at sea, and would mean the retention of shipping for the transportation of troops for an additional eight days at least. The trans-Australian railway is the only one connecting Western Australia with the East, and consequently is of great strategic importance. The numerous breaks of gauge, however, reduce its efficiency considerably. When unification of gauge, referred to at the beginning of this article, becomes an accomplished fact, this railway will be more than ever a valuable military asset.

Having briefly discussed the general military significance of the existing railways, let us now consider the question of the construction of new lines.

Railway systems must be accepted as a " condition of war." They are of military importance either as a means of transportation or, conversely, as an objective. It is unthinkable that any Power would go so far, even if financial conditions were favourable, to construct on a lay-out dictated by purely strategic considerations. In fact, during a period of peace, the military potentialities of any proposed railway in a democratic country will hardly exert any influence on either the decision to construct or the lay-out of the system. I exclude, however, the spurs or short lengths of railway built to accommodate such naval or military establishments as docks, mobilization stores and ammunition factories. The governing factor in the lay-out of a new system is its economic value to the community. Nobody will dispute the fact that the requirements of commerce will come first and foremost, more than ever in the case of a " new " country of vast size and boundless resources. But even if the military requirements were paramount and were to become the deciding factor in the routes to be laid down, it would be exceedingly difficult to say which of the several proposals would be of the greatest strategic value to Australia.

Broadly speaking, the conditions required in such a line would be that it should lie along the most secure route and that it should facilitate transportation within and between vital areas. At the same time it would be desirable to consider how it could be designed so as to be of minimum use in enemy hands. With a coastline measuring 11,300 miles and with an attenuated possible mobilization area of

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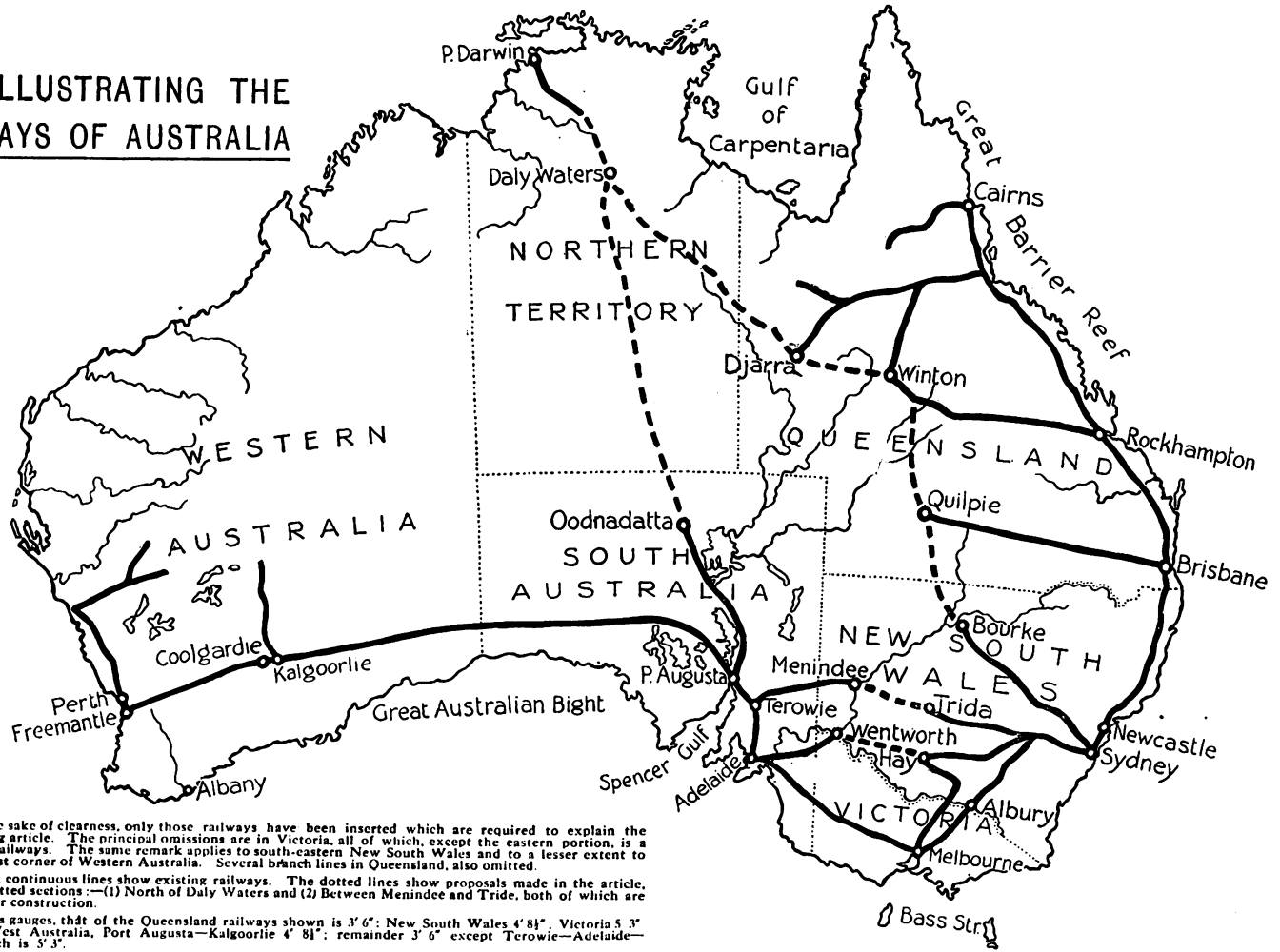
MAP ILLUSTRATING THE RAILWAYS OF AUSTRALIA



NOTE.—For the sake of clearness, only those railways have been inserted which are required to explain the accompanying article. The principal omissions are in Victoria, all of which, except the eastern portion, is a net-work of railways. The same remark applies to south-eastern New South Wales and to a lesser extent to the south-west corner of Western Australia. Several branch lines in Queensland, also omitted.

The black continuous lines show existing railways. The dotted lines show proposals made in the article, except the dotted sections:—(1) North of Daly Waters and (2) Between Menindee and Tride, both of which are actually under construction.

As regards gauges, that of the Queensland railways shown is 3' 6": New South Wales 4' 8½", Victoria 5' 3" South and West Australia, Port Augusta—Kalgoorlie 4' 8½"; remainder 3' 6" except Terowie—Adelaide—Victoria, which is 5' 3".

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over 3,000 miles in length (measured through Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth), it would obviously be quite impossible at the present stage in the country's development to provide against every possible contingency.

Hence the conclusion is that from a military standpoint Australia cannot at present do more than develop the railways in her decisive areas. From a commercial standpoint, the situation is an entirely different one, which it is not proposed to discuss here except to say that no lasting benefit could accrue from a parochial outlook in the construction of new railway systems.

Of recent years there has been much discussion as to whether a north-south line—*i.e.*, connecting Port Darwin with Adelaide—should be embarked upon. From a military standpoint, it could hardly be argued that such an enterprise would to-day effect any useful purpose. The chief reason is that it would serve only Port Darwin, whereas there are other ports which might reasonably be selected by an invading force as overseas bases. Whilst troops might be moved expeditiously to Port Darwin owing to the gentle gradients on which such a line could be constructed and as no intersecting systems would be encountered, they could not be spared from vital localities. On the other hand, anything in the nature of a detachment would necessarily have little offensive power and would run the risk of defeat in detail. In other words, instead of compelling the invader to expend his energy in moving great distances by sea or by land, we should merely be saving him the trouble by pushing up detachments, probably against superior forces.

Supposing, however, that the invader selected Darwin, and that the line southward to Oodnadatta had been constructed on standard gauge, there would still have to be a large quantity of rolling stock on this line sufficient to meet all the requirements both of transporting troops to Darwin and of maintaining them there. But, owing to lack of uniform gauge in the other systems, the concentration of a large force in the vicinity of this north-south line and the replenishment of rolling stock would constitute two formidable problems. The present situation is that, under an agreement between the Federal Government and the Government of South Australia, it has been decided to proceed with the survey for this railway.

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Three other important proposals which have been considered are as follows (see map) :—

1. To link up Darwin with Djarra, in Queensland, by means of a railway which would tap the " Gulf Country "—*i.e.*, country contiguous with the Gulf of Carpentaria.

In this case much the same difficulties with rolling stock would be encountered as in the case of the north-south line, though as against this the movements of troops from their concentration areas to Darwin would obviously be a much simpler undertaking.

2. To continue the standard gauge line from Bourke, in New South Wales, in a north-westerly direction, linking up the western extremities of the various Queensland systems and then passing on to Darwin via the " Gulf country."

This proposal is much more ambitious and would be of real military value. In effect, it would constitute a second inland lateral line and would facilitate the concentration of forces northward or southward, even if the coastal line were temporarily out of action.

Obviously unification of all gauges would enhance its value enormously.

3. To link up Adelaide with Sydney by constructing a line from Hay, in New South Wales, to Wentworth, at the junction of the Darling and Murray Rivers, and thence on to one of the South Australian Railway terminals on the Murray River.

This would in effect shorten the distance between Adelaide and Sydney by at least 200 miles.

The Menindee—Trida project shown on the map will have an effect similar to the proposal 3 above, but does not link up so well with the Victorian Railways.

Many years, however, must elapse before any of these enormous projects could be accomplished facts. The distance from Oodnadatta to Darwin as the crow flies is approximately 1,200 miles, and from Bourke to Darwin approximately 1,600 miles. In 1922 there were nearly 4·8 miles of railway per 1,000 of population, whilst at the same time in the United Kingdom the mileage was ·5 miles per 1,000. A considerable amount of this railway passes through country which is as yet not fully developed and, in consequence, cannot be regarded to-day as a fruitful source of revenue. In fact, many miles of such railway obviously cannot yet be expected to yield a good return, if any, financially. Hence

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it is unlikely that Australia will, under present conditions, be in a position to increase the rate of her railway construction for some years to come.

Thus the future military problem of Australian railways is mainly dependent upon the economic questions of the day. As the civil potentialities of the railways grow, so does the military problem alter in detail, though the broad outstanding requirements, from a military point of view, are not likely to vary very considerably.

In the foregoing I have endeavoured, in general terms, to assess the military value of the Australian railways as they exist as well as in the event of certain proposals bearing fruit. It has not been possible in the limited space available to arrive at exact conclusions as to what the capacity of the main systems is and to what extent the lack of a uniform gauge would retard troop movement. Such detail would have to be made the subject of separate investigation as applied to a definite problem, which, after all, is outside the scope of this paper.

J. H. F. PAIN.

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SWE LEING—THE STORY OF AN ELEPHANT

SWE LEING was born away up in the jungle. Where that was exactly is more than I can tell you, for, after all, who does know where the wild elephants are born? Certain and curious it is that in all countries in which there are elephants nobody knows where they die, and to find the bones of an elephant which has died naturally is unheard of. Perhaps they're like the old soldiers, and "merely fade away"; anyway, as there's an equal mystery attaching to their birth, I can't tell you exactly where Swe Leing was born, except that it was somewhere up in the great big jungle.

He was a jolly little beggar, was that one, and his mother was very proud of him. He happened to be the first, you see, and that always makes a difference. He was just as jolly and cheery and mischievous and enthusiastic about life as most little elephants are. He'd play about round his mother all night, for elephants are more nocturnal animals than anything else, and would often butt into her just to show what a little man he was. Little it mattered to his mother, for he was only a little beggar of about three feet high, and she would just put out a large, caressing trunk and fondle him with it. Sometimes she'd blow water or sand over him, as she did to herself, to keep the flies off in the daytime; and sometimes, if he was particularly naughty or strayed away too far, she'd put out the same large trunk and thump him, gently but firmly. Swe Leing could feel the huge, latent force behind those thumps, and it didn't take him long to realize that they were to be obeyed at all costs.

Very soon he was running with the herd, of course, and a good big herd it was; there were nearly forty animals in it altogether. Swe Leing thought it the hugest fun, and they had the most fascinating adventures. He was never far from his mother, never more than a few yards, and he didn't really want to be; his jungle world was rather terrifying, although so huge and exciting. Often they'd stay for weeks together in some really good part of the jungle, good water and good feed according to the time of the year, good mud for mud baths, so dear to the heart of every elephant, and good shade to lie up in during the day. But sometimes they'd go marauding, and little Swe Leing just loved that!

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First there'd be the long trek through the jungle, through the moonlight or the starlight—it didn't much matter which, for they could all see quite well in any case. All sorts of exciting things on the way which his mother would teach him and tell him about as they passed them. Often they'd be on an old elephant path, even an old path of their own, and his mother would tell him the age and all about it. Scent! Scent! . . . always scent, for the power of scent of the elephant is among things the most wonderful. Sometimes they'd strike the scent of animals, bear and deer, bison, and the more crafty and delicate saing: those were all good scents. But sometimes they'd meet the scent of tiger, and then all the elephants would turn towards it if it was still fresh, swinging gently on their forelegs and tapping out that peculiar drumming sound with their trunks till, were the enemy still near, he moved off growling savagely. Poor little Swe Leing was terrified when he first met that scent, and cowered, shivering, in his safe refuge between the legs of his mother. He always disliked it ever after.

But at last would come the scent of that for which they were heading, the lovely toothsome scent of standing rice or of a juicy plantain garden. No, it's not the plantains which the elephants love so much: it's the whole tree, leaves and trunk and all, full of delicious, juicy, luscious sap. Swe Leing was a devil for plantains; they were as good to him as sweets to a boy!

Of course there was always the smell of man about round those nice things, . . . the most hideous, revolting, terrible of all smells to the jungle folk. Sometimes it was fairly old, sometimes fresh, and sometimes man was there himself sitting in a tree or in a silly little shelter in the middle of the crop, blowing trumpets, beating gongs, making stupid and helpless noises in an utterly ineffectual attempt to scare the elephants away. Swe Leing was frightened at first, but he soon learned that man is blind and impotent at night. He hated the gun-noises and those of the bamboos, filled with water, plugged and boiled till they burst with a loud bang. But his mother soon put him wise to that. "They can't *see* . . . ." she'd assure him. "They can't see at all. . . . But you mustn't go near the fires, and never go near man in the day." Swe Leing didn't want to go near them at any time, but he soon got used to the night noises and the night smell of man and, like the other elephants, would just go on munching quietly.

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Now, when Swe Leing was about eight he got his name. Up till then he'd been just a nameless hobbledehoy, a young scamp roaming about in the herd. But one day when they were lying up in shade and water an old cow, Mi Do, a wise but nasty, vicious old lady who had never taken any notice of him, strolled across to him and remarked suddenly, " Huh ! that tusk's *crooked* !" Swe Leing was awfully hurt and went straight off to his mother about it.

He didn't see so much of her now, but he found her presently. Sure enough, his right tusk *was* crooked. The left was a beauty, clean and curved and all a tusk should be. But the right, just at the point, showed a distinct tendency to turn inwards. His mother was perfectly furious and would have fought Mi Do about it, but Mi Do was a perfect old devil so she thought better of it. And after all, to have crooked tusks, which is what " Swe Leing " means, *is* a distinction ; any sort of fool can have ordinary tusks. So they just made a virtue of necessity like the wise creatures elephants are. . . .

* * * * *

And so he gradually grew up, working his way through all the stages of elephant life, learning all the lore of the wild, growing more self-contained, clever, and retiring. When he was fifteen he was pretty well full-grown, though nothing like up to his full strength. Then it was that he began to have a fight or two, furious battles with other youngsters about, as it so often is in these things—a lady ! But they were generally stopped by the tuskers, the big fellows who really counted, or even by old Haing-jee himself, the great, old tuskless male, who towered above even the tuskers, and ruled the herd with a will indisputable, a jungle Solomon in all his glory.

Once he was fool enough to take on a really big tusker ; it was sheer interference, for the lady was nothing to do with him really. He got the most awful hammering of his life, found out that he wasn't half the fighter he thought he was, and was driven out of the herd for a period for the simple reason that his indignant antagonist wouldn't let him back.

Now, that spoilt his temper. He hated being alone for one thing, and, to an animal as sensitive as an elephant, the sense of defeat is apt to rankle. He wandered about for some time, occasionally making an attempt to creep back into the herd again, but always being thrown out with more force than courtesy, lonely, miserable, and generally disgruntled. Once

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or twice he tried to get into other herds, but always struck some elephant bigger and stronger who didn't like him, and it was on one of these occasions that he really began to go wrong.

He was full-grown by now, and had been by himself for a long time. He had got more or less used to his own company, though sometimes he would hang about on the outskirts of a herd for a few days, and sometimes he would be actually in one for a bit. He was not a very big elephant; some elephants never grow very big, and that was why he often went to the wall when fighting. One day he got the smell of a herd, and the loneliness came over him. He worked up towards it and joined in in all friendliness. He was promptly chased out and chased off to quite a distance. Raging and swearing he departed and, having nothing better to do, moved on several miles.

Bad luck generally has two sides to it. It began looking up for him on that occasion. Suddenly he got the smell of a rice field. That was good! It was a new field, for he knew that bit of country well, and there had never been any rice there before, and a first crop off a new field tastes better than anything. He cast around quietly, found a good, shady spot to lie up in, and waited for the night.

Night came, and with it he went down to the rice field; no need to search for the way for the scent held him true to that. Soon he was browsing on some of the best standing rice he had ever tasted.

But presently he found that he was not alone. It was a good big rice patch, and into the other end of it floated a herd. They do "float," . . . elephants at night; great, vast shadows drifting along in utter silence. Swe Leing, who was smarting under his recent ill-treatment, made no attempt to join them; there was plenty of room, plenty of rice for them all.

But he was out of luck again. That herd was a little family party of about a dozen, under a particularly large and nasty old tusker. He didn't wait for Swe Leing to make advances; he bore down on him, slowly but menacingly. When he got within range he charged, with nothing more than that to say about it, and drove him protesting out of the rice patch.

Now, to be treated cavalierly is one thing; to be chased off your dinner when you have only half finished it is another.

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There was a little hut standing back from the rice patch. It got in Swe Leing's way. He charged it savagely, the lust of destruction hot upon him. Being a Burmese hut, built of bamboo and high up, it crunched delightfully. Swe Leing almost enjoyed himself. He tore at it and kicked it, and trampled it, and pulled it. Several man things emerged screaming, and fled in all directions ; one lay on the floor half covered with debris, wriggling but silent. Swe Leing kicked it out of the way and went on smashing things. He didn't mind the man things ; he just thought them very little, very feeble and helpless.

Now, that was a great mistake. It always is a mistake when a wild animal underrates the power of the man things. It lets him down one day ; it was to let Swe Leing down very badly.

* * * * *

Some time later he fell in with his own herd again, and joined it quietly. Of course, they knew him ; being elephants they would. His mother knew him at once, and came across to him, but he was as big as his mother now, and didn't take much notice of her. His old adversary was still there, but seemed to have forgotten him. Swe Leing was very quiet and very careful, very careful not to fall foul of any of the big ones.

So he lived for many years, generally with the herd, but sometimes, when prudence dictated, on the outskirts of it. Sometimes he'd be away with one of the little scattered groups, which were always breaking away only to join up again. Occasionally they met men things, but the latter were always timid creatures, Swe Leing thought ; they either ran away screaming or climbed up into trees. He hated the smell of them, but he always despised them, and thought but little of them.

One night rather a queer thing happened. There had been an unusual lot of man things about lately, not so timid as usual, hanging about round the herd, making gun-noises, and bothering it generally. The elephants were all feeding in a big patch of elephant grass when the men things suddenly came up quite close ; they had come upwind so had got in close without being noticed.

Suddenly they began making frantic noises . . . all sorts of noises, letting off bang-ey things which smelt vilely, shouting, screaming. Several cows and youngsters got

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frightened, and bolted ; following the herd instinct, the rest went after them. Swe Leing didn't quite know what to do. He wasn't frightened of the men things. Presently he followed slowly after the herd.

He found them all clustered together and very agitated. There was another crowd of men things in front, more fire, more smells, more noises. He was very angry at that ; why couldn't the men things leave them alone ? He called to his companions, and charged forward, the herd following him in mad career. The men things scuttled away with more screaming and noises.

None of them knew it, but Swe Leing had done something good ; he had led them past the wing fence of a *khedda*, an elephant trap-stockade. Had they turned aside as the men things meant them to do, they would have gone right into it.

So time went on, and the hot weather came round again. The herd worked off into the hills, as is the wont of elephant in the hot weather. There is good water and good food there then, whereas the plains' jungles are dried up, too clear for cover, and lacking in water and feed. Elephants can climb hills with the best; the overbushed little nullahs with little clear streams running down them, are all that the heart can desire. But there is one danger which they thought too little of. The hillman, very lightly administered as he is, is still an elephant poacher on the quiet sometimes, and he has a way of making traps for elephants when no one is looking. Then, if he can, he will drive a herd over his traps, and if he gets an elephant. . . . Well, there's lots of meat for everyone, possibly some ivory, and nobody tells.

So it happened one night as the herd was feeding at the foot of the hills, that the hillmen came around. They made noises just as the other men things had done, and the herd bolted promptly. Swe Leing wouldn't bolt ; he despised man too much. He moved off quietly, found an old elephant track, and moved along it at his own pace.

Had he only known it, that was exactly what the man things wanted him to do, for on that track lay a set of traps. He was going quietly along in the moonlight, and had just got to the top of a steep little slope, when suddenly he heard a gun-noise right over his back and felt a fearful burning pain in his shoulder. He heard a yell from the tree, lost his nerve, and bolted down the slope.

The next thing was a hideous pain in his right forefoot,

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and he fell crashing to the earth. He struggled up, both his foot and his shoulder hurting him terribly. He heard yells all round him, but he dashed on, straight ahead, his only instinct to get away. Presently he left the yells behind. Limping badly, he pushed on all that night; an elephant generally does that when he is wounded and frightened.

Poor little devil, it's a beastly form of trap. First you pick a well-used elephant path. Then you get a spot at the bottom of a slope and a bit narrow if possible, so that the animals shall come down with a rush and be unable to get out sideways. Then you dig lots of holes in the ground and set upright in each a stout, sharpened stake, hardened in the fire. You cover these lightly with twigs and earth so as to avert suspicion.

The rest is a matter of chance. Get a herd into the neighbourhood, drift it up towards the trap, bolt it over it, and it's more than likely that some poor brute will go off with at least a badly staked foot. If you then follow and stick to him you'll probably get him . . . . one day.

That's one way of poaching elephants, and that's what happened to Swe Leing.

* * * * *

All that night he travelled, and with the morning lay up in a thick jungle bottom, well-watered and well-covered. He kept his foot in the water as much as possible; the hole was packed with thick mud, but the water cooled it and eased the pain a bit. His shoulder also hurt him badly whenever he moved; the bullet, fired from above, had entered just above the shoulder bone, and was worrying the joint.

So he lay there bitterly angry and growing more and more savage. His old hatred of loneliness came back to him, his old contempt of man. But now was mixed with it a savage hatred. He knew that it was man that had done this thing to him, those puny little scurrying creatures who always ran from him, for he had heard them yelling when the pain first came. He *hated* man.

Suddenly he smelt him. He rose to his feet, very quietly. Then he heard him, creeping through the jungle, here, there, all around on one side. A surge of fear came over him, but it passed, leaving a deadly, calculating intent. Now he would get even with man; now he would kill him! He stood dead still, as an elephant does stand when he's waiting for you.

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A crashing noise beside him ; something struck him and burned in his shoulder. That snapped the tension. There was a cloud of evil-smelling smoke, but he rushed through it screaming. He saw man. One was crawling away under the undergrowth. He pounced on it, seized it by one leg as his wounded foot fell on the other one, tore it in half and flung it from him. He saw another, farther off. He rushed at that, . . . this was the real killing, . . struck it down with his trunk as it tried to dodge him, knelt on it, rose and kicked it back and forwards between his feet. . . .

The sounds died away . . . Even the smell of man was less. . . . All was quiet in the jungle. He turned over the thing he had been kicking ; the smell and touch of it were vile. He left it and went back to his water again.

But he had no fear of man now, only pain and a great, bitter resentment. Swe Leing had become a " rogue." Would you blame him . . . . ?

* * * * *

Now, when an elephant turns rogue he has entered upon the last stage ; sooner or later he will bring down the vengeance of man upon him. All this happened in due course to Swe Leing.

Very shortly he was " proclaimed," for those little hillmen went straight off to their Civil Officer, and told him that there was an elephant with crooked tusks in such and such an area, who had already killed two men and showed every promise of killing more. That was a fact. They did not say why ; that was their own affair.

So he was proclaimed, and a price put on his head. Notices went forth describing him as accurately as possible, and announcing that he was beyond the pale, that anyone might kill him without leave or licence and that, moreover, they would get a reward therefor. Whereat the hillman chuckled ; elephant meat is good, a reward would be good also, and, as the tusks may also be given that was better still. He returned to his jungles with distinct views on the life of Swe Leing.

But the latter rather upset his calculations. Enraged and in constant pain as he was, for the maggots were eating into his foot and the wound in his shoulder was suppurating, he did not exactly hunt man. But he had ceased to fear him, while he developed a certain amount of respect for him.

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He had become very savage but very, very cunning at the same time. He had realized the value of surprise, realized that if he only waited for the advantage man could do nothing against him. He was not going to blunder into anything again, and he moved through the jungle always with infinite caution. If ever he smelt or heard man he at once assumed the mask of cunning and the cap of darkness, standing silent and motionless, often for long periods, till he had sized up the situation; then he struck, and like lightning.

Many he killed in this way. Two were from a party of hunters who came after him. He led them deliberately into a thick patch and lay up for them; Swe Leing knew all about it. He waited quietly, silent as a shadow, till they were almost up with him, creeping, creeping through the jungle. Then he struck and killed two.

Later he met some wood-cutters. They meant him no harm, but one couldn't expect him to understand that. He chased them and trampled one in a cane brake.

Again, he met a party on a road, two men and a woman travelling. The men fled screaming; the woman, carrying the burden as is the way of the East, was not so quick. The rest of that incident is too horrible to describe. . . .

So his fear of man grew less and less, his contempt greater. But he never relaxed his caution. Although man never seemed to come seeking him now, he would never go near houses or near any man in a tree.

His foot was much worse now, for it was months since it had been wounded. Riddled with maggots, half of it was one vast internal sore and three of the toenails were gone completely. The old wound in his shoulder, festering badly, hurt him constantly, and at every step he took. It was on the opposite side to his foot, so both his front legs were lame. He moved slowly now, feeding but little, and growing thinner and thinner, and more weak as time went on. Swe Leing was dying, very slowly, but he didn't know that. His tusks were completely crossed now, the right passing under his trunk and protruding beyond the left.

The hunters left him alone now. They were terrified of him. After all, he had killed four of them and, but for a trifling wound low down on the shoulder which had healed quickly, had got off unscathed. They began to think him a "devil elephant," and to bombard the Civil Officer with petitions to come and kill the devil, but they didn't *say* he was

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a devil in the petitions. To petition, that was much the best way. It would be the white man's risk, for they could always slip off before the real scrap began. They would get the meat in any case, and, if the white man was not killed himself, they knew well that such always give the reward to their trackers. Much the best way. So they continued to send appeals for him to come. One day he came.

* * * * *

There was no doubt as to where Swe Leing was. He moved but very little for a single elephant now, and never more than a few miles. He had left the hills and wandered down to the plains again. He used paths a great deal, for he had grown careless about man, and they were smoother for his damaged foot; the track of that foot was always easy to find.

The hot weather had come round again now, and the jungle was clear and open for the most part, and very hard underfoot. Most of the elephants had gone off to the hills which were not very far away, but Swe Leing didn't trouble about going. Man was afraid of him; he knew that. Not one had sought him for months and the ones he had met had always been on roads and running from him. So he used the roads because of his foot and lay up carelessly in comparatively open patches in the daytime.

One night he moved down a road for about a couple of miles till he got near a village. The smell warned him, just as had the smell of another where he had joined the road. He turned off and down into the rice fields. The fields wanted rain badly and the rice was dry and not very succulent. He helped himself to all he wanted, not very much for he had no appetite, and then wandered back across the road again, and away into the jungle Very wearily he went, for he was sad and very tired. After a mile or two he decided to lie up. The jungle was very clear and open, small trees with most of the leaf off, but there was water to cool his foot and, after all, there was no danger; man never sought him out now. . . .

But that day man did come. The white man was put on to the track quite near the village where he had been sleeping, the village near which Swe Leing had first struck the road. The man moved quietly and silently, speaking hardly at all. Only two men were with him, half naked little jungle trackers and old friends of his own. One carried some food and one a big water-bottle; the man was carrying a big double rifle.

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All down the road the tracking was easy, for Swe Leing's track lay there in the dust plain for all to see. But they didn't hurry. He wouldn't have gone very far ; too hot for one thing and, from the tracks, there was obviously something wrong with that foot. The man suspected what it was and was very angry. But he said nothing and just pushed on.

When they left the road it was a different matter. In a really burnt-up jungle an elephant's track is one of the most difficult to follow in the world. The great soft, paddy feet leave no impression on the sun-baked earth ; a crushed leaf, a flattened grass stem, sometimes *under* a leaf the impress of a toenail. It is only the born jungle man who can read and follow those signs.

But the trackers were good, both of them. They had often tracked for the man before and, which is the most important of all things, were confident in him. They knew that he wouldn't let them down and that they had standing orders to get right away as soon as ever the quarry was located. Sometimes they would point to little, almost indistinguishable, signs and say : " This elephant is very vicious. . . . Look at that." The man would smile a little, . . . " Yes, . . . get on."

It was wonderful tracking. The man had hardly seen a sign for a couple of miles except those which had been pointed out to him. It was terribly hot and his body was almost asleep though his brain was alert and active.

Now, they came to the top of a long, gentle slope rather more green than the rest of the jungle. Even the man could smell elephant here, for this was where Swe Leing had lain down a bit before moving down to the water. Swe Leing was sleeping at the bottom of the slope a few hundred yards on, but the men only knew that he couldn't be very far off. One of the trackers turned round and smiled and pointed at the rifle. The man smiled, too, and motioned onwards with his hand. . . . They passed on quietly. . . .

* * * * *

Swe Leing was perfectly furious. He woke suddenly but quietly, alert and intent as the wild animals always do. In his nostrils was the smell of man, a queer smell mixed in with it, but undoubtedly man. That man should come worrying him again. But, . . . Well, he knew exactly what to do with man. . . .

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He rose to his feet very quietly. By listening very carefully he could hear them . . . for an elephant *can* hear when he wants to . . . moving softly along about eighty yards away. Some seemed to be going quietly, but one had ridiculously noisy feet. Swe Leing chuckled sardonically; even if the jungle was clear . . . it was so *easy*.

When they were about forty yards away and following a line that would have taken them past him he could stand it no longer. His huge bulk sprang to life and he rushed at them at full speed. Let his foot hurt as it like; he would have blood this time.

He soon saw them, for they stopped and made little noises. Two of them ran wildly but one remained. It seemed rather a different sort of man thing, bigger and covered with queer, yellowish-greeny sort of stuff. It was standing beside two little trees, quite still, and Swe Leing laughed at that; he could knock those trees over easily even if the man thing did run up them. . . .

It all happened very quickly, of course. He had got almost half-way when something struck him, right in the forehead, the most awful, paralysing blow he had ever felt. It flung him to the ground and with it came a noise such as he had never dreamed of. It was *not* a gun-noise, though something like it; it was huge, shattering, staccato, like some of the noises of tiger, only infinitely more menacing.

He was up in a second, full of fight and rushing in again mad with fury. Again that awful blow, and the hideous noise again. The blow was a little to the side this time, through the nerve of a tusk, but it set his head roaring and he spun round and round, his world rocking about him; crashing he fell, bearing a tree with him.

For a second he lay there, stunned, but then his head cleared suddenly. He heard the man with the noisy feet rushing towards him. *Now* his chance. He sprang to his feet with that undreamt of quickness that elephants *do* possess in emergency, flashed round and charged home again. He saw the man thing, quite close to him, shimmering through a blood-red, roaring mist; he felt again the blow and heard the noise again . . . reeling he fell, prostrate to the earth. . . .

. . . . He never felt the fourth shot. The man was right up to him by now. A clean brain shot ends everything.

* * * * *

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Those trackers couldn't understand the way of their white man when they presently crept back. He was squatting there, his rifle hugged in his arms, looking at Swe Leing's wounded foot. They spoke but he didn't answer ; just went on looking, and he seemed very sad. . . .

Then he got up and blew his nose violently. He unloaded his rifle and handed it to one of the trackers ; just laid a hand gently on one of Swe Leing's tusks, patted it, and, in silence, walked away. . . .

In a few moments they followed him. . . .

GO-BAC.

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THE TURKISH MILITARY HEAD-DRESS

FROM time immemorial the Oriental warrior has gazed with an eagle eye upon the Sun of Victory; but now the Ministry of Defence at Angora, or Mustafa Kemal Pasha, which is the same thing, has decreed that the head-dress of the Turkish soldier shall in future be furnished with an eye-shade or visor like that of his European rival, to protect his eyes from the glare of the sun. The prejudice against a brim to the head-dress has been ascribed to the influence of the Koran, for there is a verse in the "Glorious Book" which says: "Thou shalt fight with thy face to the sun." But the objection to a peak to the cap is probably older than Islam, for in the Assyrian bas-reliefs unearthed at Nineveh and elsewhere the caps of the warriors have no such protection; and the same rule applies to the Pharaohs and their followers in Egyptian wall-paintings.

Ranjeet Singh, the Lion of Lahore, procured steel cuirasses of European pattern from France to equip his bodyguard, to replace the *zira-jama* or hauberk of chain-mail, which was the defensive armour of Indian horsemen, but he retained the helmet of Oriental pattern common to all Eastern nations, a steel skull-cap, crowned with a spike (which may have furnished the idea for the German *pickelhaube*) with a tube at the side to receive a plume, a movable steel bar for a nasal defence to save the face from a sabre-cut, and a hood or curtain of chain-mail to guard the back of the neck. Our own military authorities in India, whose desire it was for the first hundred years to assimilate the dress of the Indian sepoy as closely as possible to that of the British soldier, were never able to over-ride the prejudice against a brim to the military head-dress; and though they succeeded in replacing the turban by a shako, the peak of the latter had to be discarded before the men could be induced to wear it. And when helmets were issued to the men of the Constantinople Fire Brigade in the last century, they had to be made without a shade over the eyes.

The original national head-dress of the Turks when they came from Central into Western Asia was the *kalpak*, a high cylindrical cap with a flat top, the origin of the modern

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hussar busby, which is still called a *colback* in most of the armies of Europe. A variant of it may be seen in the head-dress of the Tartars of Bokhara at the present day, a round cap of fur or sheepskin, with a flexible pointed top of silk or cloth of some bright colour, which being left to fall over on one side, becomes the busby-bag of the Hungarian head-dress. Such a hanging bag, or hood, was a frequent feature in old Turkish military head-gear, which was a most essential part of their costume, and was the means of distinguishing not only different branches of the services and different corps, but the rank and grades in each corps. The fashion and colour of the caps and standards of particular corps seem to have been the first attempt at uniformity in military dress. We read that a marshal of an *ordu* (army corps) in Amir Timur's army gave a distinguishing colour to each of the ten *tomauns* (divisions) in his *ordu*. All the standards, head-dresses, and horse-trappings in each *toman* being of a uniform colour, and when Timur passed the *ordu* in review, he was greatly pleased with the effect. The Turkish *kapi kuli* (slaves of the Porte) or regular troops, all wore a distinguishing dress. The chronicler Evliya Effendi speaks of " a tall, handsome man in the dress of a *sipahi*." From all pictures the *sipahis* (cavalry) seem to have worn high cylindrical turbans, and loose robes ; the six regiments (*alais*) had standards of red, yellow, red and white, red and yellow, green, and green and white.

The learned Bishop Newton, in his work on interpretation of scriptural prophecy, written in the early part of the eighteenth century, finds the breastplates of jacinth and fire and brimstone worn by the horsemen of the Book of Revelation to signify the " Martiall Apparel of red and yellow " worn by the Turkish *sipahis*. A picture of Prince Eugene at the Siege of Belgrade by an Austrian court painter, now in the possession of T. Croysdale, Esq., of Hawke House, Sunbury-on-Thames, shows the *sipahis* wearing white turbans and red robes ornamented with yellow braid.

The dress of the janissaries (infantry) as seen in pictures of scenes in Constantinople, painted by a German artist for one of the Sultans late in the eighteenth or early in the nineteenth century, and now in the Khedivial Library at Cairo, was a white felt cap, a long-skirted green coat, a red girdle or cummerbund, a blue vest and trousers, and red shoes. The caps were issued by the State, and every

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janissary received annually ten yards of the " blue cloth of Salonika " (supplied mostly by English merchants), which was made into a dolman or sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of *shalwar* or wide trousers, also linen for his shirt and turban, and a pair of red leather shoes.

The white felt cap was called *uskuf* from the Italian *scuffia*, and in shape resembled the coif worn by ladies in Europe during the middle ages. The high crown was traversed by a cleft in the centre like that of a modern Homburg hat ; it had a brass plume-case in front, and its base was encircled by a band of gold lace. A curtain of white felt hung down from the back of the cap over the shoulders. This was said by the Turks to be a memorial of the sleeve of the Saint Haji Bektash, who was called upon to bless the new corps by Sultan Orkhan at its inauguration, and who stretched out his arm with its hanging sleeve over the heads of the front rank as he pronounced his blessing. A more prosaic explanation is that it was designed to protect the back of the wearer's neck from a sabre-cut. The hanging bag or hood was a feature of other Turkish military head-dresses. A janissary's full dress cap of the above pattern is displayed in the museum at Karlsruhe in the room which contains the trophies won in the battle fought at Salankaman in Hungary on August 19th, 1692, in which Prince Ludwig of Baden, at the head of 40,000 Germans, defeated a host of 100,000 Turks under the Grand Vizier Mustafa Kuprili, who fell in the battle.

The officers of the janissaries wore high, broad-topped caps shaped like the *czako* or shako which replaced the cocked hat in European armies at the beginning of the nineteenth century. They wore it with a turban twisted around its base.

There was another story to account for the gold lace band of the cap. At the capture of the town of Apollonia, in Asia Minor, a janissary had looted a golden bowl, and to hide it, put it on his head under his cap, and the Sultan Murad spied it, and called the man to him, and discovered the bowl. The Sultan was so pleased with the appearance of the man that he ordered that in future all the caps should have a gold band round the edge. So the name of the cap was changed from *uskuf* to *zar-kulah* (gold-cap).

The general officers of the janissaries wore high turbans or head-dresses of fantastic shapes, adorned with fan-shaped plumes of black heron's feathers. The Sultan had four

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companies of Archer Guards called *solaks* (left-handed), because those who marched on the offside of the Sultan's horse drew their bows with the left hand. The men of these companies were picked from the janissaries for their size and strength ; they wore high, conical caps with large fan-shaped plumes of white heron's feathers, which concealed the Sultan from the gaze of the crowd. The janissary officers often wore scarlet robes, and the Persian historian of the exploits of Nadir Shah calls the janissary the Rose of the Garden of War. The robes of the general officers were trimmed with fur. The cooks (*ashji*), who were sergeant-majors of the companies, and their assistants wore pointed caps and black leather coats studded with plaques and bosses of silver or copper according to their ranks, and had silver-handled knives and choppers for their insignia. Evliya Effendi writes of " a young cook of the janissaries, with his silver knife and chains of office."

The chief cook of the corps of janissaries was an official on the staff of the *agha*, or colonel-general, at the corps headquarters in Constantinople. He was a conspicuous figure at parades and reviews, where he had to be supported on each side by a janissary to enable him to sustain the weight of the silver pots and pans, chains and choppers, with which his dress and his person were adorned as the symbols of his exalted office.

The affectation of culinary terms ran through the whole corps, due to the fact that the free rations supplied by the State were looked on as the keystone of the organization. Each company had two soup-kettles, which were regarded as its palladia with almost superstitious veneration. If these soup-kettles were lost, all the officers of the company were cashiered. The captain of the company (usually called the colonel by European writers) was called the *chorbaji* (soup-man) ; the *ashji-bashi*, or chief cook, acted as adjutant or sergeant-major. The headquarters of the corps at Constantinople was called the *ojak*, or hearth ; and its officers were spoken of collectively as the *ojak aghalari*, or lords of the kitchen-range. The *karakullukjis*, or corporals, wore high cylindrical white turbans, and the *bash-karakullukchi* wore a similar turban of a globular shape. These officers wore heavy girdles of copper, which, according to Baron de Tott, " weigh 15 lb., and with it these officers may knock down and kill any janissary."

The *serdengichdi*, forlorn hope or *enfants perdus* of the

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janissaries, wore a tall mitre-shaped cap, which was copied in the head-dress of the grenadiers of European armies in the seventeenth century. Evelyn, in his "Diary," speaks of "a new kind of soldier called Grenadiers, wearing caps with coped crowns like janissaries, with a hood hanging down behind, as we picture fools."

The curtain at the back of the janissary's cap was for some time faithfully copied in the grenadier cap. In the museum at Perugia there is such a cap of the seventeenth century; it has a front of black varnished leather with a brass badge of a dragon, the emblem of Perugia, and the back of the cap is lined with scarlet cloth, prolonged into a hood or bag hanging behind and terminated by a tassel. There are old prints extant of the late eighteenth century depicting an English and a French military review (from drawings by the caricaturist Rowlandson [?]). In the latter a battalion is shown marching past on the saluting base, the officers carry their hats in their hands, the leading company of the column are grenadiers, and their caps have the hanging hood behind, which was copied from the janissary head-dress.

The companies of janissaries were numbered on three separate lists according to the dates of their formation. The first formation dated from A.D. 1336, when sixty-one *buluks* (Turkish for company) were raised by Sultan Orkhan from captive Christian boys, Greeks, Armenians and Syrians. The men of these sixty-one companies were called *buluklis*. The second formation resulted from the experience of the success of the first, and picked men from the irregular Turkish foot soldiers, baggage-guards, and pioneers were formed into 101 companies of janissaries. The men of these 101 companies were called *yayas*, a corruption of the Persian word *piyada*, a foot soldier.

The third formation was made early in the fifteenth century, when Sultan Murad II, being assailed by a powerful coalition of the Christian princes, formed all his royal hunting establishment of *sagbans* (Chasseurs, lit. hound-men) into thirty-four *odas* (chambers) of janissaries. The men of these companies continued to be called *sagbans*. This was the last formation of janissaries, and all of them, whether *buluklis*, *yayas* or *sagbans*, were exactly on the same footing, save for some minor differences in dress and equipment, such as exist between our fusiliers, light infantry and other British regiments of foot. The captains of the companies of *sagbans* wore a

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silver soup-ladle in the plume-case of their caps, instead of a plume ; hence they went by the nickname of *kashukjibashi*, or lords of the ladle. Their men wore the wooden spoon with which they ate their soup stuck in the plume-case of their caps. The companies were numbered separately in their three divisions, and each company had a distinguishing badge. This badge was painted on the barrack doors, on the lanterns, and on all the furniture of the company ; it was embroidered on the flag and on the canvas of the tents, and was tattooed on the arm of every soldier on his enrolment. These badges were generally the figure of animals or birds, lions, mastiffs, falcons, cranes, etc., or weapons (bows, muskets, cannons, etc.) or tents, minarets, palm-trees, cypress-trees, etc. When the janissaries were outlawed in 1826 and were hunted down and killed in every city of the empire, many of the men used a violent chemical preparation to remove the mark tattooed upon their arms, which resulted in their death through blood-poisoning.

The " great white bonnets of ceremony," as Baron de Tott calls them, were worn by the janissaries only on occasions of parade or on duty in peace time ; in undress they wore twisted turbans of white linen, like those worn by the French Zouaves. In the field their coats were kilted by the ends of the long skirts being drawn through the girdle or cummerbund, and the wide trousers were tucked into leather leggings.

There was a guard of janissaries always mounted at the Seraglio or Imperial Palace ; but the Sultans had for their personal escort and for duties in the interior of the palace various companies of household troops, both mounted and dismounted, most of them dressed in scarlet. There were two troops of Horse : the Mutafarrika (various), and the Chaushes (Sergeants-at-Arms) ; the former were the personal escort of the Sultan, were recruited from every province of the empire, and wore the costume of the locality whence they came; the latter acted as orderlies and gallopers in the field. There were several companies of foot : the *kapujis*, or door-keepers, who wore brass helmets with drooping white plumes, and scarlet robes ; the *baltajis*, or halberdiers ; the *zulfli baltajis*, or ringletted halberdiers, who wore long ringlets of false hair fastened inside their caps ; the *paiks*, or messengers, who carried fasces and axes in imitation of the Roman lictors whom they had displaced ; and the four companies of *solaks*, or archer-guards, who were recruited from the janissaries, and

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who continued to be mustered and paid on the rolls of the janissary companies to which they belonged.

Among the *sarhad kuli* (slaves of the frontiers) or national militia, which formed the bulk of the military forces of the Ottoman Empire, were many corps distinguished by a peculiar head-dress. The *delis* (madcaps) wore a high steeple-shaped cap, called a *tartura*, but this seems to have failed to impress the Egyptian rabble of Cairo, who had a proverb that " It takes but a slight push to make a *tartura* fall." Byron, in " Childe Harold," writes of

> The Deli with his cap of terror on,
> And crooked glaive.

And Colonel Keppel (afterwards Earl of Albemarle), in his narrative of a journey across the Balkans, speaks of meeting a Turkish pasha " with his usual retinue of high-capped Delis."

The *gunalis* were the Turkish hussars, and wore the Hungarian dress of a slung jacket and a *kalpak* with a hanging bag ; or the Magyars may have adopted it from the Turks. The historian Knolles mentions the surprise of Christian ambassadors at the sight of the stiff, upright plumes worn in the caps of the Turkish soldiery at Buda, for at that time only drooping or falling plumes were worn by European nations. One of the five Turkish regiments of horse that were in garrison at Cairo were *gunalis*, and their costume figures among the drawings of the French artists who accompanied Napoleon's expedition to Egypt.

This wealth of variety in head-gear was crowned by the imperial turban of the Sultan, which was of a height and size commensurate with his exalted dignity. Its folds were continued in pinnacles round the crown, and the front was adorned with an aigrette of heron's plumes in a jewelled plume-case. When the Sultan rode in procession through the streets of the capital to attend the Friday prayers at the mosque, spare turbans were carried by chamberlains in his train, in case the Commander of the Faithful should be taken with a fancy to change his head-dress, and the janissaries who lined the streets folded their arms and bowed their heads before the imperial plumes, as they did at the passage of the Sultan himself. The three premier pashas of the empire, who ruled with the title of vizier at Buda in Europe, at Baghdad in Asia, and at Cairo in Africa, wore turbans of the

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same shape as that of the Sultan, but with an aigrette on the left side of the turban.

From this immense variety of distinguishing head-dresses there was a sudden change to a strict uniformity and severe simplicity in the national head-gear, and early in the nineteenth century the red woollen cap, called the fez from the place of its manufacture in Morocco, became the universal head-wear for Sultan and slave, officer and private soldier, throughout the Ottoman Empire.

Evlija Effendi says that at the capture of Constantinople the operations of the Turkish fleet were assisted by " one thousand scarlet skull-capped Arabs, burning as brandy and fierce as hawks." The fez cap had long been conspicuous in the Mediterranean as the head-dress of the famous or infamous Barbary corsairs, and from there had found its way into the Turkish navy. It had also become common wear among various Levantine communities, Greeks, Albanians and others, when Mehemed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, adopted it as the military head-dress for his newly formed nizam, or regular army, raised with the aid of French money, and trained by French officers from the disbanded remnants of *la Grande Armée*. Sultan Mahmud the Reformer borrowed Egyptian instructors to train his Turkish conscripts who were to replace the discomfited and disbanded janissaries, and with them he borrowed their head-dress and made the red fez the military head-dress, and to popularize it he adopted it himself and made it the official head-dress of the whole empire. The Turks had always ridiculed the *kizil-bashiya* or " red-heads," the Shiya Turks who ruled in Persia and wore conical red caps of quilted silk or cotton as their national head-dress, but now they laid themselves open to the same reproach. Sultan Mahmud acknowledged the superiority of European methods of administration and wished to adopt them but, unfortunately, he set about his reforms in a wrong way, altering external forms while retaining the old system, and mistaking the shadow of Western civilization for its substance. He would have liked to have proscribed the turban altogether, but the popular prejudice in its favour was too strong for him. However, he relegated it to the background, and during his reign the wearing of a large or lofty turban involved a suspicion of disloyalty. Just before his demise in 1840 he had decided to introduce a head-dress of European pattern into the Turkish Army, and the new cap had already been issued to some of the troops

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in Constantinople when his death put an end to the experiment, which was not continued by his successor.

The fez, or *tarbush*, continued to be the universal Turkish military head-dress for a century, in spite of its manifest disadvantages. It was not imposing, and it was no defence against weapons or weather. An attempt was made to afford protection to the wearer by a steel plate in the crown, pierced in the centre to allow the tassel to come through, but this was never generally adopted. Sir Samuel Baker, when campaigning in the Sudan, found the *tarbush* an insufficient protection against the tropical sun, and made his Egyptian soldiers wear the Arab headkerchief over it as a protection.

Omar Pasha, the Croatian renegade who maintained the efficiency of the Turkish army during the long period of his command of it, proposed to reintroduce the old Turkish *kalpak* as its head-dress, but he could not induce the War Office to adopt his proposal.

Said Pasha of Egypt had a passion for military finery, and equipped his guards with steel helmets and hauberks of chain-mail for the cavalry, and sheepskin grenadier caps for the infantry, but these eccentricities did not survive their author. His suzerain Sultan Abdul Aziz had similar tastes, and sought to revive the forgotten glories of Turkish military pageantry. As the Arabic proverb says, "Wisdom from Europe, wealth from India, and pomp from the Osmanlis," and Sultan Abdul Aziz inherited the passion of his ancestors for stately parade and martial finery. He re-established the gorgeous companies of the household troops and the pomp and ceremony of the imperial court, but the finances of the empire were already in hopeless confusion, and his extravagance ended in the bankruptcy of the State and in his own ruin.

The New Turks, among their other reforms, discarded the fez as a military head-dress and substituted for it the old national head-gear of the *kalpak*, a high cylindrical cap of fur or lambskin with a flat crown of cloth ornamented with a tracery of white braid. So the Turkish soldier now appears in the same head-dress as his ancestors wore when they crossed the Euphrates to plunder the lands of Western Asia and Eastern Europe. But now the cap is newly furnished with a visor, a sign that the spirit of Europe has penetrated into the heart of Asia and that ancient prejudices are no longer proof against modern ideas.

F. H. TYRRELL.

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A SCRAMBLE AFTER NUBIAN IBEX

WHEN B—— proposed an expedition to the Red Sea Mountains, I clinched the project on the spot.

Both of us had spent six months in the Sudan, both of us had been bitten with the mountain fever ; and the flat horizon of Khartoum, the cloudless sky, and the ever-present mirage, had become almost unbearable. On further reflection, however, I doubted the wisdom of my acceptance. B—— appeared a most unsuitable companion for a mountain shoot. We had first met with Denikin's army on the steppes of the Don, subsequently in Malta, and finally in Khartoum. Unfortunately, he happened to be a United Services boxing champion and a member of the Antwerp Olympic team. I prefer to take my mountains slowly, with frequent pauses for tobacco and the view, and I felt that B—— would prove a hard taskmaster. I was perfectly right, as events proved.

Neither of us had shot ibex before, and we were both entirely ignorant of the Hadendowa country, which was our objective. Advice was obtainable, however, in Khartoum, and on Easter Day we detrained at our rendezvous, Kamob-sana, a station on the east of the water-shed between the Red Sea and the Nile Valley. We had written to the District Commissioner of the province, and asked him to arrange camels, guides, and the rest, but our previous experience of the Sudan led us to expect endless difficulties, an infinity of talk, and various attempts at blackmail before we could take the road. Never was a more pleasant surprise. We stepped from the train into the arms of a swarm of Arabs, our rifles and gear were seized, and within an hour we were mounted on trotting camels and leading our caravan into the mountains.

Our new-found friends resolved themselves into a sheikh, two shikaris, and seven camel-men, plus the inevitable small boys who do all the real work in the Sudan. The sheikh, Ali Onur, was the first of his land who lived up to the traditions of our lady novelists. Tall, handsome, bearded and clean, he was a magnificent specimen of his race, and during our journey he was to prove himself a real sportsman and a charming travelling companion. The two shikaris deserve mention. The first, Mahomet, was obviously a professional. He had the face and bearing of a Pathan, and on his day was marvellously good at picking up game.

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Unfortunately, he frequently lapsed from this high standard. His chief topic of conversation was "Great Prince Lord Cromer," with whom he had shot ibex some years previously. The second shikari, who fell to my lot, was a venerable grey-beard named Moussa Onur. Age had dimmed his ardour for the chase, and his eyes were no longer what they had been. His principal vice was a never-ending flow of conversation, which required the utmost brutality to suppress; but he had the fattest, jolliest and most infectious chuckle which ever disarmed righteous wrath. Our personal servants, brought from Khartoum, were three: B——'s Soudanese soldier servant, a villainous creature I had collected from the market, and a really capable cook.

Before leaving Khartoum we had set ourselves three mountain ranges as objectives—Akareirirba, Kwish, and Bawati. This plan entailed some hundred and fifty miles of camel travelling, and we calculated that we could spend some two to three days on each range. Leave was limited to fourteen days, but our calculations of time and space worked out accurately enough. On the advice of our shikaris, we made first for the peak of Naueira (5,459 feet), some thirty miles from our starting point.

Our route lay along a wide khor, winding among the mountains, and by 9.30 a.m. on the day following our detraining we had camped by a well under the shadow of Naueira. During the march we had both shot a gazelle. Gazelle shooting was no part of our programme, and we shot solely for the pot, strictly limiting the number according to the needs of our party. These gazelle—and, in fact, all the animals of these mountains—possess the most amazing vitality, and will go for miles with a soft-nosed bullet through their body, or with a leg smashed to fragments. To avoid the danger of leaving runners, we made a strict rule not to fire at a greater range than a hundred yards, when a shot in the neck or heart should be certain. Under these conditions, our gazelle shooting gave very good sport. The stalking required infinite care, and on several occasions our breakfast kidneys cost us a couple of hours' hard work.

The Naueira wells erupted a small crowd of Arabs on our arrival, who welcomed us with gifts of goats' milk. This Naueira valley was particularly rich in small boys. With their bobbed heads and slim brown bodies, they emerged from the rocks like a troop of fauns. And never have I seen a

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finer set of lads. They ranged from chubby infants just promoted from the nursery to the dignity of goat-herds to fine youths of seventeen years who would be an acquisition to any school Rugger fifteen. Each bore the great curved Hadendowa knife in his waistcloth, and each carried himself with the dignity of a patriarch, until better acquaintance and a precocious hankering for tobacco thawed their reserve.

During the hot hours we worked out a plan of campaign for the attack on Naueira. We had been told that the universal custom of the Sudan was to have ibex driven, and in our ignorance we arranged accordingly. Thirty men were to climb to the crest by the opposite slope, while we were to climb by night to positions on our side of the crest, towards which the ibex would be driven. At midnight we set out on camels, and on them we made a surprising distance up the lower slopes. Hill climbing in the dark on a camel was at first a terrifying experience, but these mountain-bred beasts never put a foot wrong. The climb, mainly over most diabolical scree slopes, tested our soft muscles, but we were in position an hour before dawn, my post being on the top of a rock buttress some hundred feet high. With dawn, yells and the crash of falling stones broke out like a *feu de joie* along the crest, and the ibex were not slow in appearing on the ledges above us. Three or four shots told me that B—— was in action. I was intently watching a group of three or four good heads above me at long range, when I was seized by my wildly excited grey-beard and dragged to the edge of my pinnacle. There immediately below me was a fine buck. Even at Hythe I had not been taught to shoot perpendicularly, with my head and shoulders projecting into space, and I missed by a yard. I could have better compassed his destruction by dropping a boulder on him. The ibex, however, galloped up hill, and as he reached my own level I dropped him stone dead at about one hundred yards.

This was an unfortunate shot for our Arabs, as their religion forbids them to eat meat unless the throat of the animal is cut before life is extinct. To my surprise, I found two bullet holes in the ibex—one in the stomach; and a second, obviously the fatal shot, through the neck and spine. The mystery was solved by the arrival of B——. He had fired at this ibex and obviously hit it hard, given it a further couple of shots as it went away, and then spent an active half-hour in following the blood spoor along the precipitous rock

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face. As our licence was limited to two ibex each, we stopped further proceedings, and the beaters dropped down to us from the crest-line like falling boulders.

The thirty men we had engaged proved to be thirty of our small boy friends. Even the plump toddlers of some six summers had climbed five thousand feet by night, and played their part like men. One of the boys had captured a baby ibex alive among the crags. It was a male, about three days old, a most engaging leggy little creature. Our descent down the scree slopes nearly met with disaster, the venerable Moussa Onur falling heavily and rolling to the edge of a gully which offered prompt admission to Paradise. The old man was badly hurt, and only reached the camels with difficulty. The head proved a very good one for the Sudan, measuring thirty-nine inches.

On our return to camp, B—— and I held solemn conclave. We had been disappointed with the morning's shoot. We both thought that the employment of beaters was unsporting and unnecessary. The ibex was too noble a quarry to be driven to the muzzles of our rifles by a mob of yelling urchins, while the procedure of climbing to a shooting position required no skill on our part, and did not even give sufficient exercise to an able-bodied man. It was therefore decided unanimously that in future we would stalk. The decision was conveyed to the shikaris, and received politely. It was obvious that they considered us " as wet as scrubbers," as the Navy would say. Neither of them had ever stalked before, and something like dismay looked from my venerable Moussa's eye, at the thought of the long, hot, laborious hours the future held in store for him. Let it be said now that our decision was a right one. The stalking proved more difficult than we imagined, but henceforward it gave us a succession of thrills, and even B—— was able to get sufficient exercise.

Facing Naueira was the lesser peak of Jevel Obani, where " Great Prince Lord Cromer " had, under Mahomet's guidance, shot two ibex. The same afternoon we climbed Obani, with a few porters carrying our blankets and food. Among them was the baby ibex in his captor's arms. The boy knew better than to leave his prize among his hungry companions, and he and the baby ibex moved in the shadow of our protection. At dusk we camped below the rock walls of the summit, and watched the sun set over a tangle of craggy hills at our feet. The plan of our stalk was for each of us to move by

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dawn to opposite ends of the crest, and work towards each other on the sunny side of the mountain. The scheme met with unexpectedly quick success. Soon after dawn I came upon a feeding ground. For half an hour I watched some score of ibex below me. They included half a dozen buck, but no heads to compare with those on Naueira.

The ground rendered it quite impossible for me to approach unobserved, so I showed myself, and the ibex disappeared in B——'s direction. He dropped the biggest buck with a clean heart shot, but a boy who was with him, after an amazing breakneck burst of speed across the rock face, cut the throat and saved the meat before the beast had finished kicking. The head proved disappointing. As the morning was still young we continued to work round some outlying crags, but saw nothing but does and young.

On our return to camp we were forced to administer justice for the first and last time. When the ibex was quartered for carrying down to camp a small boy had been detailed to carry down the liver and kidneys destined for our own table. Apparently in ignorance of the sacredness of his charge, the wretched child was discovered to have devoured the kidneys *au naturel* on the mountain side. He was arraigned before us, and sentenced to two No. 9 pills from the medicine chest. The pills were administered on the spot by Sheikh Ali, and, except for the criminal, the incident was closed.

Two ibex in twenty-four hours was an auspicious beginning, and the same afternoon we left the pleasant Naueira valley and headed for the bold pinnacle of Kwish, an isolated peak of 4,000 feet, some twenty miles to the north-east. After two marches in intense heat we made camp in a narrow valley. *En route* B—— had collected a gazelle and some partridge, and his shikari had found an ibex dead in the Khor with a thirty-two inch head undamaged by the fall.

That evening after dark, in accordance with our usual practice henceforth, we ascended the mountain, and established a high altitude camp, where we spent two nights. In the mornings and evenings we watered the rock pinnacles with our blood. The mountain afforded excellent stalking and good heads, but we brought none to book. On the first morning I missed a real prize. B—— had seen a good head on the skyline of a spur running at right angles from the main ridge. The sun was well up, but, nothing daunted, he and

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Mahomet plunged over three thousand feet down to the valley level, moved to the point of the spur, and moved along its crest towards the peak of Kwish, searching every crack and gully. Their self-sacrifice was in vain. I had moved to a position where the spur joined the main ridge. An hour passed, and then another; the rocks grew unbearably hot; almost unconsciously I had slipped into a more comfortable position, with my head visible above the rock breastwork. My rifle was out of my hands. Then, to my horror, I saw a great head above a rock within a hundred yards of me, its owner looking into my eyes. He leaped fully into view, stood poised for one second, and as my sights came on to him he leaped clear and went crashing down into the valley like an avalanche. My unreadiness had lost me a fraction of a second and a fine head. I turned resigned to meet the reproaches of Moussa Onur, when I found that worthy peacefully and silently asleep at my elbow. On his head then were reproaches and many bitter words.

We regretfully left our eyrie in the crags, the wonderful view of the sea of mountains around us, with the Red Sea like a burnished wall of steel thirty miles away to the east, and after a final long and fruitless search we regained our camp, snatched a hasty meal, and mounted for the difficult seventy-mile journey to the Bawati peaks, our final objective.

Time was precious, and we pushed the camels hard along the winding khors. Moussa Onur was forbidden to check the march for his usual interchange of greetings and small talk with every wandering goat-herd. We stopped only to secure a couple of gazelle and half a dozen brace of pigeon, and had formed camp beneath the towering summits rising from the long ridge of Bawati within forty-eight hours. Bawati promised sport on a large scale, and harder work than our previous mountains. The *massif* extends for miles, and is crowned by four peaks, which approach 6,000 feet.

The sheikh and good citizens of Bawati received us most hospitably, but they were of a vastly different type from our earlier friends in the south. Their appearance was savage and uncouth. Their hair was not dressed in the elaborate Hadendowa bob, with its mass of early Victorian ringlets caked with gum, but hung about them in wild elf-locks. Worst of all, they smelt with a horrible and penetrating smell. In our eyes they embodied the characters of the Old Testament, and they were irreverently christened accordingly—

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Ezekiel, Esau, Habakkuk, Micah, and Isaiah (the sheikh) being our particular associates. On Bawati we spent three hard days, having our fill of rock-climbing. Ibex there were in plenty, and each of us had good stalking. From the first our ambitions were set on three great heads.

I saw them first when lying *perdu* over a water-pool, an hour before sunset. On a rock face opposite, about three hundred yards away, appeared the three splendid beasts, dropping down from crag to crag towards the water. A shot would have been practicable, but the light in the deep khor was poor, and I was confident that I should get a shot at close range as they came to the water. They actually reached the khor below me and were hidden by a bend, but as I watched for the safe and certain shot some eddy of the still air in the deep cleft must have carried them our wind, and they made off up a side gully. I at once followed in the growing dusk, and just as darkness set in and a shot was impossible I saw the three shadowy forms get up within two hundred yards and vanish into the darkness.

I remained on the mountain side that night, and searched unavailingly for them the next day. Finally on the third day B—— found them, and stalked them for two hours, only to have his chance ruined by Esau, his native porter. The two shikaris, Mahomet and Moussa, both declared these heads to be the biggest they had ever seen. We estimated them at forty-five inches. On this last day B—— fired at and hit another good head. The blood trail led him over some extremely difficult rock faces to a deep cleft in one of the peaks of Bawati. There the ibex had evidently lain up and its wound had dried. Before his arrival it had moved away, leaving no trail. This unfortunate incident cast a gloom over our final stalk.

The last day had been a hard one, and I finally descended to our main camp and breakfast at 4 p.m. Hardly had the bacon and beans appeared when a sandstorm swept up the khor, whirled away all loose impedimenta, and though I rescued my breakfast it was not improved by a thick layer of sand. Hard on the heels of the sandstorm came a thunderstorm, and within a few minutes a roaring torrent was bearing down on the camp. Luckily our tent was not pitched in the bed of the stream, and we escaped disaster by a few inches. B—— arrived in the middle of the thunderstorm, but the spate and the imminent peril of the camp failed to interest

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him in the least. For half an hour he remained immersed in his breakfast, while the lip of the torrent bubbled under the legs of his chair.

Our two remaining days were spent in hard riding to Port Sudan, picking up three gazelles *en route*. On our last evening I committed the *faux pas* of missing a bustard, the only one we saw, with a rifle shot at point-blank range.

We found to our disgust that the day of our arrival at Port Sudan was Ramadan Bairam, the feast which closes the great feast of Ramadan—a day on which every Sudanese becomes drunk and incapable. We should never have succeeded in getting our baggage on to the train at all had not our good hillmen come to see us off, and driven a fuddled crowd of railway employees to do our bidding with hard words and a threatening spear-helve. We took leave of these good fellows with a gift of blankets and many protestations of mutual esteem. We flattered ourselves that their regret at parting was sincere, but I fancy that the venerable Moussa was glad to have done with the ridiculous and unnecessary duty of stalking ibex.

All who have travelled by sea east of Suez are familiar with the ragged outline of the mountains we had left. Wild and inhospitable they are in truth, a tangle of rocky pinnacles rising from scree slopes, seamed with a labyrinth of valleys, narrowing down from the wide plains where the gazelle roams to boulder strewn khors scarce a yard or two wide, dark in the shadow of great overhanging cliffs. But these stark hillsides have a wild beauty of their own, and the vision of dawn and sunset from a lofty rock ledge is an abiding delight.

We found, perhaps, the greatest charm in the people. Kipling's " Fuzzy-Wuzzy " still carries the glory of the traditions of El-Teb, Hasheen, Tofrek, and that greatest of all desperate fights, Tamai, where, by sheer gallantry, the Hadendowa hewed his way with sword and knife through a British square. That gallant race has yet to recover from the carnage of these desperate and repeated charges, which have left the valleys bare and depopulated to this day. Possibly the only Europeans who can claim to know these people well are the few Sudan Government officials who have been charged with the maintenance of the *pax Britannica* among the jebels. These hillmen remain as shy as their own ibex. The army finds no recruits among them. Money has not lured them to the docks and workshops of Port Sudan.

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They toil not, neither do they spin. The produce of their goats supplies them with all their wants—a linen robe, a daily handful of dhurra, and a little coffee. They remain a race of warriors. Never do their weapons leave their hands, and on the steepest mountain face our shikaris always carried a spear, sword, and heavy cowhide shield. They quarrel fiercely, and many bear the scars of knife-wounds.

To us as soldiers it seemed a thousand pities that the newly instituted Sudan Defence Force does not include a Red Sea camel corps, but when we questioned the young men as to why they did not seek glory and wealth in a military career we always received the same reply—" We cannot leave our mountains."

To turn to questions of ways and means. A shoot such as ours is well within the reach of officers serving in Egypt and the Sudan, and possibly a few practical details may be of service. One of the most pleasant shocks of the journey was the refusal of Sheikh Ali Onur to discuss money matters before the start at Kamobsana. When tackled on this delicate question he replied, " Has not the ' m'fetish ' (District Commissioner) told you what to give us ? Well, then, give us what he says, and we shall be content." After the constant haggling of the Oriental of the cities, such a manner of making an agreement was indeed refreshing. In short, our payments were as follows :—For the sheikh, 20 piastres a day ; for the shikaris, 10 ; and for camel men, 5. For each camel we paid 7 piastres. Five Egyptian piastres may be reckoned as one shilling. It should be noted that soldiers and Government servants may travel on the Sudan railways at quarter fare.

Little equipment is necessary. A rifle of about 350 calibre is the ideal, a light tent is very necessary, while about four camel-water tanks and a plentiful supply of canvas water-bags is essential. With the coming of the rains in July, the shooting season is over, but from February to May a sportsman can travel to the Red Sea mountains with the assurance of plenty of game, good rock climbing, and a cordial, if not effusive, reception from a race of sportsmen. The wild beauty of the hills will repay any fatigue, and the cool, crisp air of the ranges will heal body and soul sick from long sweltering months in Cairo or Khartoum. The man who secures one of the three great ibex we saw on Bawati, after a fair single-handed stalk, will win a worthy prize.

G. N. Wood.

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STATUTORY EMPLOYMENT FOR THE EX-SOLDIER.

SPEAKING in London on November 30th, 1920, the Prime Minister of the day used the following words :—

> " Before you can do anything to cure a condition of things or to mitigate them, you must have a clear indication of causes, and a readiness to acknowledge them, whatever they are."

That affirmation can be applied to several problems of life at the present time, but it is because of its aptness to the one the writer proposes to deal with—that of the employment in civil life of the ex-Regular soldier—that it is used at the commencement of this article.

Many well-known people whose word carries weight have given their views on this problem in speech and writing ; committees appointed by Ministers of the Crown have sat, reported, and suggested various schemes for a solution. Yet no practical remedy has been found as evidenced by the hard cases given by the author of the article in the last issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES under the title, " A Blot on the Services."

In adding to what has already been written and said on this very vital matter, it is possible the suggestions contained in what follows may swell the list of failures, but the writer can at least claim to write from experience of activities carried on amongst ex-Regular soldiers before the war, and hopes to show the reader whither those efforts were leading. Before any other consideration, however, the arguments put forward are based upon a clear indication of the cause which makes the ex-Regular soldier unemployable, and no hesitation is shown in a readiness to acknowledge the reason.

It is well in some things to face facts. The writer has the firm conviction that in the problem under discussion it would be better to do so, and therefore in the first phase of the problem submits :—

1. The root cause of the unemployed ex-Regular soldier is the short service military system of Great Britain.

2. No scheme which makes an "appeal" for employment will ever solve the problem.

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I propose to show with regard to (1) how our military system is responsible, and under (2) why appeals are useless.

To prove the assertion made under (1) let us take, as a case, two ordinary intelligent working-class youths. " A " enlists into the Army on the same day that " B " obtains work in an industrial or commercial firm. " A " in the course of time finds he has entered a highly specialized profession, but one which is totally different from any in the civil life of the community. He has an asset in the attainment of a knowledge of Empire, and the inculcation of a splendid spirit of patriotism, but he does not touch any practical matters which will be useful to him in civil life on discharge.

Meanwhile " B " also finds he has entered a specialized job. He gives of his best to his employer, just the same as " A " does, and the master, appreciating the worth of " B," keeps him employed. At the end of the same period of years, seven or eight, at which " A " is discharged from the Army to seek fresh employment, " B " is established in his position, and under normal circumstances is assured of employment for life, because he is a skilled man in the employment market, and his labour is therefore a marketable commodity. It is entirely different with " A." He finds he is unskilled amidst thousands of men who, whilst he has been serving the State as a soldier, have been learning a trade.

The result for " A " and his compatriots are given in the following facts :—

A reference to Hansard for February, 1914, will reveal that in the debate on the Army Estimates in the House of Commons the Secretary of State for War, admitting a shortage of 8,000 men in the Army, said the primary cause was the unemployed ex-soldier, begging his bread in the streets. A reference to the General Annual Report of the Army for the years 1911, 1912, and 1913 shows that a similar number of men each year could not be found employment—all men of good character. The Report of the National Association for the Employment of ex-Regular soldiers for 1923-24, pp. 12 and 13, gives figures which show a residue of 7,320 men for whom employment could not be found during the year. Thus is history of 1914 repeating itself at the present time, and our military system, being the same at both periods, is responsible for this state of affairs.

Now, to deal with (2). Let every reader of this article ask himself this question—" Can I employ any man out of

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sympathy because he has been a soldier?" Let him give himself a candid answer to his question. Unless my knowledge of human nature and economic facts is all wrong, the answer would be "No." In that answer lies the futility of every scheme which has been advanced for the employment of the ex-soldier which "appeals" to employers. This is the weak point of the suggestion put forward by the author of "A Blot on the Services." The Territorial official into whose hands the work of finding employment was to be delegated may in every instance be a "live wire," but he will soon come up against the hard fact that few, if any, employers would engage a man simply because he had been a soldier, when other skilled labour was available. Sentiment and sympathy have no room in a hard competitive business world. An employer requires a man who can perform the work which he requires in a satisfactory and expeditious manner, and with knowledge of how to do it.

There is another side to this aspect of the situation. In the rare instances in which an employer might find it in his heart to give the ex-soldier an opportunity to perfect himself in a trade, the man would probably find himself in antagonism with trade unionists. It is only reasonable to assume that the employer would not be prepared, as a business man, to pay the ex-soldier the full rate of wages whilst learning. Such being the case, the ex-soldier would immediately become a "blackleg," his life would be made unbearable, and in many cases he would throw up the sponge. It would be well if trade unionists could, in their attitude towards the ex-soldier, bear in mind the terms of a manifesto issued by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress in 1914, which I give in full, as the spirit manifest is all to the credit of the Unions, and, if carried out, would do much to help the ex-soldier :—

> "But if men have a duty to perform in the common interest of the State, equally the State owes a duty to those of its citizens who are prepared—and readily prepared—to make sacrifices in its defence and for the maintenance of its honour. Citizens called upon voluntarily to leave their employment and their homes for the purpose of undertaking military duties have a right to receive at the hands of the State a reasonable and assured recompense, not so much for themselves as for those who are dependent

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upon them, and no single member of the community would do otherwise than uphold a Government which, in such an important and vital matter, took a liberal and even generous view of its responsibilities towards those citizens who come forward to assist in the defence of their country. We respectfully commend this suggestion to the favourable consideration of the Government of the day."

I would also draw the attention of the reader particularly to this manifesto because of its bearing on the suggestion I shall put forward as a solution of the problem.

One other point in connexion with appeals for employment must be touched upon. Considerable prominence is being given to the present educational system in the Army as being an aid to men obtaining suitable employment on return to civil life. The education given cannot, however, do all that is claimed for it. For instance, if a soldier passes every examination possible under the present syllabus, and comes out of the Service fully qualified to take up any position, will any employer sack a good man who has been in his employ and put the soldier in his place? Certainly not; and therefore, despite his qualifications, the soldier finds himself unemployed.

Having by the assertions made in (1) and (2) arrived at the position that our military system makes men unskilled and unable to obtain employment, and that appeals do not find a solution, what remedy have I to offer?

I will give it first in one sentence, and then, as before, develop my arguments in support of it under sub-heads.

The solution I propound is "A Statutory Right to further Government employment on discharge from the Army."

The points to be considered are:—

1. On what grounds can a statutory right to employment be substantiated?
2. How far can education in the Army be altered as an aid for perfecting men for Government employments?
3. What opposition will be encountered?
4. How can the suggested remedy be obtained?

I submit under (1) that if our military system, to use the words of a Secretary of State for War spoken in my presence, "takes the heart out of a man's life and makes it difficult for

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him to find employment afterwards," it is the duty of the State from every point of equity, justice, and morality, to give the soldier a right to further Government employment on discharge should he wish to have it. The State induces men to enlist into its service under conditions which penalize the man in every way for civil employment. Therefore the State should make reparation.

It would be well here to survey briefly the method of enlistment into the Army.

The military advisers to the Government state that it is necessary for the Army to be based on a short service system in order to provide an adequate reserve for expansion in time of war. They also consider it is unnecessary to have a conscript Army for the peace-time protection of the Empire, and therefore call for what is known as a voluntary Army. The term " voluntary " is a misnomer. Service in the Army is no more voluntary than is any other employment for which a man is paid for his services. During the past few years successive Secretaries of State for War have pointed out that the rates of pay for the Army, with other emoluments, are fixed to conform to those obtainable in the civil labour market, and it is stated this has been done in order to obtain recruits. These material advantages are placed prominently before men on public hoardings, and are supplemented by the employment of recruiting sergeants, who use verbal persuasion in an endeavour to obtain a man for the employment of the State as a soldier. On the representations thus made, men enlist.

Under (2) I have formed the conclusion that the present syllabus of education in the Army is far too advanced for the majority of the men. The teaching should be towards, and end in, an examination for entry into the Civil Service for the grades for which men are found to have an aptitude. In suggesting this, I have in mind that it would be folly to say that the State, under a statutory right, should employ the incompetent men our military machine makes. Efficiency in all public services is necessary. From every point of view there should be the incentive to make the man qualify, and there must be co-operation between the State Services to employ the men as they become available, the necessary adjustment to admit ex-soldiers being made by a reduction in boy and girl entrants from the usual sources of supply.

With regard to (3) I know full well that opposition to

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my proposition will be encountered, and particularly from those employed in the Civil Service. It has been so for years. The opposition to the employment of the ex-soldier has recently been exemplified over the admission into the Service of men who served in the Great War—an attitude apparently handed down from civil servants of pre-war days, whose posture towards the ex-Regular cannot be better shown than in the following :—In the *Postman's Gazette*, the official organ of the Postmen's Federation, dated January 13th, 1914, a recommendation for a scheme of reorganization of the postal service was published. It had been drawn up by the National Joint Committee of the Postal and Telegraph Associations, and passed by eleven votes to four. Paragraph 19 read :—

" We are of opinion that the practice of appointing ex-Army and ex-Navy men should be discontinued, but in the event of the Government insisting upon one-half of the postman's vacancies being reserved to ex-military and ex-naval candidates, that those should only be admitted who possess educational qualifications equal to those of the candidates entering by the open competition at 16 years of age."

Antagonism will also be encountered from a section of the public. I have suggested the principle to men as far apart as Dundee and Dover, Norfolk and Cornwall, and, taking representative opinions of employers and workmen, both stoutly contested its recognition. Their arguments were that the soldier on enlistment took on seven years' permanent employment, knew what he was doing, and that he would have to find other work when he finished with the Army, did very little work whilst in the Army, generally had a good time, could not be sacked at a week's notice like a man in civil life, did less work for the State than the employer and workman did as productive units in the commercial sphere of the country. One employer clinched his argument by saying that the soldier was not only unproductive, but was destructive.

Now to the most important consideration, No. 4. Before giving the method, I propose as a preliminary to place before the reader objects which the ex-Regular soldier of pre-war days was endeavouring to obtain. They gained a large measure of support, and, if they are looked into, it will be observed that the principles of some of them have been adopted for post-war employments of ex-Service men.

The objects were :—

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1. The employment of seventy-five per cent. of ex-naval and military men in all Government departments. This also to apply to all employments in naval and garrison towns under the direct orders of naval and military authority.

2. The awarding of "Service" marks in Civil Service examinations on account of naval or military service, thus enabling ex-naval and military men of superior education to compete on fair terms with those whose studies have not been interfered with by service in the Navy or Army.

3. To urge upon the Admiralty and War Office the necessity for giving Service men opportunities for technical and agricultural instruction, and other facilities for preparing themselves for a return to civil life.

4. To urge upon the Government the necessity of eliminating the age clause limit as it applies to ex-naval and military men when seeking official appointments.

5. To urge for a return from Admiralty, War Office, and other Government contractors showing the percentage of ex-naval and military men employed by them. Contracts to be given to the contractor employing the largest percentage of ex-naval and military men, always provided that the interests of the public are not thereby prejudiced.

6. To urge that railways and all undertakings enjoying a monopoly by Act of Parliament should be required to employ fifty per cent. of ex-naval and military men.

7. Fifty per cent. of ex-naval men to be employed on all vessels owned by firms and individuals in receipt of a subsidy for carrying mails. The rule to apply to vessels employed on other Government services.

8. Twenty-five per cent. of ex-naval and military men to be employed on all municipal undertakings controlled by the Local Government Board.

It will be noticed the objects ask for continuity of State employment.

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The remedy I suggest will only be obtained in one way, and that political action by ex-soldiers themselves. By no other method will a solution be found.

By the same method that the ex-soldier of pre-war days worked, so will the man of to-day have to work to obtain what he desires.

Political action by ex-soldiers is looked upon with disfavour by the leaders of organizations of ex-Service men. It was so before the war, but the men took matters into their own hands, and, finding wise leadership amongst themselves, by constitutional methods, went far towards the achievement of success; and I state here, being in possession of all the facts, that had it not been for the outbreak of war, victory would have crowned their efforts.

By political action I do not mean party action. That would be fatal. Ex-soldiers must, however, lay their claim before the bar of public opinion, and that can only be done, within the limits of their circumstances, through the representatives of the people in the House of Commons. Ex-soldiers must use the men elected in their constituency, no matter what his party label, to focus attention on the penalty a man pays for his service in the Army. It is no easy matter, and could undoubtedly be done in the most effective way as an organized body.

Up to the present no Government has admitted, or shown any desire to acknowledge, direct liability for the civil employment of the ex-soldier. Ministers in the House of Commons only " appeal " for work for the ex-soldier. No Government will act on behalf of the ex-soldier unless forced to do so by public opinion.

If the opposition I have shown in this article represents the correct view of the nation, and it declines to admit the right to a livelihood for men who have served it faithfully and well as soldiers, then the professed sympathy for the ex-soldier is nothing but cant and humbug, which finds lip service in Parliament.

I prefer, however, to think it is for want of understanding of the cause of the problem that the nation allows so many of its soldiers to sink literally into the gutter.

I know the problem is receiving the serious consideration of Ministers because of its effect on recruiting—the Army Council is hard pressed to find reliefs in the near future for our overseas garrisons—and I can only hope the arguments

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and suggestions I have given for the future employment of the ex-soldier will bring about such action as will give him what he asks for, which is plain, simple justice—nothing less and nothing more.

But I would repeat, and emphasize, that the remedy is with ex-soldiers themselves. Working for the objects suggested and on the lines shown, they have a great and noble work before them. Not only will they secure employment for themselves and the serving soldier of to-day, who is the ex-soldier of to-morrow, but they will place recruiting on a sound basis by letting it be known that once a man joins the Army he is sure of a job for life, which will mean also that the nation can have a large body of patriotic, loyal, and contented men always at its service in the protection of the great and glorious Empire on which the sun never sets.

F. GEORGE.

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AN UNASSESSED ALLY

THE advent of *Fascismo* brought to Italy during the first year of its régime a consideration greater than was accorded to the significant manifestations which preceded it. Yet of the many attempts made in other countries to understand the movement, none has taken as its starting-point the only ground which gives a clear-sighted survey: comprehension of Italy's achievements in the war, and of the people who carried these through in the face of difficulties they alone, of all the combatants, had to face. Without a retrospective evaluation of the events of the past decade, the present situation and its underlying motions cannot be brought into line. For this purpose it is necessary to recall facts which have become anachronisms without having received current recognition.

A definite change took place in Italian feeling towards Great Britain during the Tripoli war, and for this the hostile press we gave Italy was largely responsible. The misstatements in connexion with Italy's procedure during this most critical stage of her new national life made a marked impression throughout the whole country. Our policy at this time was as ill-judged as it was short-sighted, for we alienated Italian opinion without any compensating advantage in recapturing our prestige with the Turks. As we now know, Turkey was already bound hand and foot to Germany, and merely regarded our vacillating partisanship as a symptom of weakness. Perhaps it would have been too much to expect that the controllers of our press should have foreseen the events already shaping in Europe during the Italo-Turkish campaign, and what would have been brought about by the alternative occupation of Tripoli and the Libyan terrain.* But it was due to British, no less than to Italian, prestige to have shown greater justice to, and understanding of, the causes that led to Italy's action—and to the manner in which this was carried through. That Italians should have felt keenly the contrast

* The influence upon the war contributed in our favour, not only by an Allied Mediterranean but by the fact that Tripoli and the Libyan terrain were in the hands of an ally, instead of at the disposal of Germany, cannot be overstated. With this as a base for hostile operations, Germany's striking power at our position in Egypt and India would have been armed at some of our most vulnerable points.

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of our reception of the calumnies circulated against their country's honour with their own generous attitude in the face of similar calumnies against British procedure during the Boer war, should surprise no one.

Our subsequent attitude towards Italy's contributions to the European War caused even greater bitterness. We have, to this day, failed to realize what Italian intervention meant.

An attempt to reconstruct the history of the War from the premise of what would have happened if Italy had not denounced the Triple Alliance, and had added her weight actively, or even passively, to the Central Powers, should be made by all whose attitude to Italy's national struggle is devoid of sympathy or perspicacity. Neither at the time nor at any period since has it been realized what was involved in this gigantic effort, and how much moral as well as material force was required to break the bonds of thirty years' riveting by the increase in prosperity thus obtained. Without this element of security, national development and economic expansion would alike have been at a standstill.

When Italy came into the War she was beset by problems of an almost unnegotiable complexity. Not only was the tide in full swing against the Allies, but even had their ultimate victory been demonstrably assured, it was a question of whether the national resources could hold out during a prolonged conflict. The internal complications and anomalies, incident to the grafting of a young developing national life upon an ancient civilization, placed Italy in a position unlike that of any other Power in Europe. In fifty years she had achieved results which a people less gifted and endowed would have taken centuries to effect, but she realized to the full that the foundations needed the consolidation and underpinning of time, and that the risk taken involved the whole fabric.

Inseparable from these considerations was the no less weighty problem of mental readjustment. In under ten months Italy had not only to equip herself as a modern military power (and there was more excuse for unpreparedness in the sleeping partner of the Triple Alliance than for any other country concerned), but she had to accustom her civil population to the attitude of a complete *volte-face*. When Europe was pouring contempt and execration upon those who regarded a treaty as a " scrap of paper," or indeed as anything except an indissoluble bond, she had to make her

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action ethically intelligible to a peace-loving populace, who had come to look upon their increasing benefits as attributable to the alliance about to be repudiated. A sufficiently cogent reason for plunging the country into misery and privation had to be made manifest, and, when made manifest, reconciled to some more abiding principle than was embodied in the treaty. That this was accomplished, that the people of Italy faced war and its last sacrifices in the spirit they displayed, must count as an authentic sign of national soundness.

If Italy's achievements in the interval prior to her intervention were not estimated at their full value, this attitude was very imperceptibly changed during two years of strenuous warfare on enemy ground. The most superficial pre-war acquaintance with the terrain shows that the strategic advantages were preponderatingly on Austria's side, and these had been for years strengthened and held in readiness under the vigilant supervision of military experts. Another enormous advantage was given to Austria by the disparity in the railway systems of the two countries. Those on the Austrian side made it possible to bring reinforcements of troops and material almost to the battle-field, whereas on the Italian side the insufficiency meant deployment and delay added to almost insuperable obstacles.

The battle-front held by Italy covered an area of roughly 600 kilometres, and was therefore only about 100 kilometres less than the French, British and Belgian fronts combined, calculated from the Swiss frontier to the sea. But its length was the least of the problems it presented : no form of hazard or difficulty was absent from the terrain. The great impervious Dolomites have baffled trained specialists throughout the annals of mountaineering, yet up these towering, perpendicular walls of rock 6-inch guns and all the impedimenta of warfare had to be conveyed through the agency of men born and bred in conditions which might well have precluded the possibility of such phenomenal feats. Here the sufferings of the Arctic explorer were superimposed upon those of the soldier. The predominant sector of the Italian front was in this mountain terrain ; the remaining sectors included the arid, sun-smitten Carso, where the heat was so extreme that the dead were frequently mummified where they fell ; and the low-lying regions of the Isonzo, where men were fighting waist-deep in water.

Over this immense region of dual conflict, where Nature

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presented the armament of a second enemy force at even more uncalculable odds, Italy had to fight with the minimum of allied reinforcement.* The paramount fact remains, that the Italian army held up a total force of : 22 Austrian divisions (which contained a large number of troops already blooded by some months of fighting on the Russian front) in the year 1915 ; 34 divisions in 1916 ; 45 divisions in 1917 ; 67 divisions (including the German divisions which took part) during the offensive against Caporetto ; and 63 divisions at Vittorio Veneto. This inadequately recognized achievement was largely the outcome of human mettle,† for there was a deficiency of every form of equipment : a lack of war material, a lack of coal to keep the munition factories running to their full capacity, a lack of food for the populace, and a lack of money to fill in any of the gaps.

Italy's contributions to the Allied cause dated not only from the commencement of hostilities, but from before we had taken our stand. Her immediate declaration of benevolent neutrality, on August 2nd, 1914, gave France the first assurance when she was still in uncertainty about British intentions. Though at the time it was fully understood by the French what the release of their frontier army meant in stemming the German rush upon Paris, and the significance of a safe Mediterranean for the transport of their coloured troops, this recognition has since faded, and there has been even less inclination in France than there has been in England to do justice to the Italian position. Indeed, France has assumed the credit of the strategical plan which brought victory out of defeat after Caporetto—a plan conceived and executed by the Italian *Comando Supremo* in the face of considerable opposition from those who doubted the capacity or the staying power of the newly reconstructed army. Subsequent events triumphantly vindicated the tenacity and belief

* The Allied reinforcement on the Italian front prior to the reverse at Caporetto consisted of a limited amount of artillery during the years 1915 and 1916, the greater part of which was withdrawn in 1917.

† In appraising the high merit of the Italian soldier, it should be remembered that the utmost of human endurance was demanded from him with the fewest personal returns. He was, until after the reorganization of the Army by General Diaz at the end of 1917, almost entirely without the amenities considered indispensable by the Army of our own country. British soldiers in Italy asserted that they could not fight on such frugal rations, or with such an absence of rest and recreation behind the lines.

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in his soldiers General Diaz displayed in carrying out what may well have seemed at the time strategically hazardous and humanly too great a venture.

With a large section of the public the name Caporetto wiped out all that preceded and all that succeeded the disaster, though Italy founded upon a firmer basis both her military and her national security when she faced, grappled with, and emerged from what might have wrecked her if she had not been of strong fibre.

In its inner significance, every country has had a Caporetto, but fortuitous circumstances have not combined to make the results so far-reaching—or so universally advertised. The French mutinies in the spring of 1917 were among the best-kept secrets of the war; and equivalent disaffection in other armies has been controlled as much by environment as by expert handling. It is demanded that we should make this distinction of home application: the units who with us caused actual or potential *débâcles* were not compelled into a position which involved military disaster on the battlefield. Their pacific campaigns were conducted from the safety of well-paid civil employment which was the direct result of the opinions they held and promulgated. The disaffected troops on the Italian front were in numbers no greater than the aggregate of the men who took part in strikes, who "downed tools" and who made equivalent surrenders on the home front, at a time when output was the first element of national safety. That many of the more ignorant amongst the Italian disaffected were genuinely deluded has been proved by the fact that when they found peace did not follow within the promised twenty-four hours they returned to their posts and fought with the courage they had previously displayed.

It has become the habit in allied countries to assume what is devoid of legitimate claim in connexion with the events which re-established Italy's military position. The invaluable services rendered by the Allies during the subsequent phases (which Italy was the first to publish to the full) were not immediately available. Though allied reinforcements were dispatched to the Italian front with great promptness, the transport of them and of their equipment necessarily involved considerable delay; and if Italy's salvation had been in abeyance until their arrival, not only the Italian campaign but the whole war would have had a very different ending.

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In the days following the disaster of October 24th, 1917, Italy was thus constrained to deal single-handed with the situation. Unaided, she brought about her own recovery and held up the advancing enemy. General Diaz succeeded General Cadorna* as commander-in-chief on November 8th, and under his ægis the gigantic work of reorganization was carried through. The new line on the Piave, covering Venice and the sea, was formed and maintained by the Italians before a single British or French regiment was within reach. The Third Italian Army from the Isonzo, and the Fourth Italian Army from Tirol, in their magnificent fighting retreat reached the Piave on November 10th, and on November 12th effected a permanent halt upon the enemy. It was not until December 4th, when the position was already established, that the first Allied regiments came partially into line. These dates refute unanswerably the assertions circulated by Italy's detractors to the effect that the Allied troops "saved" her after Caporetto. The Italian Army, aided solely by the great national spirit at the back of it, held the Piave for twenty days before the Allies were able to render any military assistance.

The facts connected with this episode are so little known in other countries that due recognition has not been given to those who won their laurels with such unyielding valour. But there can be little doubt that this desperate fighting defence will be adjudged by historians of the future as one of the finest achievements of the whole war.

It will be for these historians, who have not been misled by prejudice and partisanship, to disentangle the true causes leading to the reverse, and to make evident that the disaster

* It is now admitted that great injustice was done in making General Cadorna the scapegoat for the disaster of Caporetto, and in discounting his fine record prior to the reverse. At the same time, the appointment of General Diaz as commander-in-chief at this most critical moment was in every way fortunate. In addition to his great qualities as generalissimo, his personality enabled him to re-establish not only the material conditions of the Army, but to reinforce it in faith. Succeeding generations will be better able to gauge the full results of any commander's individual military achievements. But it is not too soon to recognize that General Diaz stands recorded both among the great names of his country and among those who have deserved best of the alliance to which he made so far-reaching a contribution.

The rank of Marshal was introduced into the Italian Army in November, 1924, and conferred upon General Armando Diaz, Duca della Vittoria, and General Count Luigi Cadorna.

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did not occur solely because of the deflection of a few sorely-tried brigades, even at a point which intensified out of all proportion the results of their failure to duty. Disaffection upon this scale has occurred in every army during every war. With the collapse of Russia, and its stupendous and unforeseen consequences, the whole strategic plan of the Eastern Front was involved. An enormously increased burden was thrown upon Italy, which was further intensified by repercussions from the Western Front following upon the German successes in that field. Italy was faced by a position no one of the Allies could have carried through single-handed, even with their vastly superior equipment. In regard to the moral support, out of which a great deal too much capital has been made, this was no other than the moral support reciprocally rendered by the British, French and Belgians from the commencement of hostilities. But in the case of Italy it was not operative until after the disaster, which might conceivably have been averted if there had been more co-operation earlier in the war.

Though no one is in ignorance of the Allied services to Italy after her reverse, Italy's return services on the Western Front are not generally known to the public. After the Franco-British disasters in the spring of 1918, Italy dispatched an entire army corps of picked troops to France; and in addition to this, sent about 80,000 soldiers for work on the battle-field. These not only released the equivalent number of Allied troops, but they filled the gaps in the Italian Army Corps made by the losses at Bligny, and thus kept up to strength the Italian reinforcements which so distinguished themselves in that successful battle.*

To Italy must be given full honour for the outcome of the Battle of Vittorio Veneto, which resulted in the Armistice with Austria (signed by Italy on behalf of all the Allies on November 4th, 1918), and achieved results of far wider circumference than the termination of the Italian campaign. This great and decisive victory has been belittled in other countries by ascribing it to the collapse of the Austrian Empire; but unless we ascribe the defeat of Germany to the

* In the French Chamber on March 29th, 1920, M. Marin, speaking of the Italian troops in France, said: "Tous les français se souviennent de l'héroisme qu'elles ont déployé au cours de dures combats dans la montagne de Reims." In this way the men of the 2nd Army made good after Caporetto.

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same cause, we cannot, in justice, make this distinction. On the authority of the German commander-in-chief, there could be no more disintegrating collapse, both military and civil, than that to which he attributed the final victory of the Allied forces on the Western Front. A perusal of the Austrian dispatches and communiques, issued before and during the Battle of Vittorio Veneto, testify to the fact that the Austrian army (supplemented by German divisions specially chosen for the final engagement) was a formidable force at the commencement of the last phase of its existence, and it put up a tenacious resistance before it was overwhelmed.*

It has been suggested that Italy might have launched this final attack some months earlier, and thus have hastened the end of hostilities. But when all the documentary evidence has been assimilated, there can remain no doubt about the military wisdom of the *Comando Supremo* both in regard to the time chosen for the great offensive and in regard to the strategical plan by which the enemy was outmanœuvred and outfought.

Through the Battle of Vittorio Veneto and the destruction of the Austrian army, the left flank of the German army was completely exposed. Italy immediately dispatched an army corps to occupy Innsbruck and the passes of the Inn (and was preparing to send other troops held in readiness for further advance). With this occupation, the Italian troops directly menaced Bavaria and therefore the rear of the German army, thus placing Germany in the position of being unable to continue the war.

In the final battle of the Italian campaign, 61 Italian divisions, 3 British divisions, 2 French divisions, 1 Czecho-Slovak division, and 1 American regiment,† took part. These figures are in themselves a sufficing commentary.

Italy's losses in the war numbered over 500,000 dead, 200,000 permanently disabled, and 700,000 wounded, all of whom were men of Italian race, unassisted by overseas or native troops. When these figures are taken in conjunction with the population of the country, and compared with the

* Though it has been to Germany's obvious interest to disparage the Austrian Army, the German commanders have admitted that all Austria's picked troops were massed on the Italian front, and that (under leaders who had made a life-study of this eventuality) they fought to the last in a combat upon which they had staked everything.

† This contained a large contingent of Italians enlisted in America.

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British and French losses (which include Overseas and coloured troops), it will be seen in how full a measure Italy gave of her own blood.

Only by a realization of what these facts connote can any forecast be made as to how the present trend of Italian feeling will affect the British Empire—even omitting the hypothesis of another World War.

MARK HENNIKER.

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FIRST HINTS ON SKI-ING

IF one is fortunate enough to get leave during the winter months, especially in January or February, pack up, come out to Switzerland, and ski. The charm in ski-ing lies in the fact that from the moment you balance yourself (rather shakily, I confess) on your skis you can have as much fun as the super-expert. The average person can master his skis after a few days' hard practice, although there are few sports which make more demands on the intelligence than ski-ing.

I can strongly recommend Davos as an ideal place in which to spend a few weeks' leave. It is one of the best ski-ing centres in Switzerland, and there are few places which present such an ideal choice of tours, from the easy tour to suit the beginner to the exciting long tours for the expert. Davos is easily reached from London. During the winter months an excellent train runs from Calais to Landquart, where there is a change, and one gets into a train on the Rhaetian railway which brings one, after a run of about two hours, to Davos. In all it is a journey of about twenty-two hours. The average person has a very exaggerated idea of the expenses of a ski-ing holiday. It is hard to give an exact estimate of the cost, but one can either stay at a first-class hotel, from about 18 francs per day, or at a good *pension*, from about 12 francs. At the former you have the advantage of the society of other Britishers, expert advice on all sporting matters, dances and other entertainments every night, together with good food and excellent accommodation. On the other hand, it is possible to have a far cheaper holiday by staying at a *pension*. If you decide on the latter, it is advisable to fix up a party and all stay at the same *pension*, otherwise you may strike a place where you are the only Britisher. There are several very comfortable *pensions* in Davos which are ideally situated from a ski-ers point of view.

I strongly advise the beginner to join the Davos Ski Club if he is staying for more than a week. It puts you in touch with other keen ski-ers, from beginners to super-experts. A few hours spent with the instructor will enable you to have perfect style and not acquire the bad faults which are so easily picked up when learning alone.

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The outfit for winter sports usually suggests heavy expense, but a most comfortable and practical kit can be made up from ordinary clothes with a few additions. Do not in any circumstances be beguiled into buying any garment which has a brushed wool or hairy surface. It is hopeless, as the snow clings to the surface and makes the garment both wet and heavy.

The ideal kit for ski-ing is—

1. Bedford cord breeches.
2. Thick sweater.
3. Fox's putties.
4. Strong ski boots—an important item.
5. Wool cap.
6. Muffler (which can be carried in the rücksack while making the ascent).
7. Any kind of jacket, preferably smooth tweed or snow-resisting material.
8. Waterproof gloves (these can be bought in Switzerland).

Good ski boots are most important. They must be large enough to allow for at least two pairs of socks being worn, over which a thick pair of goat-hair socks are usually worn also. One of the dangers to avoid is frost-bite, and every precaution should be taken to keep the feet warm and dry. A rücksack can be bought in Switzerland at any of the shops where sports articles are sold. It is best to wear one from the first, so as to get accustomed to the feel of it. The rücksack is very comfortable to wear, and indispensable when going on even a short tour. All sorts of gadgets can be packed into it, such as dry socks, muffler, whisky flask, sandwiches, camera, ski-wax, etc. It is a good idea to pack in a roll of bandages for use in emergency.

To return to the important subject of ski boots, it is a good tip to wear them on the journey, and so save their weight in your baggage. I remember on my first journey to Switzerland noticing how many people were wearing ski-boots for this reason. I, unfortunately, had not thought of doing so, and neither had I taken the precaution of packing my snow shoes in my hand case. It was snowing hard when I arrived at Davos, and the walk from the station to the hotel is not a pleasant memory!

For a lady the kit is practically the same as for a man. A coat reaching to the knees, made of some snow-resisting

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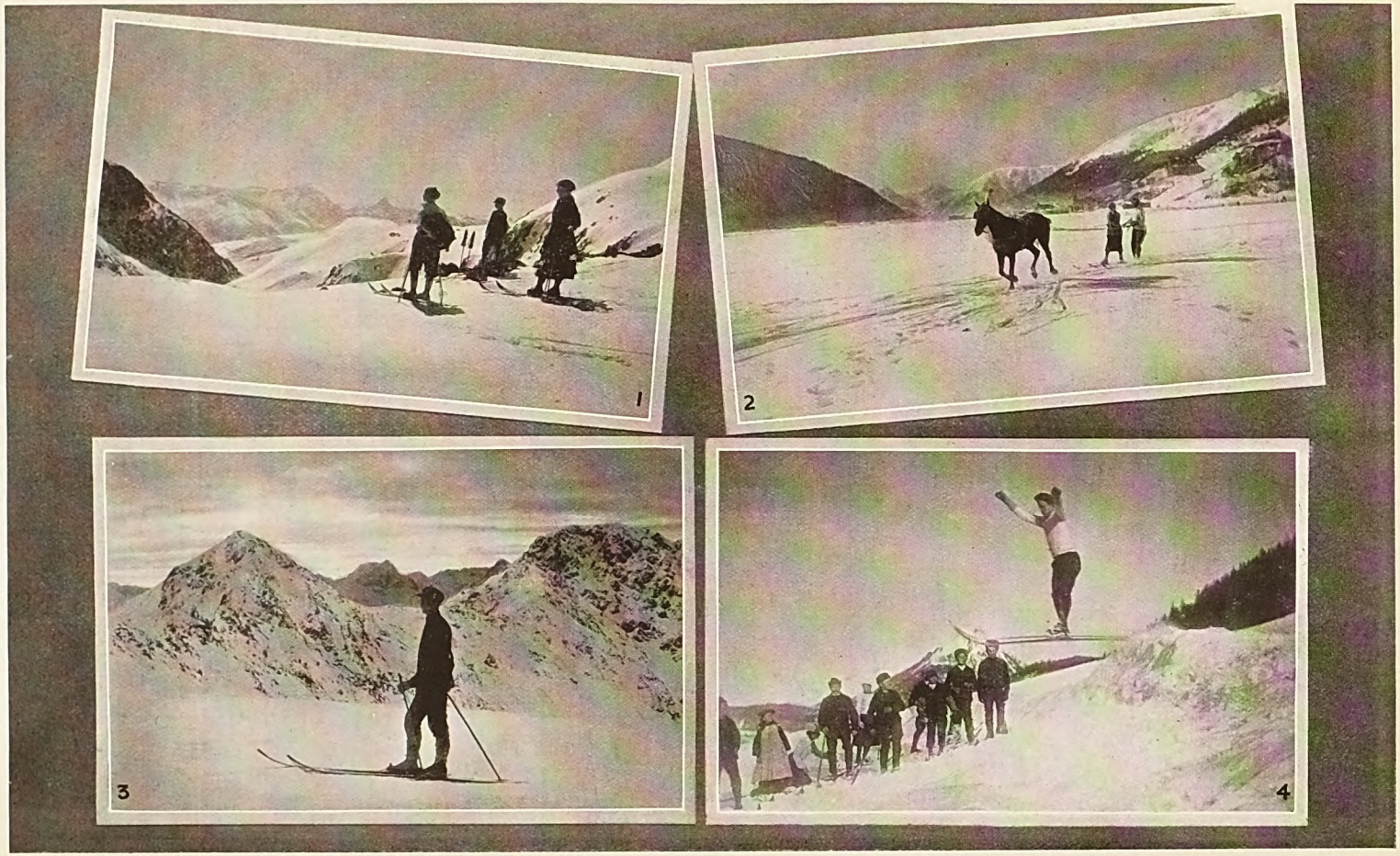

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material, worn over Bedford cord breeches will be found most suitable. " Charming " ski-ing costumes in brushed wool are displayed in the shop windows during the winter months, but do not be tempted to invest in one. I have seen many such " ideal costumes " worn out here with disastrous results, for the fair wearer becomes a walking snowball after the first tumble. A skirt should never be worn for ski-ing. A wool sweater or silk shirt blouse should be worn according to the weather. A wool cap or felt hat is the best headgear, but *no hatpins*. They are nasty things if one gets a bad tumble. Messrs. Beal, in Regent Street, specialize in making clothes for winter sports, and do so at a reasonable figure. Remember to bring a pot or two of cold cream, as the keen cold air burns and chaps the skin very painfully, especially after a long run.

A pair of skis can be hired very reasonably, or they can be bought locally. The shopman will, if you like, buy them back again when you are leaving, at a reduced price. When being fitted for skis it is wise to get expert advice. Ill-fitting skis are the source of many a bad accident. The ski should be of either ash or hickory wood ; the narrower they are, the easier to manage. Avoid painted skis ; the paint usually hides numerous cracks and knots. The tips of the skis should easily reach your hand when stretched above the head. If the ski fits you comfortably you should be able to kneel on it. If not, it shows you have your toes pushed too far into the toe irons. A forward fall with the toes thus will result in a bad sprain.

To get down to the actual sport, above all things remember that confidence is everything. A sudden attack of " cold feet," and you will find yourself in a far from comfortable position, and the difficult problem before you of how to disentangle your skis. Stand erect with the knees just touching, but one slightly in front of the other, throw your weight on the back foot, and keep your front knee straight. Push off with your sticks, look straight in front, and let yourself go. Do not be alarmed at the pace—one tumble more or less does not matter. Well do I remember my first attempt at ski-ing. I fell the proverbial ten times in five minutes, and I rather think I broke the record. I was given one good bit of advice that day, which was to keep away from paths and hard beaten snow when learning. There is more risk of getting a serious fall on hard ground, and besides,

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the skis are much easier to manage on soft snow. Choose, instead, a gentle slope of soft snow where possibly other ski-ers are practising. You will learn more by watching than by reading a whole library of books on ski-ing.

Take every possible opportunity of practising. Get hold of an old hand, if possible, and get him to coach you. Do not allow yourself to get " cold feet." If you do, then stop ski-ing for the day, for you will only get worse and worse, and end by being thoroughly disgusted with ski-ing and covered with snow from head to heel as the result of the all too frequent tumble. An unlimited supply of good humour is essential. You are amply repaid for your trouble when for the first time you glide faultlessly down the slope you have so often struggled up. The glorious speed, the keen sting of the frosty air on your cheeks, the dash of excitement, and the thrilling feel of being able to " do it " at last, all combine to make your first perfect descent a never-to-be-forgotten event. The amateur ski-er, however, often makes the mistake of doing far too much during the first few days. Ski-ing is very strenuous, and, like swimmimg, it brings every muscle into use.

When the novice has become really proficient at ski-ing, a most amusing and exciting sport is ski-jhoring. It consists of a ski-er being drawn along the roads by a horse, usually ridden. The ski-er holds the ends of the traces, which are attached to the horse's breast-band. Often up to five people are pulled along by one horse, but for real sport two are sufficient. You can get up a great speed along the hard roads. It is not a bit dangerous, just a change from ski-ing. Very average saddle-horses are available for hire at Davos. It is an excellent way of getting home after a long day when two or three miles of dead level road lie between you and a longed-for meal. You gladly accept the offer from a passing sleigh, and by means of a rope attached to the sleigh you are towed home in fine style.

A point in favour of ski-ing as opposed to other winter sports which is often overlooked is that, once provided with a pair of skis, there is no further expense. The glorious snowy slopes are free to everyone. That is why the man who comes out for ski-ing only can have a far cheaper holiday than the man who wants to try every sport, and has to pay subscriptions to the skating and curling rinks, etc. Having acquired perfect control of your skis, you will want to attempt

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jumping. I say *attempt*, for real ski-jumping is beyond any but the very best ski-ers. It is a wonderful sight to see a man glide at top speed downhill, take off and rise like a bird into the air, both arms extended like wings, and alight faultlessly some fifty metres down the slope.

In choosing the centre at which you intend to spend your holidays do not forget the following. The farther away from London, the greater the expense of the railway journey. The higher the altitude, the less danger of a spell of warm weather and ensuing thaw, which would spoil your holiday, especially if you have only a couple of weeks. If your holiday is a short one, take care to arrange it, if possible, for the end of January or February, when there is every chance of having ideal weather. I will just add a few tips which I have overlooked. Do not forget to bring coloured glasses ; the glare is very trying on a sunny day. Bring your field-glasses if possible ; you will find them very useful. It is possible to have one's clothing laundered at any hotel or *pension* at very much the same cost as at home, so it is not necessary to bring more than two or three changes. Do not put boots on the radiator to dry ; the intense heat dries and cracks the leather. Put them near the radiator, and take care to have them very well oiled. This keeps the leather pliant and fit for use.

KATHERINE HITCHCOCK.

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WALKER OF NICARAGUA

AMERICANS who insist upon the superiority of the men of the "Nordic" races to those whom they style "Dagoes," may fairly support their claim by citing the achievements of William Walker, who, having recruited an army of fifty-six men, landed on the coast of Nicaragua, turned the tide of a civil war, repelled the attack of foreign enemies, and was elected President of the Republic. One certainly finds it difficult to picture any Spanish conquistador performing any similar feat in the event of civil strife in, let us say, New Zealand, Tasmania, or Alaska. The story is perhaps the most memorable in all the annals of soldiers of fortune.

It is the more memorable because Walker was quite a young man when he set forth to conquer, and had never had any military training. His neighbours, it is true, called him "Colonel Walker," but the title was a purely honorary one. It implied, not that he actually held a colonel's commission, but that public opinion deemed him worthy of holding one. He was the son of a Scottish banker, who had emigrated to Tennessee in 1824. His parents had intended him for the Church; and even when he was wading through blood and slaughter to a presidential chair, he still retained an interest in theological speculations, and the severe mien of a Presbyterian elder. He was never ordained, however, but preferred to seek his fortune in other civilian callings. First, on the strength of two years' study of medicine, he "hung out a board" as a doctor. Then he learnt a little law, and was called to the New Orleans bar. Finally, he became a journalist, and we find him, at the early age of twenty-six, editing the *San Francisco Herald*, and defending his editorial policy with his pistol—still looking a mere boy, but displaying an animated determination, which, according to one of his intimates, was "sufficient to awe the most truculent desperado into a submission as abject as that of the maniac before his keeper." That was his standing when he decided to become a filibuster; and the circumstances which tempted him to go filibustering must be explained.

The slavery issue was then rapidly coming to the front in America. Coming events were casting long shadows before them. Southerners felt that the only way to preserve the

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peculiar institution was to extend it and incorporate a few fresh Slave States in the Union. Latin America, torn by internecine strife, seemed to offer a promising field for such enterprises, and there was also the certainty of excitement and a fair prospect of loot. Though the Federal Government discountenanced such adventures, Southern capitalists could always be found to finance them; and it was easy enough to enlist recruits for them among the hard-bitten, disappointed forty-niners. Many adventurers were allured by this combination of opportunities, and Walker's bold bid for Empire was only the last and boldest of several such expeditions.

Filibusters had organized rebellion in Texas when Texas was included in Spanish America, one such expedition being led by the famous Aaron Burr. Other filibusters had supported abortive revolutions in Cuba, and taken sides in the various civil wars in Mexico. Their adventures had, in nearly all cases, ended tragically. Their enemies, as a rule, gave no quarter and took no prisoners; and the promises, rarely given, to spare the lives of those who surrendered, were still more rarely kept. David Crockett and Bowie, the alleged inventor of the "Bowie" knife, perished in an expedition of the kind, rounded up and beleaguered, with a force of 144 men, in the Alamo, by Santa Ana and some four thousand Mexicans. Bowie, who was sick when the fort fell, was killed in his bed, shooting down four Mexicans from it before they could reach him. Crockett was one of six prisoners taken in spite of the order; and he was cut down—the very last of the garrison to die—in Santa Ana's presence. There is a monument to his and their memory bearing the inscription:—

> "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

And still the adventurers came—Walker at the end of a long series.

His own first attempt was a failure. He crossed the Mexican border, seized a city, and set up the short-lived Republic of Sonora; but some of his followers deserted him, and the Mexicans closed round him in such numbers that he was obliged to cut his way out and fight his way home. He won the only battle which he was called upon to fight, but was obliged to continue his retreat, after a campaign, concerning which one of the survivors wrote long afterwards, that "the Rebellion was a picnic to it," and after having been

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tried and acquitted on a charge of breaking the neutrality laws of the United States, resumed his position in the editorial chair until he saw his chance to try again.

His chance was not long in coming. In 1854, soon after his thirtieth birthday, he was invited to Nicaragua. Civil war had come to be chronic in that state. Two rival presidents, respectively representing the so-called Legitimist and Liberal parties, were busily marching and countermarching; and Castellon, the Liberal president, was getting the worst of it, when an American named Byron Cole, proprietor of the newspaper which Walker was editing, came to see him, and proposed to supply him with a few "American colonists liable to military duty." The wording of the contract had been carefully drafted to defeat the American equivalent of our Foreign Enlistment Act. The District Attorney, to whom it was submitted, could find no flaw in it. The Californian authorities, well aware that Walker was about to go filibustering, and secretly sympathizing with his aims, chuckled at their own discomfiture, and the only trouble which arose at this stage was a financial one.

Walker had bought a brig and got his fifty-six filibusters safely on board, when he discovered that the ship had been mortgaged as security for debts contracted by her previous owners. The creditors, not unnaturally, threatened to detain her. A sheriff's officer presented himself, just as the vessel was on the point of weighing anchor; but Walker was not to be intimidated. He invited the sheriff's officer into his cabin and placed an alternative before him. "Here, sir," he said, "are wine and cigars. Here also are handcuffs and irons. Please make your choice between them. This vessel is going to sea." The sheriff's officer preferred the wine and cigars, and the vessel did put to sea, and duly reached the port of Realejo, whence its passengers proceeded to Castellon's capital at Leon, where they were incorporated in the Nicaraguan Army under the name of the American Phalanx. A special corps of so-called Veteranos were detailed to support them, but these bolted as soon as the first battle began, with the result that the handful of American soldiers of fortune had to retreat, losing ten of their number.

Walker was furious at the defection, and threatened to leave Nicaragua. Castellon implored him to stay and make a fresh attempt. He consented to do so, encouraged by the fact that two fresh recruits—one a Texan and the other an

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Irishman—volunteered to join him even at this gloomy hour. He impressed a Costa Rican boat to secure his transport and communications. He arranged for the opening of a recruiting office in California. A one-legged veteran of his Sonora expedition brought thirty-five men to join him, and he planned a great feat of arms—nothing less than the storming of the City of Granada, which was his enemy's stronghold. The preliminary operations were a little complicated—not worth following on a large scale map, but hardly intelligible unless so followed. All that really matters is the climax, which came like a thunder-clap ; and the simple facts which led up to it are, in broad outline, these :—

Castellon had died of cholera, which was raging in the country. Walker was absolutely free to conduct his campaign on his own lines. The Legitimist General Martinez had gained a complete victory at Pueblo Nuevo, and had just passed through Granada on his way to join the main Legitimist forces under Corral at Rivas. It was confidently expected that the filibusters, who now numbered one hundred and ten, would be caught between the hammer and the anvil and smashed. But that was not to be. Walker was aware of his enemy's projects. He knew that Martinez had left Granada, after receiving an ovation there, and that Granada had only its normal garrison to defend it. So while the citizens of Granada were rejoicing over his imminent discomfiture—firing salutes, pealing bells, serenading ladies on their guitars—he embarked, with his forces, on a small steamer on Lake Nicaragua. He steamed slowly through the night, approaching, almost in silence, with veiled lights. No one suspected any danger. Most of the sentries were drunk, and some of them were asleep ; and then shots were heard, and the cry of panic was raised : " The filibusters ! The filibusters ! "

It was, indeed, the filibusters—one hundred and ten mounted men in red shirts and black slouch hats embellished with red ribbons, galloping up the streets of the city in the pale dawn, all of them carrying six-shooters in both hands, and firing as they galloped, after the manner of cowboys shooting up a township for their sport. The brief stand made on the plaza was of no avail. The victory was speedy, complete, and almost bloodless, seeing that the only filibuster casualty was a drummer boy. And that feat of arms won Walker the Presidency of the Republic.

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His enemies, who had thought to catch him in a trap, were now afraid to round him up. When he proposed to negotiate, they fell into his arms, and offered to make him commander-in-chief. He accepted the commission, and, a few days later, having learnt that his Minister for War was intriguing against him, had him arrested, tried by court-martial, and shot. When, after a brief interval, a presidential election was held, he was chosen, by a majority of nearly four to one, to be chief of the state, and was formally " recognized " by the United States. His advent, it was said, fulfilled a prediction, current among the Indians, that " a grey-eyed man would come from the far north to overturn the Spanish domination and regenerate the native race."

Neither as commander-in-chief nor as president was he a decorative figure. His appearance was that of a dissenting minister, rather than a soldier. The men about him wore gaudy uniforms, but he performed his most exalted functions on the most ceremonial occasions in his customary suit of solemn black—a terrible disciplinarian, in whose presence the toughest of the tough forty-niners trembled, and who both practised and insisted upon the virtues of temperance, soberness and chastity. His troubles, however, were not at an end. They were, in truth, only beginning. He still had innumerable enemies both within the Nicaraguan household and without it. The dominant factions in Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras and Salvador resented the intrusion of a northerner in Latin America. Great Britain objected to his presence, believing him to be the agent in advance of the United States; while, in the States, Cornelius Vanderbilt was furious with him because he had convicted a shipping company which he controlled of cheating the Nicaraguan Government. Even remote Peru was willing, for some reason or other, to subsidize a war against him. So Walker had to fight. A victorious war against Costa Rica, terminated by an outbreak of cholera, was followed by a war against a coalition of the Northern Central American States.

The cause for which he fought was not a good one. In so far as he was not fighting for himself, he was fighting for slavery—an institution for which he cherished a fanatical enthusiasm, commending the " wisdom and excellence of the Divine economy in the creation of the black race," and asking, with pious rhetoric, " Is it not thus that one race secures for itself liberty with order, while it bestows on the other comfort

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and Christianity ? " His most memorable legislative achievement was the formulation of a decree reimposing slavery in Nicaragua. But the valiant stand which he made for his bad cause kindled the imagination of fighting men all over the world, and lured adventurers from many countries to his standard. A list of prisoners, whom his enemies butchered after one of his battles, included natives, not only of the United States, but also of Ireland, Prussia, South Germany, Italy, France, Samos, Corfu, and Panama. And presently he had the help of the redoubtable Henningsen.

Henningsen, who has told his own story in several books, was the son of Scandinavian parents, born in England, and had been a soldier of fortune all his life. In 1834 he had fought for Don Carlos in Spain. In 1849 he had fought for Kossuth in Hungary. In the interval he had fought for Schamyl in the Caucasus. With Kossuth he had emigrated to America, and introduced the Minié rifle into the United States ; and he was destined to see still more fighting in the American Civil War, under Lee. Now he came to join Walker, bringing with him stores and ammunition to the value of many thousand dollars, and Walker gave him the rank of brigadier-general.

The nets were already closing when he arrived. The Nicaraguans were vastly outnumbered by the Allies, and a section of them were co-operating with the Allies. Granada, the scene of Walker's dramatic triumph, had to be evacuated in order that the filibusters might not be cut off from their Californian base. They razed it to the ground, and repaired to Rivas ; and though they won many battles, always inflicting far heavier losses than they sustained, the time came before very long when they found themselves the garrison of a beleaguered city, hanging on by their eyelids to their last positions. Even so, their sallies were of epic intensity, and their situation was never quite desperate as long as California continued to send them reinforcements and supplies, purchased with funds raised by the sale of Nicaraguan Bonds in the Southern States. In Cornelius Vanderbilt, however, they had an enemy more dangerous than any of the opposing generals. He held up the transports on which Walker was relying, and after that the end of the adventure was only a question of time. Desertion, as well as disease and death, began to thin the ranks. The brass band deserted, and tempted other deserters to follow them by playing cheerful

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dance music in the enemy's camp, within earshot of the hungry garrison. Foraging parties failed to return, and piquets forsook their posts. Supplies were nearly exhausted. There was an absolute dearth of bread and salt. So Walker resolved to put all his remaining men on board the one Nicaraguan warship and sail away.

But that was not allowed. The American Government had only recognized Walker in a fit of absence of mind, and its attitude towards him was modified in the hour of his misfortune. Commander Davis of the United States Navy was on the spot with an American ship of war, and with secret instructions in his pocket. He threatened to seize the Nicaraguan ship, but offered alternatively to arrange terms of peace. There was nothing for it but to accept the proposal; and the agreement between the two parties was drawn up and signed on May 1st, 1857—Walker and his Americans to march out with the honours of war, and be taken home under the protection of the American flag.

Thus the curtain falls on the first act of this strange drama, and, before proceeding to the brief second act, one may quote a few figures, showing how desperate were the odds against which Walker had contended. He set out, as we have seen, with a force of 56 men only. The total number of the filibusters who fought under his banner from first to last was 2,843. The number still with him, when he surrendered, was 463, of whom 170 were sick and wounded. Against him were arrayed 21,000 Nicaraguans, Costa Ricans, Hondurans, Guatemalans, and San Salvadorians, with 10,000 Indian auxiliaries, and the losses which they admitted were no less than 15,000.

On his return to America, Walker was received as a conquering hero in New York no less than at New Orleans. The streets were beflagged in his honour, and he was cheered to the echo when he showed himself in his box at the theatre. Unfortunately, however, he could not be satisfied with these ovations. He had taken himself seriously as a filibuster, and now he took himself even more seriously as a Pretender. He wrote a book, telling the story of his expedition. He let it be known that he still regarded himself as the legitimate President of Nicaragua, and was looking for a fresh chance to assert his rights. The chance was hard to find, for American policy had changed. President Pierce had winked at filibustering, but President Buchanan set his face like flint

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against it. Filibustering, he realized, might involve him in trouble, not only with the Central American States, but also with Great Britain; and he took every precaution to prevent Walker from setting out a second time. But Walker baffled him. He set out more than once, only to be rounded up and brought home again; but at last he contrived to run the gauntlet of the cruisers and land, with a small force, on the coast of Honduras, where, after half an hour's fight, in the course of which he himself received a slight wound in the face, he captured the town of Trujillo.

This time, of course, he had put himself clearly in the wrong. Whatever his rights in Nicaragua, whither he was intending to proceed, he certainly had no rights in Honduras; and his run was a very short one. Captain Salmon of the British warship *Icarus* arrived, announced his intention of protecting British interests by taking possession of the town, while General Alzarez, with 700 men, prepared an assault by land, and threatened to bombard it if Walker did not surrender.

Walker, thus hemmed in, evacuated the town and fled up country, without baggage and accoutrements, almost without food, and with only thirty rounds of ammunition per man. The boats of the *Icarus* followed him. It was impossible for him to proceed to Nicaragua. He had only 70 men with him. The Indians, through whose territory he would have had to pass, were hostile. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to surrender to Captain Salmon, who handed him over to the Honduran authorities, offering to intercede for him, if he would ask for his intercession as an American citizen. This Walker would not do. He was no American, he said—he was the President of Nicaragua; and in that capacity he was shot, by order of a Honduran court-martial, with a hat in his right hand and a crucifix in his left, on September 12th, 1860, after making this declaration :—

" The war which I made, in accordance with the suggestion of some of the people of Ruatan, was unjust. I ask pardon of the people. I receive death with resignation. Would that it might be for the good of society."

Thus he died, at the age of thirty-six—the last of the filibusters, and, most unquestionably, the greatest of them.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

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WITH THE GURKHAS

I

ALONG India's northern boundary, from the river Kali in the west to Darjeeling in the east, running along the foothills of the Himalayas, is a tract of forestland, marsh, and swamp, some twenty miles wide—the Terai.

This belt, the paradise of the big-game hunter, forms a natural dividing line between the independent state of Nepal and India. Except for a few wandering tribes, it has scarce any regular inhabitants, and only the foolish would essay to penetrate its depths—save in the dry season—for in it lurks that deadly form of malarial fever—the awal. Beyond this inhospitable region the foothills of the Himalayas rise sharply, developing into long parallel chains of mountains, which, here and there, thrust heavenward a lofty snow-clad peak. Rising ever higher, the chains continue, to culminate in two of the largest mountains in the world, Everest and Kinchinjunga, both close to Nepalese territory.

Nepal is situated in these mountains—in fact, for a distance of five hundred miles, with an average depth of one hundred and fifty, the mountains are Nepal. Except for what is known as the " valley of Nepal," a space of about twenty square miles, it is a mass of mountains, with Tibet forming its northern boundary. Few, indeed, are the white men who have wandered *ad libitum* in this country of mists, rain, and snow. Beyond certain very narrow limits may no white man venture without the sanction of the Nepalese Government, a sanction not easily obtainable. The Nepali is extremely jealous of his independence, and the law of India is also strict, and rightly so, in preserving this state of affairs. Railways there are none, roads are but mere tracks cut into the surface of the earth, transport facilities nil. The majority of Nepal's five million inhabitants have never seen a white man, only have they heard that such people exist.

Such is the home of the Nepali—the domain of the Gurkha.

II

History is very vague concerning the descent of Nepal's inhabitants. Tribes without number dwell within its confines, and so intermingled are they, that to trace the descent

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of any is well-nigh a hopeless task. For all practical purposes, however, the peoples may be classed into two main tribes, Gurkhas and Newars, each tribe being subdivided into numerous clans.

It is from the former that we recruit our fighting material, mainly from the clans of Magars, Gurungs, Limbus, and Rais ; and there can be no doubt whatever that the Gurkha is of Mongolian descent. His very features tell us this. But the Newars, though some sections claim descent from the races of Bengal, are of Tibetan stock, and are as much at home in Lhassa as in their proper habitat—Nepal. A strongly Tibetan small-trading class, they are practically negligible for soldiering purposes. Occasional men are enlisted, but they do not compare at all favourably on the whole with the Gurkha, and, incidentally, some Gurkha clans are barred altogether. But be the man a Gurkha or a Newar, he is one of the bulwarks of India's defence, owing to his unquestionable loyalty. A fighter pure and simple, his is not the worry of the salt-tax, of Gandhi and his satellites. For the races of India he has the greatest contempt, which he is at no pains to conceal. For his sahibs he has the greatest respect and love ; but the Raj, however, is absolutely incomprehensible to him. He simply cannot understand its idea of popular government and freedom of indiscipline to the non-fighting politically-minded classes of India.

It is to these little men, little in stature but big of heart, that we can turn at any time and be sure of their unswerving loyalty. Willingly would they die rather than betray this trust. With them Tommy Atkins will share his beer and his cigarettes, and fraternize freely. Is there a better judge of character in the whole wide world than Mr. Thomas Atkins ?

When first the Gurkha is enlisted he is essentially of the East with his beliefs and superstitions, an illiterate child, speaking, perhaps, the common language of Nepal—Gurkhali, but more often than not only the most unintelligible gibberish of his native village. As he gazes for the first time on a white face in the person of His Majesty's recruiting officer for Gurkhas, he is awestruck. Speech deserts him, he twiddles his hands, shifts his weight from one foot to another, hangs his head, and fidgets with his kukri—the national weapon of the Nepali—which he carries in his cummerbund. With a cheery smile he speaks his name, after much cajoling. He

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knows not his age. Careful calculations, based on the fact that his name signified that he was born in the month of the Cow in the year of the Dog, and the recruiting officer writes seventeen in the enrolment form. He knows neither his father's nor his mother's name, but after much careful and continuous prompting by the rifleman who enlisted him, the recruiting officer writes again.

Their respective ages ? The recruit grins and shakes his head. The recruiting officer does some violent thinking, still more violent head-scratching, and then fills in the necessary particulars according to his arithmetical deductions, which are usually wrong.

Are you married ? Silence. Have you any children ? Silence. Have you any brothers or sisters ? Still more silence.

Whereupon the jemadar-adjutant steps into the breach, repeating the questions to the accompaniment of sundry prods in the ribs. The recruiting officer lolls back in his chair and thanks his lucky stars that the man who enlisted the recruit lives in the same village, and can answer on the recruit's behalf. One statement brings forth total disagreement. Lively discussion follows, with much waving of hands, until it seems that a free fight is imminent, but the recruiting officer looks distinctly bored. The jemadar, however, peremptorily settles the argument with a majestic wave of his hand, and states :—

1. That the man is not married, although he thought he was.
2. He has no children as far as he—the jemadar—can tell.
3. He has one brother—*i.e.*, the rifleman who enlisted the recruit—but no sisters. Hence the dispute on matters homely.

For fear the statement may be altered, the recruiting officer writes as though his life depended on the amount of ink he can splash on the enrolment form. Finally, the statement completed, it is read over to the recruit, who agrees that it must be correct since the sahib wrote it. As the recruit cannot write, his right thumb is seized by the jemadar-adjutant and alternately pressed on to an inkpad kept specially for the purpose, and then on to the space reserved for his signature. This is duly witnessed with much minor ceremony.

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And so it goes on. Here and there is a recruit with sense above the average, but they are very rare.

Life with their battalion, however, soon broadens their outlook and develops their character. Shy and reserved at first, they soon learn that their sahibs are not merely their masters but their friends as well, and in time they seek help and guidance in their troubles. Their outlook is essentially philosophical, their humour unbounded, whilst anything comic or ludicrous excites the most ribald laughter. They soon learn to appreciate sarcasm, and in time become veritable masters in this manner of speech. On the native of India sarcasm is merely a waste of breath. Nothing delights these little men more than a successful effort in " pulling the sahib's leg." Keen sportsmen ever, they are extraordinarily quick at learning English games, and compete in events with tremendous zeal. At " soccer " they excel, but the effort of some very enthusiastic British officers to teach the men of their battalion " rugger," very nearly ended in a wholesale slaughter.

Gurkhas make excellent scouts, and the manner in which they take advantage of every vestige of cover is uncanny. But sad to say they cannot climb hills. It is in the descent that they score. They come downhill like boulders released from the crest-line, tumbling here, there, and everywhere, but they are as sure-footed as mountain goats. Pathans are not " in the same street " in this respect, and the odds in a khud race are all on the Gurkha, even though the Pathans are quicker climbers.

Whilst Gurkhas have a strong sense of devotion to duty while actually on duty, they are, on occasions, apt to run wild when at a loose end. Punishment well deserved is never resented, but they cannot tolerate injustice. Gamblers to the core, they would, if permitted, gamble away their army boot-laces. The efforts of recruits to master English words of command is comical. At first so keen are they on their work, that even in their leisure hours they form small squads and drill each other, or walk about barracks bellowing out " Right Turrrrn "—" 'Alt, Huggasthar," and so on. But when in due course the exalted rank of rifleman is attained, they sometimes endeavour to " swing the lead " in much the same way as Tommy Atkins. Perpetual " nagging " makes these little men very sulky, and when once this is done, they take a long time to recover. As a rule, however, they

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are extremely cheery and bright, very fond of both their country and their families. Often they bring their wives with them from Nepal, and every regiment makes provision for a married establishment of between two and three hundred households.

The youngsters are called " line-boys," and, if well looked after, develop remarkable intelligence. They are very useful as bandsmen, and, owing to the fact that they generally pick up a smattering of English, they are easily trained to be signallers, if, and when, they follow in father's footsteps.

III

The Nepalis, other than the ruling class, profess a loose Hinduism for social reasons as much as for any other. This worries them not at all when away from any chance of criticism. An instance of this occurred in the Lhassa Expedition, when the yak—which ran some risk of being confused with the sacred Cow—was pronounced by a committee of Gurkha officers to be " as it were an antelope," and was thereafter eaten freely. Yet to some peculiarities they cling like leeches, according to their clan. Gurungs, for example, will eat the meat of a buffalo, but never pork. Magars reverse the operation. How different, indeed, to Hinduism's highest caste—the Brahmin !

The great festival of the year is the Dussehra, and annually ten days' leave is granted the men for the preliminaries and subsequent recovery from the orgy of food and wine. This festival is in honour of the goddess Kali—the Destroyer, and occupies a week of their ten days' holiday. On the great day a tabernacle is made of rifles with bayonets fixed, machine guns and other weapons, the ground having previously been levelled and plastered with a mixture of cow-dung and wet clay, the surrounding area being well watered. Flowers adorn all the impedimenta, and the regimental priest blesses the weapons of war. To one side of the tabernacle a stout post is driven into the ground, and when all is ready the sacrifices commence.

Goat after goat is blessed, its head tied to a post and chopped off by one stroke of a kukri. Only male animals are killed, and death is instantaneous. Last of all a male buffalo is led to the post. The executioner, wearing clean linen shorts and vest, and carrying a large kukri, approaches. The buffalo is blessed, tied up, and with one stroke of this

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deadly knife its head severed from its body. A volley of blank speeds it to its last resting place. The man who performs this task is specially selected for his prowess, and very seldom is the feat, which calls for great skill and nerve, bungled.

Gurkhas are permitted to drink alcoholic beverages and smoke cigarettes. They show a decided preference for "Bass" and "Johnny Walker," whilst "gaspers" are preferred to any other brand. It is interesting to note that, whereas in Hindustani one "drinks" a cigarette, in Gurkhali the expression is "Sigret khansa"—"Will you 'eat' a cigarette?"

Before a Gurkha who has been overseas may re-enter Nepal, he must receive a special dispensation, otherwise he is considered to be an outcast, nor will his wife or family have anything to do with him. This dispensation is in the form of a purification ceremony—Pani Pathya—and is performed by the regimental priest.

The morals of a Gurkha leave a lot to be desired, but those of a Newar are even worse, as the punishment is not so drastic. If a Gurkha suspects his wife of infidelity, he must prove it in the law courts before he can divorce her. If guilt be proved, summary justice is meted out by the injured husband, and the co-respondent has little chance of escaping. Given a few yards start, he runs for his life pursued by the husband, armed with a kukri. If he makes good his escape he is free, but the chances are that the onlookers will trip him up, and the husband is allowed to strike thrice. Once is generally sufficient. The co-respondent, however, has the option of redeeming his sin by "eating humble pie." This he does by crawling on all fours between the husband's legs in public. A Newar woman automatically divorces herself by placing a betel-nut under her husband's pillow and forthwith departing. Newar law decrees that the paramour shall make good to the husband the expenses incurred at the marriage ceremony, and this, as a rule, is a very profitable transaction for the husband.

IV

Upon the barren, sun-scorched hill two men lay prone, watching the valley below. From behind the cover of a large boulder they could see the relief column slowly wending its way along. Occasionally it would halt, gather in piquets

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from the hill-tops just passed, throw out fresh piquets to the hill-tops in front, and proceed.

Not a sign of any tribesmen, hostile or friendly, yet slowly and relentlessly this arduous, seemingly unnecessary, duty was carried out. Time after time had the distant outpost been relieved with never a shot fired, but the commander of that small column knew only too well that failure to piquet the hill-tops on either side might mean annihilation by an enemy, who neither asked nor gave quarter. How well did he know that countless unseen eyes were but watching for such an omission—eyes that to-day belong to friends, to-morrow to enemies. With patience unbelievable Pathans await a mistake of this kind, and then . . .

Presently one of the watchers shielded his eyes with his hands against the sun's terrific glare.

" These pigs of Gurkhas climb hills willingly enough, but, Allah be praised ! we shall teach them that there is more in life than climbing hills for dogs of Englishmen. Pah ! the unclean swine." He spat to emphasize his remarks. " Aye ! Lala Jan, we shall teach them," remarked the other. " Have we not many of us hidden round about in the nullahs, while they are but a hundred men with two mad Englishmen. It will take them long to piquet yonder hill across the valley with some of us firing in their backs." He laughed mirthlessly.

" They have but one more halt to make before they reach its foot, and it is an hour's march from where they are now." Lala Jan nodded his head in the direction of the column.

" 'Tis time, indeed, that we beckon up our men. Shall I go and call them ? "

" Fool ! Dost thou not realize that two men are harder to see than forty ? We must surprise these pigs, not show them we are here. But thou canst go down into the nullah behind and tell those that wait that when I signal, but not before, they are to join me. Go quickly, but carefully."

Crawling backwards on his stomach the other gradually topped the summit of the hill, but not until well below the skyline did he essay to stand. Then with leaps and bounds and with incredible swiftness he sped downhill, scarce dislodging a pebble in his run.

In the nullah some forty dark-bearded tribesmen squatted with rifles, which ranged from prehistoric muzzle-loaders to the modern Lee-Enfield, across their knees. In spite of being

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well out of sight, none moved at the messenger's approach. It was second nature to these Moslems to sit still until the time was ripe for attack.

With shakes of shaggy heads and many grunts they listened to the messenger, who, assured that the orders were understood, turned, and with the agility of a gazelle, sped uphill. Before he reached the skyline he dropped to the ground, repeating the worming performance to the other watcher's side.

"'Tis well!" he grunted. "They understand the message, and will await the signal."

"It will not be long. See! They approach. In a few minutes they will halt and send forth the piquets on either side. Lie still, thou fool! Thy movements will be seen, for does not the sun glint upon thy rifle-barrel? Thou hast a lot to learn as yet in fighting such as this. Look! They halt, but not in the accustomed place. I understand this not. It is strange. Watch carefully whilst I creep to the boulder's other side. Should the piquets set out, tell me, and I will signal. Then shall we and those on yonder side cross-fire as these pigs of Gurkhas ascend, while others of us attack from in front. Watch well, brother."

* * * *

O.C. Relief Column glanced at his wrist-watch. "Well to time, Stewart, my bonnie wee lad, well to time. We shall soon halt for a breather at the foot of that rotten hill on the left. Then you'll take up the piquet, my son, and won't you just love it! Rather—I don't bally well think, as we say in the classics."

Stewart, a very junior lieutenant, smiled as though his breakfast was fighting with the portals of his stomach, much to his discomfort.

"Don't look so happy about it. You'll love it—coming down. No sign of any unwashed sons of Mohammed this trip. This continued tranquillity is unhealthy, you know." With his field-glasses O.C. troops surveyed the hill-tops in front.

"Wish the blighters would wake up and give us a scrap," Stewart muttered. "This outpost relief is becoming monotonous. Three times I've done it and drawn a blank."

"Don't wish in too much of a hurry, Stewart. These frontier scraps can be very nasty, believe me. Haven't experienced one as yet, have you?"

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" Not yet, sir."

" I expect you will before very long. Anyway, sufficient unto——."

" By Jove ! see that ? "

" See what ? "

" Up there on that hill to the right."

" Damn it, man, be explicit. What did you see on that hill ? "

Stewart flushed at the sharp rebuke. " I thought I saw the glint of a rifle, sir."

" Then why the devil didn't you say so."

Again the O.C. scanned the hills around, without paying undue attention to the one indicated, much to his junior's mystification.

" That's the hill, sir, over there." Stewart pointed with outstretched arm.

" Stewart, my lad," the O.C's. voice was patience personified. " When you have had a little more experience of the wily Pathan, you will learn that he has the eyes of a hawk. Take it from me, had I stared long and intently at the hill, the action would have been duly noted. They would have realized they were seen. As it is, I expect your pointing has spoilt my studied carefulness. We'll hope not, anyway. Have a look yourself, but be quick."

" There are two on that summit." Stewart let his glasses fall to his side. " One on either side of that large boulder."

" 'Umph ! I only saw one. The other must have been concealed by the rock. Looks as though there is something in the atmosphere. Bet they know our movements to the inch. However, we'll call a halt—that'll make 'em think, as the usual halting place is further on. Instead of sending the piquets up the faces of the next hills to be piquetted we'll send 'em up the flanks. It's a bit longer, but it can't be helped. Call a halt, will you, and we'll pow-wow with the subadar."

* * * *

A shrill whistle and forty khaki-clad figures doubled out into line, split in two, and advanced up the flanks of the hills directly to the fore of the main body, but on either side.

Up they went, scrambling over boulders, cutting knees on pebbles, but ever upward. Here and there a man tumbled, yet the lines never lagged.

In the valley the advance guard of the column covered

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the ascent, ready to fire at any sign of hostility on the hill-tops. The other piquets watched eagerly, scenting trouble in the unusual manœuvre. But not a sign of a tribesman anywhere.

Ever upward went Stewart and his men, both piquets nearing their respective summits now. Flashes of light told of bayonets being fixed on the move. Up, up, and . . .

Ping! A bullet bit the earth at Stewart's feet; then another and another.

In a moment the quiet of the hills was broken by the sound of whistling bullets. Pathans, mad with blood-lust, sprang up among the boulders on the hill-tops, and, throwing discretion to the four winds, rushed down upon the advancing men, brandishing knives, swords and rifles.

Sharp staccato commands, and Lewis guns rained death from below among the yelling, charging Moslems. Over the heads of Stewart and his men the bullets whined their death-song.

Forgetting in their fury not to bunch, the tribesmen were an easy target for the Lewis gunners; nor were these men slow to take advantage of such folly. Drum after drum of bullets was emptied into the horde of fanatics. Some threw up their arms and fell, others wavered in their mad rush only to receive a torrent of bullets in their flanks from the piquets on the neighbouring hill-tops.

Lying prone upon the hill-side, Stewart and his men stemmed the charge of the Pathans, who, having retreated to the summit, fired furiously from among the rocks and boulders. But the bullets only whistled past overhead, as is the tendency of bullets when fired down-hill. Then a lull.

Across the valley the other piquet had captured their objective, but Stewart could not afford to sacrifice his men in a final assault. The going was too steep to permit such tactics.

A sudden burst of fire, and Stewart saw countless tribesmen rushing through the defile below in a frontal assault on the advance guard. His objective must be taken, no matter the cost, and at once, else God alone only knew what might happen. Only a short thirty yards to go, but to Stewart it seemed like thirty miles.

Again Pathans were charging down on his party, and again rapid fire into the flanks of the demented fiends. They wavered, and Stewart took his chance. With a shout he spurred his men uphill. The covering fire ceased abruptly.

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Forgetting all, intent only on getting to close quarters, the little men swept up to meet the onrush. Twice Stewart's revolver spat, and two men tumbled down the hill-side—dead.

Through the sweat, which poured over his eyes, Stewart discerned a turbaned figure plunge towards him. He fired, missed, and missed again. The figure was on him now. From nowhere he saw his orderly spring towards the figure; a rifle, clubbed, swung at him, an upraised kukri glinted in the sun, and then—oblivion.

* * * *

The O.C. Outpost shrugged his shoulders. "Can't be helped, but it must have been a damned good show. One Gurkha officer killed and ten rank and file, you say?"

The O.C. Relief Column nodded.

"How many wounded?"

"Seventeen, sir, including Mr. Stewart and another Gurkha officer."

"Pretty heavy, that. All dead recovered?"

"Yes, sir."

"Rifles?"

"All accounted for. None were lost to the tribesmen."

"Good! Anything else before I send in the report?"

A note of pride crept into the voice of the O.C. Relief Column.

"Yes, sir. I wish to recommend No. 7641 Rifleman Chittahang Limbu for the Victoria Cross. Owing to this man's gallantry the life of Mr. Stewart was saved. Standing over the wounded officer, he fought off three Pathans, and then, when the piquet retired, carried him down the hill. He was Mr. Stewart's orderly."

"Why 'was,' Calthorpe?"

The O.C. Relief Column choked back a sob. "He died of wounds received, sir."

BRYAN KNOYLE.

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JUNGLE AND TIGER

THE jungle ! Our background and to many our existence here ; yet not merely a background, but part of our lives. And to those who have felt and understood the jungle, to those who have experienced it in its changing moods and contrasting aspects, it has crept into the heart for ever, to haunt the memory with that strong essence of wild, dauntless charm and limitless space and freedom.

The jungle ! We love it or we hate it ; the scorched, baked, cracked jungle, one mass of yellow-brown, seared vegetation or barrenness, with its weary, staggering cattle ; its dark brown rocks with the breath of a furnace ; its whistling kites drifting in the air in huge, sweeping circles ; and the blue, blue sky, as a vivid background to the little sepia-coloured villages.

Its jheels with wonderful temples, beautiful in their simplicity, reflected in the still waters ; the quack of the ducks, and the rattling, crashing sound of their flight as they dash out of the water, roused, frightened by a shot, obscuring the sky in a dense cloud. The jungle forest, with tall trees, huge creepers slung fron trunk to trunk like serpents ; the grey and brown monkeys jabbering from the branches, or galloping grotesquely across the paths, or the little inquisitive mangy jackal, slinking away looking over his shoulder with that impudent stare. And then the jungle in the rain—a strange, new jungle, full of ponds, running water, mysterious brooks, and the yellow brown gently transformed into a misty green, and, gradually, into a hue so emerald-tinted, so totally rejuvenated, that it is as if a spell had suddenly been cast over the land.

But the jungle of the shikari—a land of mystery, of infinite discoveries and exquisite thrills. Who, if he experienced it, will ever forget the long, silent march to the kill, when a tiger has been marked down—the trudge behind the muscular, half-bared back of the guide ? It is then that the jungle speaks with a thousand voices. The tiger's presence seems to electrify the whole atmosphere ; every sound, every sight seems to be vividly intensified, so much so that the nerves are constantly tingling. The monarch's great power pervades it all, and it is only in the machan that the tension relaxes a little. And then the waiting begins—that tense, strained

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waiting in the jungle. Every little sound, every little sight is of vital importance: a fluttering or crackling of a leaf; the dancing of a gay-tinted butterfly in the sun; the buzz of a wild black bee, or an emerald-green insect-eater, flitting up and down after its prey; the sudden, startling song of a bird overhead; the dropping of a large spider from its thread; and then—a louder crash, and one sits up, all one's nerves a-quiver. A twig breaks—a small rustle—but no! it is only a jungle cock, who struts mincingly through the bushes, his long tail feathers trailing behind him in a flash of colour, and vanishes again out of the sun across the track, his bright red comb one passing lurid spot amongst the green leaves.

Far away, as in a dreamy distance, is wafted towards one the call of the beaters—that monotonous, raucous call—and the thud of the axes as they beat the trunks of the trees. Then a rifle is clicked. Has this unwonted sound disturbed the jungle's silence? A little cricket starts chirping loudly, rhythmically; the sound hurts one; it is a strain on one's focussed attention. Then all the leaves begin to rustle; it is as if the sea had suddenly entered the forest. It is only a passing breeze. Silence again, dead silence, and again the call of the beaters, now nearer and nearer, and there, suddenly, a soft, slow, heavy padding. Nearer and nearer it comes . . . some twigs snap . . . excitement reaches its climax, and there, out of the jungle, appear the massive head and powerful shoulders of the great tiger. He moves out into a little track and stands for a second glaring around him, grumbling, snarling morosely, his huge fangs bared, his whiskers bristling and his tail switching irritably, his coat a brilliant golden yellow streaked with bars of jet black. He is not afraid but angered, angered at the disturbing of his sound, heavy sleep. A bang!—an echoing explosion—and he bounds into the air, every rippling muscle tense. With a snarl of terrified agony, he rolls on his side, clawing the ground with his big, useless claws—writhing, snarling, coughing. He tries to rise . . . another shot, and he falls back heavily again, for the first time thwarted, conquered, and with a fearful, quivering, agonized groan, his flanks heave. He struggles and struggles, and kicks and twists, until at last all movements cease, and a dark red, sluggish patch creeps stealthily around him in the hard, dry, sun-baked sand.

All is over . . . dead silence . . . and the great mysterious jungle closes over him again.

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From all sides, first cautiously like living, shifting shadows, the men approach and throng around him, and then the shikari bursts through the bushes, and bends down eagerly to examine his kill. He lifts up one of those colossally powerful pads, which with one blow caused such utter destruction; and then he looks at those eyes, those amber-coloured, far-seeing eyes, eyes fixed now, steadily, bravely facing for the last time their greatest, their deadliest foe—Death! And the wildness, the fierceness of those eyes somehow seem to touch the man's soul. What prompted him to kill this tiger? Was it because of the danger, the thrill? Was it out of a sense of adventure? Or was it out of pity for the frightened natives, to help them to preserve and guard their homes and their flocks?

He watches that huge lifeless form stretched out before him, and gradually, gradually he realizes that he took upon himself that great responsibility of extinguishing a life, of ending an existence of the greatest and most powerful vitality, of crushing for ever, without a chance of escape, that sense of glorious wildness, lawlessness, savagery, and pitiless audacity, that great enjoyment of life, that knowledge of supremacy and a *right* of existence given to all Nature's children. And the joy of victory abates a little in the hunter's heart as he watches the gradual clouding of those steady, undaunted eyes.

B.

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SOME AUCTION BRIDGE VARIATIONS

AUCTION Bridge continues to hold its own as the most popular of card games ; indeed, I think it is beyond dispute that it is constantly receiving recruits at a rate calculated to make a recruiting sergeant green with envy.

It is interesting, therefore, to find Mr. William Dalton, the *doyen* of British writers on the game, and Chairman of the Card Committee of the Portland Club, suggesting that the depths and heights have been respectively plumbed and scaled, and that it is time for a more scientific development to come to the fore.

Now, there are numerous varieties in the Bridge family, some more difficult than Auction, but none of these has as yet caught on, though whether because over scientific for the average player or through being insufficiently known is a moot point.

Mr. Dalton is favourably inclined to Bridge (or Auction) Whist, and beyond argument this is a stiffer proposition than ordinary Auction.

Bridge Whist.

The briefest and clearest definition of Bridge Whist is to say it is Auction without a dummy. Bidding and scoring are the same, and the laws, excepting those relating to dummy, remain in force. The difference is far greater than may appear at first consideration, though the old whist player should soon tumble to it.

One can see now what an immense advantage the exposed hand is to the declarer, how it so often palliates bad bidding, and helps him by showing exactly what cards are against him. With no dummy to look at the faults of even good Auction players become apparent to the naked eye. After the first lead no hand is put down and the declarer is thus debarred from the great advantage of being able at once to form some plan of campaign.

Beyond information to be picked up during the bidding any other must be acquired during the play. To begin with, weak bidding, and especially the light no-trumper, is more apt to meet with punishment, while it is of even more than present importance to tell your partner when you hold good

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cards. If you bid " one spade " and everyone passes you have gained no intelligence. In many cases this could not be helped, but when the second player passes the first bidder's partner should, if his hand permits, bid " two spades."

For an initial bid rather greater strength is required than at Auction. There is also greater need for attention to the play of the cards. It is bad enough at any time not to notice high-low play, and so forth, but such negligence is likely to have more bitter fruits at Bridge Whist than at Auction.

Certainly a brainy game, and well worth a trial. It is calculated, too, to improve play at the ordinary game.

Contract Bridge at one time showed signs of becoming popular, but, though it is still in favour on the Continent, interest at home is on the wane. The root idea is that one can score towards game no more than what is bid. For instance, the last bid is " Three Hearts," and four overtricks are made ; 24 points only are scored below the line, the extra trick giving a bonus of 50 above the line. Accurate bidding is particularly necessary, and overcalling is heavily penalized.

Nullos.

There are many players, including the well-known American writer, Miss Florence Irwin, who would like to see the Nullo bid introduced into Auction. Quite a number of people do play Nullos, but they are not legislated for in the laws of Auction. As indicated, Nullos are not a separate game, but a bid which can be introduced into any Bridge variations.

To play a hand in Nullos is likely to demand more skill than in any other bid.

A bid of " one nullo " means that the bidder contracts to make no more than six tricks and to force the opponents to win the remaining seven. Thus, a contract of four nullos would be made if no more than three tricks were won. One might say that nullos are a sort of negative no-trumps—*e.g.*, to make a contract of three nullos the adversaries must be made to win three no-trumps. The great advantage of nullos is that the holders of poor cards are enabled to participate actively in the bidding.

Though there is no definite legislation the usual counting for nullos is 8 points a trick, the same as hearts, though they rank below that suit in bidding. Thus, to make four nullos would score 32 points, or game from love ; the penalties and

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bonuses for doubling and redoubling are the same as with any other declaration. In Pirate Bridge, of which the nullo bid is an integral part, it is interesting to note that nullos count the same as spades, though ranking above that suit and below no-trumps.

There is a difference of opinion as to honours. It seems foolish to score aces as in no-trumps, and some players score deuces instead and at the same valuation. Perhaps it is best to have no honours when nullos are being played.

An *original* bid of one nullo—and it should never be more—should be made only when a player believes he cannot be forced to win more than one trick; this, of course, is because he has then no information as to the nature of his partner's hand. Obviously it is a most disconcerting bid to a partner who has anything like a good hand, though it tells him beyond all doubt that any other bid he makes is entirely on his own responsibility.

The most dangerous position in nullos is when dummy contains no very low cards and no short suit, such a hand, for example, as :—

♠ K 10 9
♥ J 10 8
♦ Q J 9 7
♣ Q 9 8

There is no escape for a hand of this type after a nullo bid, and the nulloist is practically certain to be severely punished. At the same time unless the cards of the opponents are very evenly divided, a bid of one nullo is unlikely to be left in.

When a partner bids " one " in a suit of no-trumps, you should take him out into two nullos if you would have bid one nullo originally, but with two certain tricks do not take him out. There is more need for caution in bidding nullos than in any other call, and it is unwise to bid more than two nullos without the partner's support. Chicane or a singleton is very useful when bidding nullos, for either provides opportunity for discarding high cards in other suits. A bare ace in a suit is better than, say, Jack, 10 only, for the ace can only win one trick and the latter may win two.

Nullos are mainly for weak hands and generally speaking should not be resorted to when a positive bid is possible. At the same time, they are sometimes an escape when you can

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no longer continue with your own suit. Suppose you have bid up to three hearts without any support from your partner, and the adversaries between them have gone to three spades, you might see your way to four nullos. Your partner can have no strength in anything, for your bidding has told him that you do not require aid in hearts, yet he may be afraid to go into nullos after you have proclaimed such strength. But you might hold this kind of hand :—

♠ None
♥ A K Q 5 3 2
♦ K 3 2
♣ A 10 4 3

Four nullos would here be justifiable. The possession of some high cards does not necessarily matter so long as there is a good proportion of very low ones and good chances of discarding, and of course, the knowledge that the partner can't have a strong hand.

The Play at Nullos.

The declarer should first note how many tricks he can afford to win and still fulfil his contract. In all probability some tricks must be taken, and nine times out of ten it is better to take them at the beginning—otherwise at the end you may get the lead and not be able to get rid of it.

Most points in the play apply to the defence as well as the attack. When forced to take a trick do so with the highest card. If already taken by the partner, take it yourself if you can in order to keep any lower cards. A singleton lead is always good, for it will subsequently provide opportunities for discarding high cards in other suits. On the other hand, try to avoid giving the enemy chances to discard.

Do not try to get rid of all your low cards too early in the game. In particular, retain as long as you can a low card in an adverse suit; the leading of such a card later on may prove disastrous to the other side. As a general rule, lead the lowest of four, the intermediate of three, and the higher of two cards of a suit.

Here is an interesting game, quoted from Mr. R. F. Foster, the well-known American writer, which shows the possibilities of nullos in skilful hands.

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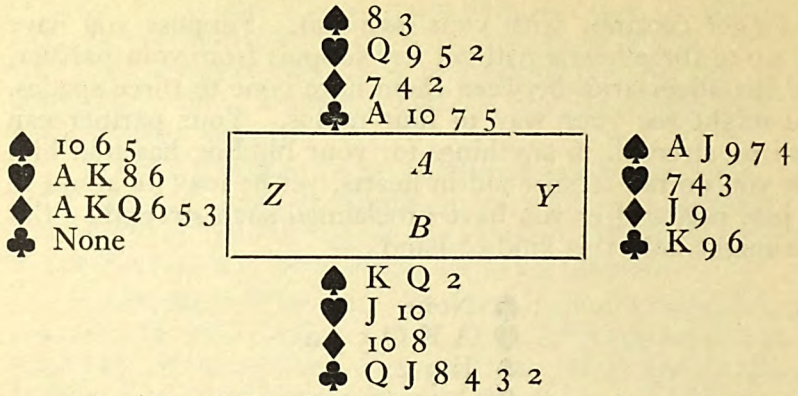

After *Y* and *Z* had bid diamonds and spades, and *A* and *B* clubs, *B* shifted to the nullo, and with *A's* support carried it to four, when all passed.

It is instructive to see how *B* got rid of the high cards and made game. *Z* led the middle spade, the 6, *A* played the 8, and *B* won with the king. *B* then led the jack of hearts, underplayed by dummy with the 9, when *Z* played small, so as to win the 10 of hearts with the queen and discard the queen of spades on the 5 of hearts, holding up the deuce.

There is no escape from this attack. If *Z* wins either the first or second lead of hearts and tries another spade, *B* wins it and leads the deuce of spades after getting rid of the second heart (if he still has it). *B* and *A* can make four nullos against any defence *Z* and *Y* can put up.

It will be observed that B took the first three tricks and was then in a position to refuse to take any more.

Standard Bridge.

An excellent variation is Standard Bridge, invented by Major J. Montagu, who was for many years the Secretary of the Portland Club, and recommended by Mr. Dalton. It is a combination of the old Bridge and Auction, with a touch of Contract.

When a player fails in his contract, the opponents score the value of his undertricks below the line—*i.e.*, towards game, plus a flat penalty of 100 above the line whether he goes down one trick or any other number. Suppose you bid five hearts and went down four, your opponents would score 32 below the line, game, and 100 points above. This is more severe than the penalties at Auction, and calculated to check anything like flag-flying. I am inclined to think the punishment too

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drastic. You may have a quite legitimate bid of, say, one spade and yet go down one, but if the opponents chance to be, say, 24 points up they not only go game but get a bonus of 100. I don't think there should be any bonus for going down one trick, and not more than 50 after that—the enemy are sufficiently rewarded by scoring towards game. Doubling, by the way, does not effect the 100 bonus, only the scores below the line.

The bidding is on the majority system, as in Contract and as played in America at Auction. That is to say, a greater number of tricks bid beats a lesser number. Thus three clubs, is a higher bid than two no-trumps, and five diamonds than four spades.

The general effect of the game is shorter rubbers and sounder bidding.

Let me give a concrete example of the defect I have alluded to. Rubber game, *A B* 27, *Y Z* 16. *Z* deals and bids one heart on the following hand :—

♠ J 7 2
♥ A K 10 8 5
♦ A Q 6
♣ 9 6

The bid of one heart is thoroughly sound ; indeed, *Z* would be fully justified in going to two hearts without support from his partner. He goes one trick down, not through bad play or good play on the enemy's part, but for the sole reason that the diamond finesse did not come off—a mere matter of chance as to whether *A* or *B* held the king of that suit. As a result *A B* not only win the rubber game, but score a bonus of 100 above the line. *Y Z*, who had slightly the better hands, are heavily punished for a good bid on *Z's* part !

When a player goes down only one trick, I don't think the enemy should score towards game.

Mr. A. E. Manning Foster's " Auction Bridge Variations" (Nash and Grayson) may be recommended to those interested in ingenious attempts to better Auction.

Personally, I do not believe that anything yet invented will oust Auction, but I do think that it is good for one occasionally to try these varieties, for at least they give one a new angle of card vision. And a Mess where all are old friends presents a better opportunity to test new ideas than any ordinary club.

HUGH TUITE.

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CHESS

ROOK *v.* ROOK AND PAWN ENDINGS.

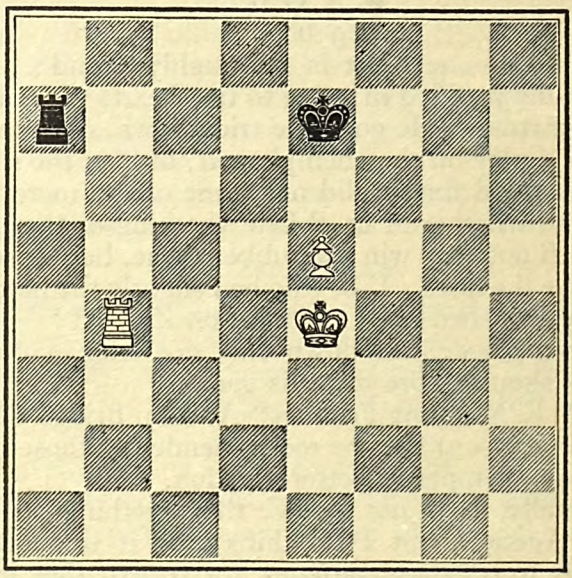
THE correct handling of end games in which rook opposes rook and pawn is particularly difficult. As this type of end game is one which occurs more frequently in actual play than any other, it is most desirable that the player should have some knowledge of the principles involved.

As a general rule in such cases a pawn to the good is not a sufficient advantage to secure a win, but the defence must be accurate to draw the game. And, of course, there are exceptions to the rule.

In a position such as the following, where the defending king bars the advance of the pawn, a draw is inevitable. Nevertheless, in club play, one frequently sees such typical positions won by the player with the odd pawn.

Position No. 1.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black's best method of defence is to play his rook to his third rank and to keep it on that line until the pawn advances to the sixth square. Then the rook plays to the eighth rank

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and draws by perpetual check. Supposing White tries to win by 1, R—Kt6, the game might go as follows :—1 . . . R—R5 ch. ; 2, K—B5, R—KR5 ; 3, R—Kt7 ch., K—K1 ; 4, K—Kt5, R—R8 ; 5, K—Kt6, R—R7 ; 6, K—B6, R—R3 ch. ; 7, K—B5, R—QR3 ; 8, P—K6, R—R8. It will be seen readily that the White king cannot avoid perpetual check, except by abandoning the pawn. If the rook is withdrawn to its fourth rank, with a view to parrying the checks, Black exchanges rooks, and, taking the opposition, draws.

Now, supposing that Black at his fourth move played R—K5, we should have :—

Position No. 2 : White—K at KKt5, R at QKt7, P at K5.
Black—K at K1, R at K5.

Although at first glance this might appear to be drawn, in reality White can win because he can play his king to B6 without fear of a check on the rank from the side on which the pawn cannot cover. The play is 1, K—B6, R—B5 ch. ; (if R—KR5 ; 2, R—Kt8 ch., K—Q2 ; 3, P—K6 ch., K—B2 ; 4, P—K7 ! R—B5 ch. ; 5, K—Kt4 and wins) ; 2, K—K6, K—Q1 ; 3, R—Q7 ch., K—K1 ; 4, R—QR7, K—Q1 ; 5, R—R8 ch., K—B2 ; 6, K—K7, R—B8 ; 7, R—R2, R—QB 8 ; 8, P—K6, R—B6 ; 9, K—K8, R—B8 (if K—Q3 ; 10, P—K7, R—QKt6 ; 11, R—KB2, R—K6 (if R—Kt2 ; 12, K—B8, etc.) ; 12, K—B8, R×P ; 13, R—Q2, ch., K—K3 ; 14, R—K2 ch., and wins) ; 10, P—K7, R—KB8 ; 11, R—QB2 ch., K—Kt2. The position now reached should be noted. It is an axiom that, in such positions, if the defending king is cut off by the rook two files distant from the pawn, the latter can be queened. One method of winning is :—12, R—B5, K—Kt3 ; 13, K—Q8 ! R—Q8 ch. ; 14, K—B8, R—K8 ; 15, R—B7, R—K7 ; 16, K—Q8, R—K8 ; 17, R—Q7. This, however, allows the possibility of a queen *v.* rook ending which involves intricate play to mature the win. The following method, therefore, is superior :—12, R—B4, K—Kt3 ; 13, K—Q7, R—Q8 ch. ; 14, K—K6, R—K8 ch. ; 15, K—Q6, R—K7 (if R—Q8 ch. ; 16, K—K5, R—K8 ch. ; 17, R—K4, etc.) ; 16, R—Q4 (not R—B5 because of R×P), R—K8 ; 17, R—Q5, R—K7 ; 18, R—K5, R—Q7 ch. ; 19, K—K6 and wins.

The converse of the above mentioned axiom equally applies, that is, if the defending rook can bar the approach of White's king to the support of his pawn, a draw usually

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results. White can enable the king to cross the line held by the rook only by offering the exchange of rooks. By the time he can do this, the Black king generally reaches a position in which he can either capture the pawn or secure the opposition.

Position No. 3 : White—K at K3, R at Q2, P at KB2.
Black—K at QB4, R at KR1.

Here, the Black king being held two files distant from the White pawn, White, with the move, wins. If it were Black's move, a draw results, as Black prevents the pawn advancing by repetition of checks or by playing his rook in front of the pawn at the psychological moment. This is the one exception to the rule given. If the position is studied, the important difference the move makes will be seen. The win, not easy to find, is as follows :—1, P—B4, R—K1 ch. ; 2, K—B3, R—KB1 ; 3, K—Kt4, R—Kt1 ch. ; 4, K—R5, R—KB1 ; 5, K—Kt5, R—Kt1 ch. ; 6, K—R6, R—KB1 ; 7, R—KB2. White must now allow the Black king to approach the pawn. K—Q3 ; 8, K—Kt7 ! The king, by attacking the rook, gains time to advance the pawn. This manœuvre would not be possible if the pawn had not reached the fourth rank, and so enabled the king to advance to the sixth. 8 . . . R—B4 ; 9, K—Kt6 ; R—B1 ; 10, P—B5, K—K4 ; 11, P—B6, R—Kt1 ch. ; 12, K—R7, R—Kt8 ; 13, P—B7, R—R8 ch. ; 14, K—Kt7, R—Kt8 ch. ; 15, K—B8, R—QR8 ; 16, R—KKt2, R—R1 ch. ; 17, K—Kt7, R—R2 ; 18, K—Kt8 wins. Black, at his eighth move, might have played R—QR1. Then would have followed 9, P—B5, R—R2 ch. ; 10, K—Kt6, K—K2 ; 11, P—B6 ch., K—K1 ; 12, R—K2 ch. (not P—B7 ch, which draws, for Black would play K—B1 ; 13, R—B6, R—K2 ; 14, R—R6, R—K3 ch. ; 15, R×R stalemate), K—B1 ; 13, R—QKt2, R—R1 ; 14, R—KR2, K—Kt1 ; 15, P—B7 ch., and Black surrenders.

Position No. 4 : White—K at QB7, R at Q8, P at Q5.
Black—K at QB4, R at KR4.

White, in this position, can only draw. His rook and pawn are both badly placed. Generally speaking, the best position for a rook, both for attack and defence, is behind the passed pawn. 1, P—Q6, R—R3 ! ; 2, R—Q7, R—Kt3 ; 3, R—Q8, R—R3 ; 4, P—Q7, R—QB3 ch. ; 5, K—Kt7, R—QKt3 ch. ; 6, K—R7, K—B3 (threatening R—Kt7 ch.) ; 7, R—QB8 ch, K×P, and the draw is evident. In positions

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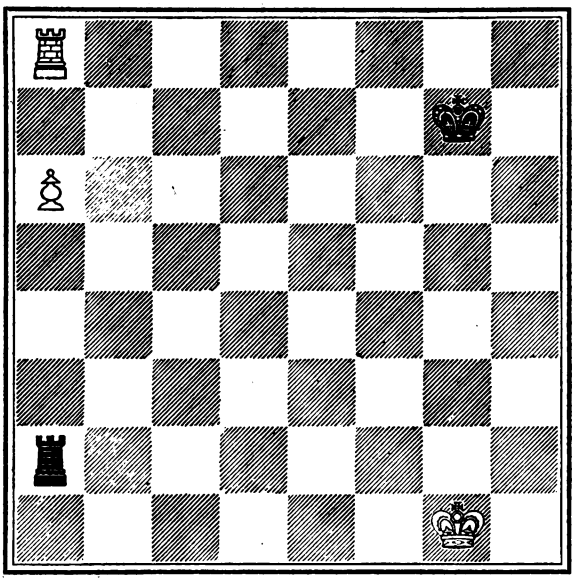
similar to this, the result is a draw if the pawn stands on one of the four files farthest from the defending rook. If, however, the position is moved one file to the right, so that the pawn stands on K5 (the Black rook remaining at KR4), White wins by 1, P—K6, R—R3 ; 2, R—QR8, because Black cannot take the pawn in face of the reply R—R5 ch. The reason for the draw in the one case and the win in the other is evident. The winning line should be memorized, as the possibility of such a manœuvre occurs frequently in rook and pawn endings.

Position No. 5.

BLACK.



WHITE.

This is a typical end-game position. It will be seen that the Black rook is excellently placed, as it holds the White rook to QR8 and QR7 in defence of the pawn, besides temporarily confining the White king to its first rank. Black, however, cannot bring his king over to aid in the capture of the pawn, for if he attempts this, disaster follows. If he plays his king to the fourth rank, White wins immediately by P—R7, followed by R checks and P queens. If he plays it to K2, P—R7 wins, because White can follow it with R—KR8 and P—R8=Q. or if Black plays R×P, by R—R7 ch., winning the rook. Therefore, whilst the pawn stands on the sixth

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square, the Black king is confined to the nine squares in the centre of which he at present stands. On the other hand, White cannot advance his pawn with success, whilst Black maintains his king on one of these nine squares. If White does play P—R7, the only safe squares for the Black king are his KKt2 and KR2, and he must play to one of these immediately. White is then helpless; he cannot move his rook or the pawn is lost, and if he plays his king to the support of the pawn to free the rook, Black draws by persistently checking, from which the White king can only escape by returning to attack the rook, when the latter plays to R6 to return to R1 when again attacked.

Until quite recently it was held that in Position No. 5, White could force a win by maintaining his pawn at R6, so that the king could find shelter on RQ7, and thus free the rook to take up a more advantageous position. The play, given by no lesser authorities than Berger and Tarrasch, was:—1, K—B1, K—B2; 2, K—K1, K—Kt2; 3, K—Q1, K—B2; 4, K—B1, K—Kt2; 5, K—Kt1, R—R4; 6, K—Kt2, R—R5; 7, K—Kt3, R—R8; 8, K—Kt4, R—Kt8 ch.; 9, K—B5, R—B8 ch.; 10, K—Kt6, R—Kt8 ch.; 11, K—R7, R—Kt7; 12, R—QKt8, R—QR7; 13, R—Kt7 ch., K—Kt1; 14, K—Kt6, R—Kt7 ch.; 15, K—B7, R—B7 ch.; 16, K—Kt8, R—KB7; 17, P—R7, R—B1 ch.; 18, K—B7, R—B2 ch.; 19 K—Kt6, R—B3 ch.; 20, K—R5, R—B4 ch.; 21, R—Kt5 R—B8; 22, R—Kt8 ch., followed by P queens, winning.

But Mr. O. Frink, of New York, has now discovered that, in this position, the best place for the defending rook is not behind the pawn, but on his third rank, thereby robbing the White king of his shelter from perpetual checks when he seeks to support his pawn, and that consequently the position is drawn. Mr. Frink's play is as follows:—1, K—B1, R—QB7!; 2, K—K1 (if 2, R—R7 ch., K—Kt3; 3, R—QKt7, R—QR7; 4, P—R7, K—B3 and the pawn will fall), R—B3; 3, K—Q2, R—KB3; 4, K—B3, R—QKt3; 5, K—B4, R—KB3; 6, K—Kt5, R—B4 ch.; 7, K—B6, R—B3 ch.; 8, K—B5, R—B4 ch.; 9, K—Q4, R—B3 drawn. Not 9, R—B5 ch., because of the reply 10, K—K5, which prevents R—B3 on account of 11, R—KKt8 ch.

Position No. 6: White—K at KR4, R—QR8, P at QR6.
Black—K at KR7, R at KKt7.

This position is a win for White, as the Black king is out

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of reach of the safety square KKt2. Consequently, sooner or later, White can play his rook away from the pawn with a check and so enable the latter to queen. The solution has a neat point at the finish, which should be borne in mind when one is confronted with an ending of this type. 1, P—R7, R—R7; 2, K—Kt4, K—Kt7; 3, K—B4, K—B7; 4, K—K4, K—K7; 5. K—Q4, K—Q7; 6, K—B5, K—B8!; 7, K—Kt6, R—Kt7 ch.; 8, K—B6, R—QR7 (if R—B7 ch., the White king plays back along the diagonal till it meets the rook, leaving the Black king exposed to check); 9, R—QB8!, R×P; 10, K—Kt6 ch., and wins.

Position No. 7 : White—K at KR1, R—QKt7, P—QKt6.
Black—K at KR1, R—QKt7.

White can only draw in this position, as the Black king can reach the pawn before the latter can be queened. 1, K—Kt1, K—Kt1; 2, R—Kt8 ch., K—B2; 3, K—B1 (if 3, P—Kt7, K—Kt2, and White cannot win as his king has no refuge from checks, as shown in position No. 5) K—K2; 4, P—Kt7, K—Q2; 5, R—KR8, R×P; 6, R—R7 ch., K—B3, and the rook is protected.

If the queen's side pieces are placed on the bishop's file, the position is drawn by similar play.

Enough has been said to give the reader a good idea as to how endings of this type should be handled. He should not rest content with the examples given, but should apply the methods of winning and drawing here shown to all rook and pawn positions he can find. Only so can he test the knowledge he has gained from a perusal of this article.

F. F. L. ALEXANDER.

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THE BOOKSHELF

MILITARY HISTORY AND WAR.

THE DIRECTION OF WAR: A STUDY AND ILLUSTRATION OF STRATEGY. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. D. BIRD, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Second edition. Cambridge University Press.

The second edition of General Bird's scholarly volume is the latest work published in the Cambridge Naval and Military Series. The object of the volume is to illustrate the application of principles by examples taken both from recent wars and from those rather euphemistically described as "more remote." The main headings into which the book is divided are: The Nature of War, Imperial Defence, Sea Power, The Offensive in Strategy, Bases and Lines of Operation, Geographical Factors, Fortresses, and Time. Sir Wilkinson Bird is a profound thinker, and this work of a student, scholar and soldier will prove of considerable interest to the three Services.

Although some of the examples are from wars not only of yesterday but of the day before, the volume now under review does not actually delve into antiquity to the extent practised in a work of somewhat similar scope recently reviewed in these columns.* Of the latter, the criticism was made that it was "a reflection on a book of war, regarded from a naval angle, to find no mention of Togo or Port Arthur, while we come across Tissaphernes and Aegospotami, Xerxes and Pharnabazus, Thermopylae and Cyzicus, Syracuse and Salamis." General Bird does not lead his personally conducted party into such catacombs as these, although it seems to us there is more than "ancientry enow" in Evesham, A.D. 1265, as an example of interior lines. And while we admit that the Great War has been dredged for illustrations, we could wish that the net had been wider and more liberally used, even if we had to forego some of the crustacea brought up from the Anglo-Dutch wars, the War of the Austrian Succession, the Seven Years' War, and the campaigns of Oliver Cromwell.

This objection has been anticipated by General Bird, who begins his preface with a quotation from Marshal Foch to the effect that "the rules and principles of war are always the same. It matters nothing whether your soldier is on his feet in the open or shut up inside a tank. The principles on which he must fight are unalterable. The development of the art of war is like that of architecture. The materials you use for your buildings may change. They may be wood, stone, or steel. But the static principles on which your house must be built are permanent." And this dictum is paraphrased by General Bird in the following words:—"The principles then that govern the direction of war are constant, although the application varies with the means at the disposal of a

* *A Study of War.* By Admiral Sir Reginald Custance.

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government or commander, and with the conditions prevalent during a campaign." And then Clausewitz is put up to declare that "Examples from history make everything clear, and furnish the best description of proof in the empirical sciences. This applies with more force to the art of war than to any other."

Of the soundness or otherwise of Marshal Foch's statement, and of the logic of General Bird's paraphrase, the reader must judge for himself. But we confess that there seems to us to be an omission in the Marshal's argument which should be pointed out. The great French soldier seems not to stress sufficiently the *competitive* nature of strategy. He uses the metaphor of building a house; but the whole essence of this question of building, in its similitude to strategy, is not the mere erection of the edifice, but the fact that we must build it stronger, and in a shorter time, than a rival can. The "static principles" are common to both parties, and, therefore, cancel each other out; so that one builder gains the advantage over the other solely by the appliances, material, and personnel which he employs. Of the permanency of the "static" principle, there is, of course, no doubt. The influence of gravity is the same now as it was of old. The cave-dwelling bushman of pre-historic times was doubtless often confronted with the identical problem, so far as principle is concerned, as are to-day the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. But for the restoration of the Cathedral's dome it is obvious that the ecclesiastical authorities will have recourse to the latest mechanical contrivances rather than to the primitive expedients of pre-historic man. Somewhat the same line of thinking appears to us to apply to the case of strategy and military history.

It all comes to this: That if we are honest with ourselves there can be no evasion of the question: "Will a study of campaigns of a 'more remote' past help us if we are faced with the conduct of a campaign in the future or will it not?" If we are really in earnest we must definitely decide whether it is worth while to spend laborious days in mastering Aegospotami and the Metaurus, Evesham and Pultowa, Blenheim and Salamanca if we are to be adequately equipped to conduct or criticize a campaign. A book such as that of Sir Reginald Custance or of General Bird is merely an expanded declaration of "Yes, it is worth while," for these well-filled volumes must have been written either for their purely historical and antiquarian interest or to serve as guides for the present and the future. And the authors leave us under no illusion whatsoever as to the precise end they have in view.

These authors will certainly be able to avail themselves of a telling retort, for it is open to them to quote the famous saying of Napoleon: "Read and re-read the campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Eugene, and Frederick; take them for your model; that is the only way to become a great captain, to obtain the secrets of war." But the fact is sometimes overlooked that these words were spoken over a century ago, and in the time that has elapsed since they were uttered the

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conditions of warfare have been modified and transformed in a phenomenal degree. If we concede that the principles of strategy are eternal and inviolable, it seems to us that for medicine the same claim may legitimately be urged. When all is said and done, strategy aims at conquering nations and medicine at conquering disease. Were we to approach a Napoleon of surgery as to advice how to become a great operator, what would be our feelings on receiving the reply: "Read and re-read the treatise of Hippocrates and Herphilus; of Christratus, Celsus, and Galen; of Constantinus Africanus and Alexander of Trales; of John Caius and Francis Glisson?" No man should be trusted with amputation whose learning is based on the methods of barber surgeons of olden time.

There are undoubtedly many persons to whom the "eternalness" of strategy is not so much a dogma as a religion; and, indeed, less a religion than a disease. To such we would simply say that if the campaigns of Cæsar, Hannibal and others are essential for "the making of a great captain," clearly they should form part of the education of the soldier: they should be studied at Camberley and Quetta: they should be included in the curriculum of Sandhurst and the "Shop." Is this so? Again, if great captains are thus made, clearly all existing high commanders should prove to be veritable repositories of all the lore of these "more remote" campaigns. And yet, could we conceive an examination for the rank of Field Marshal, and could we imagine all the full generals of the hour torn from club and office, marched under escort to examination halls, and confronted with a paper on Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Eugene, and Frederick, we verily believe there would be witnessed such a scene of human anguish and despair as would make even the heart of an invigilator bleed.

We would appeal to these votaries of the "Back to Methuselah" school of thought to face facts. Surely the time has come when we may take our courage in both hands and say that the conditions not only of war and strategy but of life itself are not those which environed the campaigns of long ago. Surely it is wiser to admit that strategy does change, and is changing under our very eyes. Lord Wolseley was a soldier who certainly did not deprecate the study of military history. But Lord Wolseley had the courage to state boldly that railways had "revolutionized" strategy. Moltke, too, realized the change, and took it at once into his military appreciations. And yet railways are but one of a host of mechanical, physical and chemical processes of civilization which have metamorphosed the earth since Napoleon's day. If the reader of General Bird's volume will study the little amphibious campaign of Evesham, A.D. 1265, on pages 165—168, and then imagine the situation existing in the days of macadamized roads; of steam and electricity; of rifles, machine guns and artillery; of modern fortification; of universal service; of telegraphs and telephones; of aeroplanes and airships; of tanks and gas; of telescopes and field glasses; of railways and motor transport; of battleships, cruisers, submarines, torpedoes, and mines; of tinned rations and of wireless, would he, in these

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circumstances, look for guidance to the days When Knights Were Bold? To our thinking, he would be as likely to look for guidance to de Montfort or Prince Edward as he would be to conjure up the spirit of Judas Maccabeus.

These reflections on the value or otherwise of military history may perhaps claim justification at a moment when the Army is about to be represented in the highest position devoted to that purpose. The chair of Military History at Oxford will shortly be filled by Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton. He will carry to his new post the cordial good wishes of the Army, which sees in his appointment a praiseworthy attempt on the part of the University, by the introduction of a soldier, to substitute a system of instruction, professional, practical and deductive for one necessarily academic, analytic and amateur. General Swinton will, however, find himself the legatee of a curriculum which might perhaps be drastically overhauled. It is somewhat startling to find that although there are at hand the archives and records of a recent and great war, "Modern" History, on the military side at Oxford, apparently halts at 1870, and part of it lags even three-quarters of a century still further behind. We know that it is one of the charms of Oxford that she "whispers from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages," but even the most hardened disciples of the Eternal Strategy school might welcome something less *démodé* than the Franco-German War.

Included also in the curriculum are Clausewitz *On War* and the campaign of Jena. In speaking of the Prussian strategist, a reviewer must go carefully, for to many of his readers *Vom Kriege* will doubtless be as sacred as the Book of Genesis was to the late Mr. Bryan. But we make so bold as to suggest that if an unbiased reader peruses the volumes of Clausewitz he will find himself led irresistibly to three conclusions. In the first place important deductions drawn by Clausewitz, which were then novel and arresting, have since his epoch obtained such universal acceptance as to be mere platitudes. Secondly, a mass of his arguments and statements are no longer applicable in a day when strategy has at hand methods and inventions undreamt of in 1832; and, thirdly, the whole outlook of Clausewitz was constricted to a degree which would not be tolerated in a strategist of the twentieth century. To take these statements in sequence, just before his death Clausewitz declared that his life's work had taught him two elementary but profound truths—the fact that war is but the continuation of policy, and, secondly, that war logically waged must aim at the annihilation of the enemy's armed forces. But in a democratic age, with the advantages or otherwise of widespread education, universal suffrage, and a widely disseminated and cheap press, the first truth is almost self evident; and the latter is now so clearly recognized that the energy and force with which Clausewitz insists upon it seem uncalled for now. Clausewitz had, however, witnessed a period of history during which this essential had been overlooked. He had seen the "sickly artistic" conception of war in which feeble manœuvre had been exalted to pride of place, and where success in placing a

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fordable stream between two armies had been esteemed a triumph for the general who had achieved it. But such a state of affairs is in the last degree unlikely in the intensive nation struggles of to-day.

As for the second conclusion, the reader of Clausewitz can best form his opinion on it by arbitrarily selecting some hypothesis or dogma in *Vom Kriege*, and frankly asking himself if it will "march" in these days of railways, aeroplanes, electricity, and wireless. And as regards the narrowness of the Prussian strategist's outlook, it must be remembered that to Clausewitz war was necessarily confined to two elements. The air, as a medium for strategy, was then unthought of. But of the two remaining and known elements Clausewitz is woefully lacking in his appreciation of one of them. Practically speaking, he regarded war as synonymous with land fighting. Of the influence of sea power he had scarcely a glimmering, and this omission alone seems to us to place Clausewitz among the back numbers of instructional works on war for members of the British race.

Is there any comparatively modern campaign the conditions of which are so little likely to be reproduced in the future as that of Jena? We may omit, for the moment, any detailed reference to the frightful formalism which then characterized the Prussian Army, other than a mention of the "crowning triumph" of this school, when Massenbach, on his retreat from Jena and Auerstadt ordered Prince Hohenlohe to make a detour so as to place a brook between him and the enemy, and this although the enemy was not there and the brook was almost dry. The defeat of Prenzlau was the consequence, but Massenbach was quite content to disregard all means of safety rather than be guilty of an offence "against the rules." Nor need we discuss at length the red tape which so strangled the service of supply that troops camped in cornfields and yet starved, and laid down alongside huge piles of felled wood and yet perished of cold. It is merely necessary to mention the age of the officers as a whole. Of 142 generals, 4 were over eighty and 13 had passed their seventieth year. In the infantry, of 540 senior regimental officers over a quarter were more than sixty, while the cavalry had 25 senior officers well on to seventy. In the lower grades the situation was no less remarkable. Of 945 infantry captains, 119 were over fifty; 18 had passed sixty; and there were two company commanders well over three score and ten. In one regiment the combined ages of the three senior officers amounted to two centuries and a half, while a company commander in the same unit was well over sixty; quite a youngster, however, compared with a major in the garrison artillery, who was over seventy-seven. With these fossils, the Jena campaign, on the Prussian side, was not so much a war as a complicated game played very slowly and very badly by very old men. We are very sceptical as to the value of such a campaign for instructional purposes in 1925.

General Bird's "Direction of War" is a most ably written

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volume, but we feel that the instructional value of campaigns, waged when war was an affair of two elements, is negligible when the air has become a field for warfare too. Lord Wolseley declared that railways had revolutionized strategy. We can merely wonder what would have been his verdict had he lived to see war in the air.

ASPECTS OF SCIENCE.

ASPECTS OF SCIENCE. By H. SPENCER TOY, B.Sc. Dranes, London.

This book is not written for the scientist but for the ordinary individual. There is scarcely a technical term in its pages, though it covers a great deal of the field of modern research in physics and astronomy.

Laymen are often repelled by the usual jargon of science, and fail to comprehend the real significance of its discoveries. Yet all are intrigued by its mysteries, and long for someone who can make them plain. There is no doubt that "Aspects of Science" is the book for such.

Sir James Barrie put it in a different form when he observed: "The man of science appears to be the only man who has something to say just now—and the only man who does not know how to say it." The author of this book is certainly a striking exception to this general rule. His chapters read as easily as fairy tales, his sentences run on in clear, graphic and well-balanced phrases, whilst his wealth of simple illustration is extraordinary. It is, indeed, quite unusual to find a scientist so free from the technical terms of the lecture room and the laboratory. Before being allowed to put pen on paper, technical men should be compelled to go into the highways and explain their discoveries to the first person they meet. If this process were repeated frequently enough, they would begin to express themselves intelligibly. We do not know if Mr. Toy practises any such method as this, but it is quite evident that he will be an expert at it if he does.

The chapter on Atoms and Electrons is an excellent and lucid summary of the past history and the present position of the most fascinating problem of science—the constitution of matter. What are things made of? Everything, it seems, is made of electrical particles. The two kinds, positive and negative, known as protons and electrons respectively, are combined in ninety-two different ways to form the atoms of the different elements. These are the bricks with which Nature builds. There are no other varieties, and everything we know, from the biggest thing we can think of to the tiniest speck of dust, all living things, our own bodies, are made of them when grouped in different ways. One of the strongest structures of all, strange to relate, is the combination (two atoms of the gas hydrogen and one of oxygen) that gives water, and the best proof of its strength is found in the enormous quantities of water existing on the globe. The startling fact emerges (page 23) that these bricks used by Nature consist almost entirely of nothing, almost empty

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space! The experimental evidence for this is set out in the book, as is also the reason why these empty spaces appear so tremendously strong and solid as, for example, in a sheet of steel.

Service readers will be particularly interested in the chapter on Finding Guns by Photographing Sound, in which the author tells the romantic story of the way in which little groups of scientists went into the front lines during the war and calculated the positions of the enemy's artillery by photographing the noise made by the discharge of shells. Mr. Toy was one of the officers of these small groups, and so he speaks with authority. When the hostile batteries had been located, our own guns would open fire on them, often at the dead of night, and would be directed solely by the "Sound Rangers," as these technical companies were called. The vivid and graphic narrative helps us to realize the great part the physicist played in the final victory.

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BATTLE OF DAMME, 1213.

The English Fleet, under the Earl of Salisbury, attacking the French at anchor off Damme.

Battle of Damme, fought between the English and French, in April, 1213, shows the British Fleet attacking the French at anchor. This was the first of the many naval engagements between England and France. The French were said to have numbered 1,700 sail, the British 500. The English were commanded by the Earl of Salisbury, and the French Fleet, which was to assist in the invasion of Flanders, by Philip Augustus, was utterly destroyed, 300 ships being captured and 100 burnt.

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The
FIGHTING FORCES

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MUSINGS ON MANŒUVRES

SELDOM, if ever, in time of peace has the Army bulked more largely in the public eye than in the year which is now drawing to a close. The Tattoo at Wembley became a feature of English life and achieved a popularity so amazing that, although deserved, it must have taken the organizers by surprise. While the Tattoo was in full swing, and the spectators of it were running into millions, interest was suddenly focussed upon the less spectacular but more practical side of soldiering by the holding of the first manœuvres since the Great War. No apology is, therefore, required for contributing an article which will deal entirely with the Army. The writer of this article will, however, begin by inviting attention to the title at the head of it. Musings are not *ex cathedra* judgments. Contemplation is not the same as assertion, and the expression of it is in many ways less offensive. The pages which follow are to be taken as the views of a student of war, and not as the verdict of a self-styled expert. If they lack the sparkle of the amateur warrior, it is hoped at any rate they may possibly reflect the dull glow of many years of soldiering in three continents and in two great wars.

Although we may regard not only the manœuvres but all forms of military training to-day as a triangular duel between the claims of Man, Beast and Machine, the order in which they are here given may be taken as the sequence in which they may still be rightly reviewed. Man is merely

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a short term for personnel, and, save where the contrary is indicated, personnel in this article should be taken as synonymous with infantry. And with this reservation we can now sub-divide for examination the personnel of the Army into private soldiers, non-commissioned officers, junior officers, company commanders, commanding officers, brigadiers, and those larger but more remote constellations who may be grouped and capitalized as Higher Command.

As regards the private soldiers—the "men" *par excellence*—it seems to be a practically unanimous opinion that they are superior to their prototypes of before the war. In activity, fitness and manœuvre, they distinctly hold their own. In musketry—the trump card of the Old Contemptibles—although the manœuvres, from the nature of things, merely afforded the evidence of fire discipline and control, such evidence was pre-eminently satisfactory; and it is buttressed by the less public but even more valuable evidence furnished by musketry returns. The marching powers, grit and endurance displayed by these young soldiers are worthy of the highest praise. In the qualities above mentioned the present-day soldier is in every way equal to his predecessor of the old Army. Where his superiority is clearly manifest is in the higher degree of intelligence, a feature which is so marked as to be obvious. In another point he compares more than favourably with the Old Contemptible, and reflects a change which has affected the whole country. Whether it be the result of education, sport, wider facilities for amusement, or higher prices, the nation is more sober than it was. It is notorious that the consumption of alcohol by soldiers shows very marked decrease compared with pre-war days and a phenomenal one when judged by the standard of the men of even thirty to forty years ago. Whatever be the merits or demerits of prohibition in the abstract there is no doubt that the state of things to-day produces a greater physical fitness. Sobriety is certainly on the side of discipline.

At the same time, although full tribute must be paid to the marching powers and endurance of the infantry, there is little doubt that the test was too short to be of much real value. From beginning to end the actual manœuvres lasted less than three days, and the troops came to them in the pink of physical condition. Given merely as a personal opinion for what it is worth, the statement is made that in many cases the men had almost shot their bolt. It is true that by

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many units long marches had to be made to return to the peace stations, and the figures tend to show that the strain had not been unduly felt. But every old commanding officer and adjutant well knows that there are ways of getting lame ducks back to barracks without swelling the " falling-out " returns. Let it be said at once that this is in no way a reflection on the superb spirit which animated the troops; rather is it an emphasis of it. But such an effort as was made by the Mercian troops could not be looked for in real war unless with the certainty that several days' rest would immediately ensue. In war, however, the capture of Quarley Hill would not have been the prelude to the " Stand Fast," but the overture probably to days of stubborn fighting, further arduous marching, or both.

March discipline has in these days acquired an importance extending beyond the provision of a convenient alley-way for mounted officers and their staffs. The factor of aerial warfare imposes upon troops the necessity of obtaining the maximum of concealment whether during the hourly halt or when suddenly checked by the approach of aircraft. By the rank and file, and subordinate officers generally, the duty is excellently carried out, and the skill with which it is done shows how the truth is realized, " the air is the only enemy we fear "—to use the men's own words. The same praise cannot be accorded to commanding officers, brigade commanders, and the brighter stars of the military firmament. To these an open cross-roads often seems an admirable place for a pow-wow during operations. No airman could long for a more satisfactory target than a group so situated and advertising its existence by a copious display of large white maps as big as bathing towels. When to this is added the fact that traffic of all kinds is held up from four directions at once, the indication afforded to roving enemy airmen is obviously unnecessarily great. Seeing that the importance of march discipline is constantly—and quite rightly—impressed upon the troops, it suggests inconsistency, to say the least of it, to see the instructions thus flagrantly violated by the very people who issue them.

It is sometimes the fashion to say, " The N.C.O. is not what he used to be." But then he never was. The truth seems to be that the standard of knowledge is distinctly higher, and there is no doubt that the general educational

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attainments are decidedly so. Whether the powers of command and leadership are on a par with those which existed in the Old Contemptible Army is another question. Education is an excellent thing—few things more so; but that it automatically confers powers which are due more to personality—and, indeed, to physique—cannot be accepted as demonstrated truth. After all, the private soldier is often educated, too. There must be a differentiation between the non-commissioned officer and the man, and the more widely diffused education becomes, the greater the need for a difference based on something else.

Concerning the younger officers in the Army of to-day, it may be as well to give here rather a pregnant opinion made by a commanding officer in the writer's hearing: "Sandhurst sends me the most perfectly trained private soldiers in the world. But I don't want any more privates; I want young officers to lead them." If there be a basis of truth underlying this statement, it is a reflection, not on the young officer class, but on the system by which they are moulded. So far as the writer's first-hand evidence, gained from personal observation, is worth anything, the young officer of to-day seems more "professional" than his opposite number of a dozen years or more ago. Before the Great War had come to show that soldiering and training were very real things there was evident a sense of unreality; a certain revolt against continuous make-believe; and a distinctly *blasé* attitude on the part of the typical young officer as a class, although it is true that even before the war this was distinctly dying out. That it was, of course, but a pose is proved to the hilt by the gallantry and devotion of those very officers when make-believe gave way to the real thing. Their graves lie scattered by Mons and Le Cateau, on the Aisne plateau, and in the salient of Ypres; their name liveth for evermore. To-day the somewhat languid attitude towards serious training, and the pose of regarding everything as a bore, seem largely to have disappeared. For this the memories of the Great War, handed down by the more senior officers, are probably responsible. Quarter of a century ago it was possible for most of the officers of a battalion to be without any war experience except, perhaps, of some brief and minor campaign. The words of wisdom from above were in such cases not unnaturally regarded by the younger officers as mere theory, or frankly "red book" at its dullest. To-day the

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young subaltern knows that the senior officers have been through the furnace and that each speaks as "one with authority." In the face of this, any exhibition of youthful langour would be ridiculous, and would, indeed, receive extremely short shrift.

Curiously enough, and in spite of the increase of the company in size, it strikes one observer that the company commander is not quite the "big bug" he used to be. It may be a completely erroneous one, but the impression made on the writer's mind is that the company commander has not quite the same power of command as had his predecessor. Assuming for the moment that the opinion is not ill-founded, it is of interest to suggest some possible cause of the difference. One appears to be the distinctly less prominence both in rank and responsibility of the commander of a company of infantry when compared with the commander of a battery or squadron. Modern conditions of war seem to demand that the company commander should *ipso facto* be of field rank. Another explanation may be that the organization of the modern company has not yet quite solidified, and the commander has not quite found his place in the new scheme of things. A more plausible explanation is the policy of "leading strings" which seems to be so much in fashion at the present. This important subject will be dwelt upon later at more length. Here the writer wishes merely to record his belief that in one division the daily supervision of company training by the C.O. or second-in-command is insisted upon. This seems completely at variance with the traditions of the pre-war Army, and a very questionable procedure indeed.

Next to be considered in the military hierarchy is the battalion commanding officer. If the Army of to-day be really superior to that of yesterday, this fact is undoubtedly very largely due to the heads of battalions. These seem to the writer to have been able to graft on to the training and traditions of the old Army the ripe experience gained in actual war, in a remarkably successful manner. In a sense they belong to two worlds and have drawn on the advantages of each. The battalion commander of to-day has not only "seen service" in a manner and to an extent impossible to his predecessor, but he was of sufficient seniority when the flag fell in 1914 to have been completely saturated with the ideals and traditions of the Service to which he belonged. Further, his elevation to the rank now held has resulted from

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a process of selection which had no equivalent in pre-war days. In a war like the last only the superlatively good regimental officer could have come to the top. From this combination of circumstances it results that the battalion commander of to-day carries on the regimental spirit which was the very essence of the Old Contemptibles, while his practical experience prevents such spirit being regarded as the end rather than the means. It is not meant that the generation of commanding officers immediately prior to the war were necessarily mere theorists and untested in war. But in very many cases such experience was confined to South Africa. The Boer War was, however, *sui generis*. As a school for the making of battalion commanders, it could not be compared with Gallipoli and France. Many of the so-called " lessons " alleged to have been learnt from it turned out to be mere illusions, and the Russo-Japanese War a few years later revealed this fact. The battalion commander of to-day is a more practical, as he is undoubtedly a more experienced, soldier than he has been in the immediate past. It is possible, however, that much of his value is counteracted by an unnecessary absorption in detail and trivialities—an absorption not voluntarily undertaken, but imposed upon him from above.

The outstanding feature of brigade commanders as a class—and one which has a very marked if indirect effect—is their comparative youth when set against the years of their predecessors. The field of comparison is indeed small, for brigadiers in peace time are practically but a growth of yesterday. Twenty-six years ago—*i.e.*, immediately before the South African War—there were no such things as divisions, and brigades were represented merely by three infantry and one cavalry unit of this class at Aldershot, which were commanded by major-generals. A comparison with conditions of more than a quarter of a century ago may seem unnecessarily retrospective, and it will not therefore be pursued. But, confining the field to the decade immediately preceding the Great War, the comparative youthfulness of the present-day brigadier is no less established. It is just the difference between the forties and the fifties; the difference between the prime of life and admitted middle age; and the difference between the threshold to higher things and the gateway to rest and oblivion.

These conditions, and especially the last-named, exert

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an influence upon the Army profound in effect and of questionable value. The essence of a brigade command of old was that it was in many cases looked upon by the holder of it as the seal to an honourable career—and practically the end of it. To confine ourselves for the moment to the infantry, brigade commanders in the past were largely recruited from those who had distinguished themselves as heads of battalions; the close of the tenure of the higher appointment often found the retiring brigadier approaching the "sixties"; and the example of Cincinnatus seemed not a bad thing after all. Such conditions predisposed the brigade commander to a certain serenity of outlook, to a wide tolerance, and to a general aversion from making work, from fuss, or from interference with other people.

Quite different are things to-day. The commanders of brigades, far from looking calmly upon the vista of retirement through the groves of shelving billets, are involved in what is really a struggle for existence. Entwined in the contest is a financial question. The emolument of a brigadier is, in round numbers, about £1,450 per annum; the half pay to which he automatically reverts on the expiration of the tenure of command is nearly a thousand pounds less, and on that he must remain unless and until he either retires voluntarily or is selected for another appointment. It does not need much knowledge of economics to realize that the condition of an officer in the early fifties, or perhaps even still among the forties, suddenly reverting, and for a wholly indefinite period to a stipend of about £460 a year is not alluring. It would be only natural in such circumstances if we observed, or even fancied that we observed, a certain restlessness, a certain competitive spirit, a kind of "going one better than Jones" idea. At any rate, it is to this that we attribute a certain marked and, we fear, growing interference with subordinate commanders. There seems to us to be displayed at times an understandable, but quite unnecessary, anxiety lest "my battalions will let me down," with the resultant drawback that the brigadier seems more inclined to schoolmaster his battalion commanders—and, indeed, sometimes even their company and platoon officers—than to train himself for handling his brigade. After all, this requires some doing too. The enormous majority of battalion commanders are quite capable of instructing, leading, and commanding their units, and are only too anxious to do so. The efficiency of the

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Army depends, just as it always has done, upon every man being allowed to do his own job; if he does it badly, there is no profession in the world from which the backslider can be more easily removed.

It is no exaggeration to say that the zone of officers from which brigade commanders are drawn contains the very cream of the Army. It is their misfortune that their very excellence has "pushed them on too fast," and has subjected them to the abominable injustice by which when, at what is to most men the most expensive period of life, they can be relegated to an insufficient stipend. Imagine the outcry there would be if a civil servant of the same calibre and attainments were temporarily degraded at the age of, say, forty-eight from his lawful salary of some £1,450 per annum to one-third of that amount! The remedy is, of course, simple, obvious, and feasible. When a brigade commander is due for relegation to half-pay, such emolument should be exactly what he would obtain were he to retire. The extra cost to the estimates would be absolutely negligible, and that it would free a body of loyal, capable, and devoted officers from a quite unjustifiable anxiety is very clear.

The Olympian heights on which dwell the Higher Command are not easily scaled, and only vague impressions of those cloud-capped deities can be recorded here. Perhaps there is ground for the opinion that the deities do not stay sufficiently aloof upon the summits, but mingle unnecessarily with the tasks of their underlings below. In a sense, they are exposed to the same drawbacks as are brigade commanders—a brief spell of authority with an underpaid period of relegation before the age for retirement comes. On the other hand, it must never be forgotten that commanders to-day are faced with conditions of extraordinary complexity. The whole art of war is in a state of flux, and it is not unnatural that those who are responsible for the training and efficiency of the Army should itch to descend from the mountain top more often than those who have to toil upon the plain really appreciate or like. A divisional commander must not overlook the fact that in mobile war his position may, and probably will, be miles behind the actual fighting, and that his task in peace is to train himself to command his division *from such position*. Every divisional commander should take a vow to read Ole Luk Oie's "Point of View" once a quarter, and fulfil it. As for the opinions of these leaders on strategy and tactics, they have

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earned for the holders of them the title of " military pundits." But we are sufficiently old-fashioned to believe that, on a military subject, the opinion of a pundit who *is* military is of more value than that of a pundit who isn't.

These musings have wandered so far afield on the subject of personnel that but little space is available for other ruminations upon the Manœuvres themselves or upon the training which preceded them. After all, this is just as well. The General Staff will in due time issue a considered report based upon ample evidence and obviously likely to be of more real value than the thoughts of a solitary individual or even the didactic utterances of a military correspondent. On the question, however, of beast and machine some comments may be hazarded. The writer came away from Manœuvres with the firm conviction that the sun of the cavalry had not yet set and that, indeed, it had paused in its descent from the meridian. That such a verdict is absolute heresy to certain writers leaves him unmoved. His withers are unwrung, and he is justified in his faith by the opinions of many practical and experienced soldiers.

Mechanicalized brigades or other such formations of less or greater size have huge potentialities, but it is thought that their mission should not be so much actually to strike a blow as merely to convey infantry to a debussing place whence they may come into action unfatigued by a long march. This may seem to express a mere truism, but the point is worth bearing in mind, as some disappointment was expressed upon the Manœuvres at the fact that whereas the Wessex cavalry penetrated boldly into Mercia the Wessex mechanicalized brigade had to abandon its mobility several miles short of the frontier. A mechanicalized formation can never have the scattering and rallying qualities—the fluidity, that is—of a mounted force. Its mobility on the line of march, on good, safe, and well-reconnoitred roads may be much greater, but in close proximity to the enemy is immeasurably less. At the moment when strategy blends into tactics cavalry still remains cavalry, but a mechanicalized brigade becomes infantry clogged by clumsy vehicles. One possible way of exploiting mechanical transport does not yet seem to have received the attention it deserves—namely, a system by which the units destined to take up outpost duties at the end of a march might be carried during the day, and thus be enabled to relieve the advanced guard and take up their duties

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completely fresh. Whether such a system is feasible or not is for the General Staff to decide, but that it would vastly improve the security of the force during darkness is beyond question. Anyone who has gone on outpost duty after a forced march in trying weather conditions knows how a good deal of that duty has to be taken on trust. There is a physical limit which is often reached after the kind of marching the Mercian troops were called upon to undergo. Officers with extended regimental experience clearly realize this, but then it is just in that experience that many brigade, divisional, and higher commanders of to-day are lacking.

To the vexed question of machines as fighting entities the Manœuvres contributed very little information. Put in a nutshell, the number of tanks employed was too small to enable the average observer to see sufficient of their powers to enable him to formulate any opinion worth recording. The general impression conveyed from the Manœuvres as a whole, and regarded as a test of machine *versus* beast, was that they were over-horsed and under-tanked. The suggestion has been made to the writer that the authorities were out to " boost " cavalry and to " crab " tanks, but though he repeats the utterance he does not credit it. Regarding tanks, however, an opinion expressed by one whom the writer regards as particularly competent to form one may be stated—namely, that " bottling up " tanks for a massed *coup* can be overdone. Tanks are such a weapon of opportunity that, distributed in ones or twos with infantry, on the proper occasion, they can produce enormous effect. In other words, the tank fleet should have destroyers and light cruisers as well as capital ships. Battalion commanders seem to have a decided penchant for tanks thus employed, and when all's said and done battalion commanders generally know what they are talking about. Another battalion point is that cookers should accompany battalions more than they do, instead of being so frequently " brigaded." The expression " brigaded " is, as a rule, a mere euphemism for " ungetatable " or " not wanted on voyage." Fine words butter no parsnips, nor do they fill many hungry bellies.

Included among the troops taking part in the Manœuvres was the 162nd (East Midland) Brigade. This was by no means the first time that a Territorial unit had so taken part, although several earnest babbling people who contributed to the press obviously thought that it was. Before the war the force from

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which this formation came was called " The Terriers " by Regular soldiers. It is now always described as " The Territorials "—a slight difference in terminology, but one signifying a good deal. So much for the force as a whole. As for this particular brigade, one observer at the Manœuvres describing the situation to another would point to a space on the map and say, " The 8th Brigade is holding from there to there, and the 162nd carries on the line to here." Just that. But " just that " means that people nowadays are realizing that there is no such thing as a " Territorial Army " and no need to use the term. There is one army, some of the units of which happen to be called Regulars and others happen to be called Territorials.

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" . . . TO BE COMMANDERS."

I

EVERYBODY knows that promotion in the Navy is automatic up to the rank of lieutenant-commander. One has only to avoid getting into trouble, and one's future is assured.

Up to a point.

Then there comes a zone, a period of some three years during which, alone, further promotion is possible, and outside whose limits a man may hope in vain for the dignity of a brass hat.

Once within that zone one embarks on a period of anxiety. It is no longer sufficient merely to escape the ubiquitous axe. One must achieve fame, or at least enough distinction to wring from one's commanding officer a recommendation for promotion. And after that one is entitled to scan the papers on the first of July and the first of January in the vague hope of seeing his own name under the heading " Promotions, Lieutenant-Commander to Commander."

George Baird, with whom this story is concerned, had exactly two and a half years left of his zone ; five lists, in one of which he might hope to see his own name—always provided, of course, that he got his recommendation. And though not yet anxious, he was beginning to give thought to the matter ; there were so many to be called and so few to be chosen.

But it so happened that George had had the forethought to become an observer, in the early days when that branch of the Service was in its infancy. He had made but sparing use of his privilege, enjoyed almost uniquely by observers, of looking down from the clouds on the target practices of battleships and remarking on the result with disconcerting frankness. He was, moreover, one of the most senior and most experienced of his particular branch, and one way or another almost certain to achieve his promotion within a year. At least, that was how it seemed to George Baird, and in his more sanguine moments he allowed himself to dwell, with modest contemplation, on the future career of Commander George Baird, R.N., which was, of course, tempting Fate, the ever-ready jester, in a quarter which she could least resist.

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II

The aerodrome at Calaport presented an unusually active spectacle. A naval co-operation " stunt " was impending, and in front of the empty hangars the sun beat down on the white wings of the machines and the flickering circle made by the revolving propellers.

Over in a corner of the aerodrome the powerful little fighters were roaring at their " chocks," struggling impatiently against the mechanics who were holding them while the pilots ran up and tested the engines. The big reconnaissance machines stood by more patiently, the engines ticking over gently as they warmed up, and the pilots adjusting helmets and goggles or putting a last question to the mechanics preparatory to stirring their giants into angry life.

George Baird, as senior observer, finished his explanations to the half-dozen naval officers round him.

" If you're all quite clear about the operations," he observed, " you might as well push off as soon as the machines are ready. I probably shan't be going up to-day because Morton's machine is acting as spare. You'll land on the *Andromache*, as you know, when the operations are over."

An R.A.F. officer, emerging from the cloud of dust raised by a big machine whose engine was being tested, approached the group, holding on to a cap which threatened every moment to escape with the slip-stream of the propeller.

" Sorry, Baird," he said cheerfully. " Forty-two's out of action—magneto's dud—so we'll have to go up instead."

Baird swore gently. " All right, Morton," he said. " I'll just get some gear on, and then I'll be with you."

* * * * *

The *Andromache* was steaming at almost full speed into a wind as slender as it was variable. A certain " windspeed " had to be made up for the benefit of the pilots " landing on," and since Nature was playing but a feeble part, the *Andromache* had to do the rest. Up on the bridge a large crowd was gathered. Sightseeing parties had become popular for these deck-landings, and to-day was to be presented an especially attractive programme. Four scout pilots were to make their first attempt; and the reconnaissance flight, complete with observers and in full war-paint, were to follow.

Landing on the deck of an aircraft carrier is theoretically a simple affair. The whole art of the thing consists merely in

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flying in straight, at the right speed, and then putting the machine down in the right place. "Surely, to the experienced pilot——" you may say. And yet, while most pilots would back themselves to land on an aerodrome ten times out of ten without the slightest damage to the machine, he would be a very rash man indeed who would guarantee to repeat the performance on a ship.

The paymaster looked at his watch. "Time they were beginning," he observed to his friend the doctor. "Wonder if any of 'em will oblige us by dropping into the 'ditch.'"

Hardly had he finished speaking when far away in the sky appeared a cloud like a flock of geese which, as it drew rapidly nearer, disclosed itself as a V-shaped formation of scouts, escorting the big reconnaissance machines, their wings glittering in the sun. Signals fluttered from the *Andromache*, and overhead a single fighter detached itself from the formation and swept down in a wide curve till it was astern of the ship and about three hundred feet above the sea. Rapidly the machine began to overhaul the *Andromache*, losing height gradually as it approached.

Up on the bridge the sightseeing party were busy criticizing.

"Not a bad approach."

"Straight enough; who is it?"

"Bet you a bob he tips up on his nose?"

"Done with you."

Lower and lower dropped the aeroplane till the pilot, opening his throttle ever so slightly, skimmed over the stern of the ship, seemed to hover for an instant, and then, shutting off his engine, settled squarely on the deck. For a few yards she fluttered along, slower and slower, like a wounded bird. And as she finally came to rest the deck was magically covered with hurrying figures, hastening to secure and remove her.

"Perfect," said someone. "Here's your bob, Pay."

"Take you the other way this time," invited the paymaster, as he pocketed the shilling.

The next machine was already approaching, pursuing the same tactics as the first.

"Not quite into the wind," observed somebody. And the same idea seemed to occur to the pilot, for he altered his direction slightly.

Clank—clank—the wheels touched, and the machine ran crookedly across the deck; a trick of the wind caught the

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tailplane and lifted it sharply into the air, and with a " crrack " the whirring propeller hit the deck and snapped like so much matchwood, while the machine, settling firmly on her nose, stood up on the deck like the raked-back mast of a wrecked schooner, and the pilot frantically worked the controls in an abortive attempt to get her level again.

" That makes two bob," observed the paymaster, when the laughter on the bridge had subsided. " What about the next ?"

The next two landings, however, passed off uneventfully enough, and the turn came for the reconnaissance machines. The interest on the bridge quickened, and all eyes were turned on the signals fluttering out from the yard.

" Who's going first, Jimmy ?"

" Forty-three, I think. Who's that ?"

" Forty-three—let's see, Morton, I think," put in one of the R.A.F. officers. " Rather inclined to be erratic, though he's very good as a rule. Still, it's a nasty day, and they're nasty machines—wind must almost have dropped."

Higher up on the upper bridge the captain was asking a similar question. " Think we can get another two knots out of the ship, sir," answered the navigator ; " that'll just give us the right speed."

The captain nodded, and the quiver of the ship grew more pronounced as her speed increased.

" All right now, sir," reported the wing commander. " We've just got the bare minimum wind-speed."

The captain turned to the chief yeoman of signals beside him.

" Hoist the affirmative," he said briefly.

The sightseeing party were concentrating anxiously on the big machine lumbering up astern.

" Going to be a master landing," observed the doctor, who held a thinly-veiled opinion that he could himself land any of the machines on the deck without the slightest trouble.

An R.A.F. flight-lieutenant of many years' standing shook his head thoughtfully. " Little bit too fast," he said. " Still, it's not an easy day ; if he shuts off in time, he'll be all right."

Larger and larger loomed the machine till it was over the stern, advancing rapidly twenty feet above the deck.

" Shut off, you fool !" muttered the flight-lieutenant sharply.

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The pilot hesitated, eased back his throttle until the plane began to drop quickly.

" Too late, dammit !" said the flight-lieutenant, biting his lip. " Open up and come round again."

There was an instant of almost tangible suspense, while all on the bridge waited to see what the pilot would do. And then, with a roar, the engine burst into life and the pilot tried to swoop away in a climbing turn.

Too late—he had come a shade too low, left his engine a shade too late, and lost flying speed. One wheel hit the deck and the machine bounced high into the air, the engine still roaring furiously. Would she pick up enough speed to clear the deck a second time—would she ?

The aeroplane's career seemed to be arrested in mid-air by an invisible hand. For an instant she struggled desperately like a wild bird caught in a net, fighting for freedom.

Then, with a tearing sound, the nose and left wheel fell with a crash on to the deck. The attempted turn had carried her over to the side of the ship, and for a fraction of a second she hung, tail high in the air, balanced on a crumpled wheel.

And then, " Brrrumph " growled the sea as she fell, sixty feet, down into the water below.

* * * * * *

George Baird went to hospital for six months with a broken leg and some minor injuries, and his friends told him he was lucky. But in the meanwhile the *Andromache* carried out some highly important co-operation work, and the captain, when he sat down to make out his reports, scratched his chin thoughtfully.

" I should dearly like to recommend Baird this half-year," he said half aloud. " But he was only in the ship a short time, and I can't conscientiously overlook Saxon's work at these manœuvres." He sighed, and then, still thoughtfully, he took his pen and wrote the words " Lieutenant-Commander Claude Saxon " in the blank space on the form.

" Better luck next time, Baird," observed the captain optimistically.

III

H.M.S. *Weevil*, one of those vessels described so aptly by Kipling as a " flatiron " and known officially as a gunboat, lay peacefully at anchor in the broad turbid stream of the Yangtze River. Men say that if you take a bucketful of water

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from the river and let the sand sink to the bottom you will get the purest water in China ; but it would have been difficult to convince the sub. of the truth of this statement as he leant over the side and gazed at the muddy yellow stream which swirled past the side of the ship.

The sub. was thinking, a process in which he indulged as seldom as possible. Should he get some sort of protection made for the bridge ? Just in case—— ? And if so, what form should it take ?

Times were troubled on the Yangtze, no rare occurrence in that sorrowful chaos whose name is China. A gentleman from the north was fighting a gentleman from the south, and, true to precedent, they had placed as large a distance between each other as possible and were shooting merrily away with their rifles in any and every direction, each endeavouring to impress the other with an idea of his own power and ferocity.

Unfortunately, the space across which they had elected to carry out their demonstrations was occupied by the Yangtze River, and the continual bank-to-bank fire was causing considerable inconvenience to inoffensive neutral steamers who were passing to and fro upon their lawful occasions. At times men on these ships had been wounded, though whether the ship had been made a deliberate target or not it was not possible to tell.

So bad had things become that a British gunboat had been forced to escort the merchant shipping through the danger zone in the hope, hitherto successful, that the sight of so imposing an armament would do something to quieten the irresponsible coolies who went by the names of the rival armies. And meanwhile the *Weevil* was lying at Chengling in reserve, waiting for any emergency which should call her up the three hundred miles or so that separated her from her opposite number, H.M. gunboat *Wambat*.

The sub. forgot his problem in watching the efforts of a sampan which was struggling with the tide. At last the boat bumped alongside, and a spare man with brown face and merry but resolute eyes clambered over the three or four feet of freeboard.

" How's the beach, sir ?" inquired the sub. amiably.

" Never mind the beach, my boy," rejoined Lieutenant-Commander George Baird, as he stepped on board. " Get out the charts of the river, give me ten minutes to change and then lift the hook. *Wambat's* broken down, and I'm not

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going to wait for a signal from the admiral at Shanghai. The consul tells me there's a ship full of silver taels coming down to-morrow ; so we're going to hop it as fast as we can without waiting. Pilot's coming off now."

As the evening drew on, the outline of the river banks grew dimmer and dimmer as the *Weevil* fought her way against the yellow stream. The mud huts close to the water's edge faded to faint blots, developing into clusters of blurred lights as the ship passed a village.

All that night she turned and twisted around narrow bends and the hidden ends of invisible sandbanks, while the captain and the sub. checked the pilot's orders by the chart and the dim light from the compass illuminated the lined yellow face of the Chinese helmsman. Sometimes the little ship was in midstream, both banks out of sight. At others the channel led so close to the shore that it seemed she must be within an inch of running aground. Once an agonized shout and a burst of imprecations cut through the darkness, as the wash of the gunboat swept a sampan from its moorings and hurled it at the mud-hut of its owners. And every now and then, when the searchlight was used to settle a disputed point, the narrow beam struck vaguely and mistily on yellow water and low, muddy banks.

By morning the *Weevil* was nearing Shasi, from which place the silver-carrying ship was starting, and at ten o'clock she dropped anchor beside her colleague, the *Wambat*, and a freshly shaven but very weary captain went over to the other gunboat in the little skiff.

" Phew, you've got a nerve," observed the lieutenant-in-command as Baird came down into the cabin. " Mean to say you've been travelling all night, and without orders, too ?"

Baird nodded. " Consul said there was an important ship due to go through, so I took a chance."

" Well, it's not a thing I'd care to do myself," observed the other candidly. " But, as a matter of fact, you've rather saved the situation. We've heard some of the ' rival armies ' have clubbed together to go pirating, and the skipper of the *Hong Lun* says he won't sail without protection. Quite right too, from his point of view ; but there'll be the deuce of a row if the Government coolies at Ichang don't get their pay in time. They're just on the point of striking now, and that would about finish 'em."

" What're things like ?" inquired George.

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" Bad," his host answered—" very bad. We've had several minor casualties amongst the steamers—the skippers and crews are all scared stiff, and traffic on the river will be stopped altogether very soon. I'm pretty certain they're firing deliberately at the ships now, and not just for the fun of the thing. They have some idea the steamers are bringing up troops, and each side thinks the troops supposed to be on board belong to the other chap."

George Baird drained his glass of lukewarm beer and rose to go.

" I'll just hop over and arrange with the *Hong Lun's* skipper to sail at once," was all he said.

The news that the *Weevil* was escorting the *Hong Lun* travelled as only news can travel in the East, and the cutting-out parties from the rival armies beached their sampans again and settled down to make things hot for the *Hong Lun* and her escort as they passed through the zone. George Baird saw the ship on her way up to Ichang without any casualties, and then he put into Chang Ying and invited the commander-in-chief of the Northern Army to a conference. He did better—he even managed to get the commander of the Southern Army to come too, for the two were old friends, and in the next political war would probably be on the same side.

George Baird wasted no time once the preliminary civilities were over.

" Foreign ships passing up and down the river are being deliberately fired on," he said, " contrary to all international conventions. Traffic is being considerably interfered with, and I must ask you to see that this stops at once. My work is to escort ships through this zone, and if the firing continues I shall have no recourse but to retaliate."

The two old gentlemen fell back on the old Chinese line of defence. It was impossible, they blandly assured him, that such should be the case. Had they not themselves given strict orders that everyone was to be especially careful that none of his bullets went anywhere near the foreign ships? Was it not impossible that after such categorical instructions any misdemeanour of that kind could occur? Occasionally, perhaps, in the case of some hot-headed young soldier, his warlike zeal for the destruction of his enemies on the opposite bank of the river might overcome his particular care for foreign life and property. But that systematic or

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continuous firing should be in progress in the presence of foreign shipping was manifestly impossible. The English commander must be mistaken ; some ill-disposed person had been relating imaginary tales to him.

George listened patiently ; he had been in China before, and knew better than argue.

" I am escorting two ships down the river to-morrow," he said quietly. " If they are fired on, I shall retaliate."

As the *Weevil* and her two consorts came down, following the channel close to the northern bank of the river, the desultory firing increased to a regular fusillade.

" Go and stand by the after six-inch gun, sub.," said Baird. His eye fell on a couple of machine guns which the Chinese warriors, with a fine disregard for concealment, had placed at the water's edge, and around which an interested and amused crowd of uniformed coolies had gathered. And at this precise moment a bullet tore across the front of the bridge and ripped a jagged rent in the canvas screen.

" That settles it," said George grimly, and after a short order to the helmsman he spoke slowly and carefully down a voice-pipe.

The crowd round the machine guns were just applauding the long-range shots of the gunners at the two steamers who had by now passed almost out of range. A few of them were idly watching the white British gunboat which they had been beginning to look on as almost a benevolent participator in their fun, when one of them noticed that the large gun in the stern did not seem to be pointing in its usual direction ; it appeared, in fact, to be pointing directly at him, and he drew the next man's attention to it. Perhaps the British ship was having a joke at their expense.

The next moment the joke materialized, in the form of a six-inch lyddite shell, fired at point-blank range ; and, after a short interval, machine guns, gunners, and spectators began to patter down from the sky in little pieces.

George Baird went ashore at the next port and reported his action to the consul. He found there a telegram from the admiral, dispatched two days before, ordering him " not to proceed up river until extent of damage to *Wambat* had been ascertained." George handed it to the consul. " Looks as if I'm for it," he said with a laugh.

The consul nodded. " Um," he said, chewing his moustache. " First you have proceeded up river in face

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of orders telling you to remain where you were. Secondly, you travelled at night, which I understand you're not supposed to do. And thirdly, you have blown sky-high some tens of citizens of a country with which we are not only at peace, but on terms of warmest amity." The consul grinned. " You've undoubtedly done the only possible thing from the point of view of the Man on the Spot," he said. " But, unfortunately, the opinions of that gentleman are those least often taken into consideration. There ought to be the makings of quite a good row."

IV

It looked at first as if the consul's prophecy would be fulfilled. But, although the admiral was very angry indeed, the row did not materialize. The consul-general at Hangchow, who was a very big man indeed in those days, backed Baird up strongly. And his very pointed remarks found justification in the fact that sniping at ships had ceased altogether as if by magic.

So the matter was hushed up. But as there was still danger that the English press might get hold of it, and as the Admiralty's attitude was not yet defined, the rear-admiral on the Yangtze did not like to put down the name of George Baird on the half-yearly recommendations for promotion to commander, particularly as the commander-in-chief was still inclined to be a little ruffled with George's apparent disregard of his orders.

" Better wait a bit," he said. " He'll be bound to get it if I put his name in next time."

So the third list of promotions came out and Baird's name was not in it. And in the meanwhile he got malaria and was invalided home off the China station.

Two destroyers were required to take a mission out to a certain Mediterranean Power. They were to remain for various diplomatic functions and were then to return home, acting as an independent force throughout. Their crews had already been drafted, only the appointment of the commanding officer of the *Stormwind* remained to be decided.

" I should like Baird to have the job," the second Sea Lord had said to his assistant. " He has very few chances of promotion left, and he certainly ought to have got it last time in China. And quite apart from the show he put up he'd probably have got it automatically after a year, being the

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senior gunboat officer on the river. He's just the type of officer we want to encourage."

The assistant gathered up his papers. " I'll see that goes through, sir," he said.

And so it befell that George, though he knew nothing about this conversation, allowed his friends to congratulate him on what was universally acclaimed " a sound promotion job," a foolish lapse which may or may not have decided Fate to take yet another hand in the game.

From the beginning the omens were unfavourable. The *Stormwind* was just coming out of dock after refit when a wire, mishandled by a dockyard workman, fouled one of the propellers and bent a blade. As a result she had to go back into dock again, and Baird only just had time to get her ready on the day of sailing. The political Bigwig whom they were taking was, as he insisted on affirming on every possible occasion, a Man of the People. He had never been out of London, had been brought up to a profound distrust of such autocratic institutions as the Navy and the Army, and had risen to eminence, so the first lieutenant affirmed, by " an ignorant and offensive disregard for the decencies of civilized life." His dislike of the Navy and its ships was enhanced by his unerring attraction to the paint, which the enforced delay in the ship's refit had not given time to dry. The rough weather into which they ran as soon as the *Stormwind* put her nose out of harbour filled him with an acrid disgust with sailors in general and George Baird in particular, whom he was inclined to hold personally responsible for every roll and pitch made by the ship.

And when on one occasion the officer of the watch happened to be busy on the bridge and allowed a merchant ship to dip her colours unanswered, the Bigwig's remarks on the " arrogance of the British Navy and their intolerable contempt for the hard-working mercantile classes " were both relevant and pointed.

George Baird himself had had a slight recurrence of his old malaria, and by the time the *Stormwind* arrived at her destination his temper was at its worst.

The two ships had dropped anchor in the harbour, and George was putting on his sword and trappings preparatory to going ashore to pay his official calls when the quartermaster appeared at his door, escorting suspiciously a seedy-looking

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individual who advanced, bowing and smiling, into George's cabin.

" Are you the captain, sare ?" inquired this gentleman ingratiatingly.

George finished buckling on his swordbelt. " Yes, I am," he answered shortly. " And may I ask who you are ?"

Still smiling amiably, the visitor fumbled in his breast-pocket, and produced therefrom what looked to George like an illustrated advertisement. " I have here," he began——

Note here the hand of Fate. The newcomer's gesture was magnificent, his bow superb, his manner graceful ; and with all this he had chosen the one opening least calculated to make a favourable impression. For George had travelled, in the course of his service, far and wide ; and it had been his invariable experience that the first person to come on board a ship on her arrival in a strange harbour was a pedlar of some unwanted ware, followed almost immediately by a washer-woman. Moreover, on this occasion, he had had a trying journey out, his time was short, and his temper, as has been said, shorter still.

Without glancing at the document, George turned to the table and picked up his hat. " Get out," he said briefly.

His visitor hesitated and seemed about to break out into voluble explanation. But George was too quick for him.

" Get out, d'you hear ?" he roared. " Quartermaster, see this man off the ship and never let him come near it again."

It turned out, of course, that the visitor had been the secretary of an important association closely connected with the Bigwig's mission, and had been the bearer of a carefully-prepared illuminated address of welcome to the Bigwig, wherein were set forth all the proper sentiments.

And when, later, the Bigwig failed in his mission largely owing, he asserted, to the withdrawal of the support of the association in question, he laid the blame very naturally on George, and made out of it a very effective attack on a " bureaucratic Admiralty for their utter inability to choose suitable officers for duties requiring tact and international sympathy."

So that when the second Sea Lord was asked by his assistant whether the name of Baird should be included in the list of promotions on the 31st of June, he shook his head slowly.

" I think not, this time," he said.

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V

By this time George Baird was desperate. He had one more chance to go, and when he saw his appointment to the flagship of the African fleet he gave up all hope. If he couldn't get his promotion in independent commands, with everything in his favour, he was hardly likely to find it amongst a crowd of equally eligible officers, most of whom had probably been doing good work in their particular ships for some time and were almost certain to be recommended by their captains.

It was now that Fate arranged that George should meet at the races a very charming girl and promptly fall in love with her. And the girl, feeling that George was really a man of sterling merit, and liking the way the corners of his eyes wrinkled when he laughed, fell in love with him in turn.

When the admiral father was approached by George he was inclined to be discouraging, but he was won over by his daughter, and it was left to his wife to complete the conquest.

"Don't you think, dear," she said sweetly, "now that Mr. Baird is to marry May, that it would he much nicer for them if he were to become Commander Baird?"

"H'm," grunted the admiral. "Quite out of my hands, m'dear. If he's recommended and the authorities approve, I suppose he'll be promoted in the ordinary way. But it's nothing to do with me, you know."

"No, of course not, dear," answered the admiral's wife meekly.

Nevertheless, the New Year's *Times* contained, at the very bottom of the list of "Lieutenant-Commanders to be Commanders" the name of George Henry Winthrop Baird.

And George is probably perfectly right in ascribing his somewhat belated promotion to a just, though tardy, recognition of his valuable services. At any rate, Fate being traditionally inscrutable, there is nobody to contradict him.

JOHN HASTY.

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A MINISTRY OF DEFENCE. WOULD IT WORK?

THERE have been several recent attempts, in the daily press, in certain reviews, and even in Parliament itself, to make out an attractive case for the setting up of a Ministry of Defence; which, combining under one civil head the activities of the present Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry, is to effect between these three departments that " co-ordination with economy," which it is alleged, has been in the past so conspicuously lacking. Certainly, advocates of this scheme are not unanimous as to whether it will involve the total abolition of the existing ministries, or merely their partial supersession; though, at first sight, the claim to economy would be supported rather by adopting the first alternative. Nor is it clear whether " defence " embraces the Empire, and includes complete responsibility for the Dominions, Colonies, and Dependencies.

The term " defence " may, in the ears of certain sections of the public, sound more reasonable, or more generally unaggressive, than " war "; yet in this connection the two are synonymous; since the defence of the Empire can, in the future, be no kind of passive resistance. The meaning, too, of " co-ordination " must here be simply the bringing into orderly relation some things or parts that have got into confusion; these things being the three Fighting Services and all that pertains to them. " Economy " can be taken to mean state-departmental economies in working; the saving of salaries, by reduction of superfluous posts, and elimination of overlapping in certain supply services. The word " policy," too, which is much employed in the discussion of this scheme, cannot mean anything in the nature of a war or defence policy; since the size, and even the nature, of the national armaments, are determined by financial considerations; which, in turn, are to some extent governed by " politics."

The present distribution of ministerial and professional responsibility for defence, is apt to be referred to the British Constitution; but here only constitutional practice can be quoted in its support or explanation; the practice by which the constant usurpation of military and naval functions of command by a long succession of power-loving ministers, has come to be regarded as an indefeasible right.

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By greater effective "co-ordination" between the Services, the advocates of the scheme apparently do not mean strategical or tactical combination in war, so much as linking up and centralizing the various parts of the administrative machine. The three existing ministries become one—or at least, grow a common head; while the naval, army and air general staffs combine to develop a "brain" for the forces at large. This would be a permanent peace-time arrangement, liable to these important modifications in war, that a war cabinet would come into active being, and that the combined general staff might find it necessary to join the commander-in-chief in the field. It is, of course, assumed that the Defence Minister would be competent, impartial and well-instructed in all departmental matters; and since his position would, in war time, be almost as important as the Prime Minister's own, he would be called on to make more rapid, more far-reaching decisions, than could three ministers looking at problems from their own separate points of view. In this, he would be expected to rely on his professional advisers. These, in their turn, would help to "co-ordinate" the three lesser general staffs. The Defence Ministry would form a kind of filter for the demands or opinions of the three Services, which would thus reach the Committee of Imperial Defence, or the Cabinet, in a purified condition.

Economy is to be attained by administrative concentration; avoidance of duplication of work, either by departments or staffs; standardization of design, manufacture, and supply; and combination of educational, medical, and religious services, at present split up into three branches. Whether a saving in actual ministerial establishments could be made, would chiefly depend on the nature of the new ministry, whether totally superseding, or merely adding to the existing organization. Again, in allotting the sum voted by Parliament to the three Services, it is assumed that the Defence Minister would view their respective claims impartially; that consequently there would be no more wrangling or rivalry between the three civil heads (who would have declined to the position of assistant secretaries of state), but that they would loyally accept their chief's decisions. The latter, constantly advised by his combined general staff, would make a fair distribution of the money, to the public advantage. Nor would he, as was the case with heads of state departments during the Great War, be suddenly called

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upon to engage in the discussion of urgent, but hitherto unforeseen, military or strategical problems. His chief-of-staff would have posted him in all reasonably probable contingencies; and would be ready to guard him from advocating any rash or unconsidered enterprises, such as in the past have jeopardized the national or allied chance of victory. The gain to the minister himself, in having such a staff at his back, would be matched by the gain to the Services, whose most distinguished officers would go to form this body; their duties to elaborate future plans, and examine war doctrines; study the war effects of policy, finance, and commerce; while cementing with one another and their respective services, the closest personal relationship.

The possibility of the three professional chiefs being so human as occasionally to disagree, would give the Defence Minister yet another opportunity to justify his existence; he would then act as umpire; an office which neither the President of the Committee of Imperial Defence, nor the Prime Minister himself, is always prepared to assume. For the Prime Minister, indeed, it would be easier, when the dispute did reach the Cabinet, to accept simply the Defence Minister's opinion; the alternative being that minister's resignation. It is generally agreed that the Committee of Imperial Defence, excellent as an institution, has not in the past fulfilled all expectations. The proposed new organization will make a change for the better in its methods and composition. The number of both permanent and temporary members will be reduced; since the Defence Minister would hardly tolerate the irruption of political colleagues that marked many of the old sittings; and the Services would only need to be represented by the chief of the combined staff, whose opinion would be reviewed with due sense of its importance, without check to the prompt dispatch of business.

Lastly, as regards the imperial aspect of defence, it is hoped somehow by means of conferences and conversations with the Dominion and Colonial representatives, to reach an agreement by which the Defence Minister would gather into his own hands all the threads of the complicated web of imperial security. To adopt the keyword of this scheme—"co-ordination" in the fullest sense, would then be achieved.

Such, roughly, is the case made out for the proposed reforms; the arguments against them do not appear, so far, to

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have had a fair statement. They may be summarized as follows :—

The " co-ordination " of the three existing ministries could mean only an attempt to bring them (whether they be controlled by subordinate ministers, or assistant-secretaries of state) into line with the ideas and practice of the super-ministry ; in other words, to impress the minister's opinions or prejudices on each branch in turn. Disagreement between the civil or professional representatives of two or more services, would be arbitrarily extinguished by the fiat of the Defence Ministry ; the cause of disagreement need never reach the Committee of Imperial Defence, still less the ears of Government. At present, any serious difference could not fail to come to light and be fully examined.

A considerably increased expenditure of time, ink, and paper would be necessary to make this " co-ordination " work. The views that will be expressed in Parliament or in the Cabinet, by the Defence Minister, will certainly have been through an extra process of manufacture, but need not on that account be any more valuable, though harder to obtain. Their impartiality would have to be taken for granted. The purely naval, military, and air aspects of " co-ordination " can quite well be dealt with by the present general staffs, acting in consultation.

The point of economy can only be proved in the working ; but it is possible to hazard a guess that the proposed ministry with its new establishments and various ramifications, would be very expensive. Some officials could perhaps be spared from the existing ministries ; to fill posts of higher responsibility, and higher pay, in the new. It is possible that some supply services might be amalgamated ; but, in practice, it would be found convenient to maintain their present establishments. The combined general staff, perhaps with a new war college of its own, would be an extra expense ; and the tendency of recent new ministries to swell, would no doubt be reproduced in the newest of all.

Certainly the Defence Minister would be able to present his estimates *en bloc* to Parliament ; whereupon, presumably, discussion would range over the whole subject of the armed forces and imperial defence. But in this confused talk, all prospect of the individual Services pressing their claims would finally disappear. At present a professional head can, through his minister, get his views laid separately before

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Parliament; in which certain ex-service members can also help to express them. Conflicting ideas of the relative importance of the Services are to-day prevalent; even the Defence Minister himself might be tainted with such prejudices. As to his position, it would so far surpass that of any other secretary of state, as seriously to threaten the prestige of the Prime Minister himself; who might well hesitate before appointing an ambitious or capable confrère to such a post; and prefer to be his own Minister of Defence. This (as Field-Marshal Sir W. Robertson has pointed out) is the only proper arrangement.

As to the advice which the minister would offer to his colleagues of the cabinet, no doubt the promptings of the combined general staff would be invaluable; but recent past history proves that not even the best professional advice will hinder confident and inexperienced politicians from framing schemes of operations, both naval and military, or from pressing to have them adopted. The Defence Minister's possible ventures in strategy would, owing to his power and influence, be much more difficult to restrain; and, if adopted, more likely to end in comprehensive disaster. In the case of some vital disagreement, such as that between the Admiralty and the Air Ministry at present undecided, the Defence Minister could give an umpire's decision of his own; but, as it could not represent unanimous Service opinion, it would not assist the Committee of Imperial Defence, or the Cabinet, very much. Nor can it be imagined that the experts of the combined general staff would be unanimous, when the Services that they represent were divided.

As to the Dominion aspect of the question, there can be no use in picturing some eminent British politician as elevated to executive control of the whole of the Empire's defences; if one thing is more certain than anything else, it is that the Dominions, if making effective contributions to imperial armaments, will maintain their own control over all such.

There is nothing but custom behind the British practice of allowing the civil control, in peace, of the Fighting Forces to extend to their direction in war. Care of the purse-strings, and constitutional safeguards against military dictatorship, are sanctioned by usage of the past; the invention or suggestion by politicians of war plans, the meddling in strategy and interference with commanders afloat or in the field, are neither sanctioned nor condoned by history, practice or

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expediency. It is not correct, then, to quote the " Constitution " as supporting such an arrangement as a super-ministry ; nor to assume that somewhere, for the mere asking, can be obtained a statesman competent to direct the entire war business of the Empire.

The whole scheme turns on the personality of one man ; on whose broad shoulders would rest the responsibility at present shared by three. There is a curious tendency to exalt a minister in charge of a Fighting Service into a kind of expert. He may have been in office a few weeks only—or, at the best, have " swopped " the control of national finance, or foreign affairs, for a turn at the Navy or Army ; none the less his opinions are at once considered as those of a man who instinctively knows, better than anyone else, what is good for that Service, or for the country. As a matter of cold fact, he is at starting probably the most ignorant official in the whole state department. How much more gross must be his ignorance, when suddenly endowed with the duties, powers, and responsibilities of a Defence Ministry. It would almost seem that to find one man self-confident enough to accept the post, would be impossible ; but the type of men who would be on the Prime Minister's list, do not as a rule suffer from diffidence. Whether the minister chosen would be able to do all the work himself, or whether he would be forced to delegate to others, is another question. In thinking of the probable scope of his activities, it would be wrong to measure them by the standard of the Empire's present shrunken defences. A one-man ministry might perhaps cope with the requirements of defence, as pictured in the minds of those who have reduced the Empire's Fighting Forces to proportions fit for a third class Power. But if the Empire is to survive another great war, there is no question but that the expansion of these remnants and re-creation of others economized out of existence, will have to be undertaken at once on the outbreak of hostilities.

If the single task of War Minister in 1914-18 was almost superhuman, what would be the burden which a Defence Minister would have to shoulder in the next European conflict ? The hour might perhaps find the man ; but what if it did not ?

H. Baird Smith.

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ROUND MOSUL IN AN ARMOURED CAR

I.

IT was with considerable satisfaction that our small party, destined for various Air units in Iraq, received orders cancelling our passages in the routine troopship and substituting those for travel by the Overland Desert Route, Haifa—Baghdad, not only because it meant leaving England a week later, incidentally arriving in Baghdad a week before those remaining in the transport, but also because the journey itself promised interest.

Embarking in an Army troopship at Southampton, we spent ten days in getting to Alexandria, where an immediate eighteen hours' train journey, for the most part in the hours of darkness, the month being December, completed the rest of the trip to Haifa, the departure point of the Overland Desert Convoys.

The convoy of two touring cars, one limousine and one baggage car, left Haifa on the 18th at midday, the time between the arrival of the train at Haifa and the actual departure of the cars being spent in purchasing food and strapping the baggage on to the vehicles. In this connection, it is perfectly astounding how much can be conveyed on the dashboards; for example, four cabin trunks and four suit cases reposed on the right dashboard, whilst the left supported a similar amount increased by two valises.

The exit from Haifa was indeed picturesque, for immediately clear of the town the track led along the seashore; to the left was the wide expanse of Haifa Bay, its blue waters shimmering in the sunlight; to the right a wide sweep of white sand with occasional clumps of palm trees; whilst ahead the white-topped town of Acre balanced itself on the furthermost point of the bay. The pace set by the convoy leader was a good fifty miles per hour, the hard wet sand presenting a firm surface to the wheels, and after half-an-hour's run the convoy shot off inland to the right for an hour until the last post of the Palestine Gendarmerie was reached. Here passports were examined, and the convoy proceeded to the frontier post of French Syria, where once again passports were examined and various particulars noted. The

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countryside from Haifa to this post was devoid of any great interest, with the exception of the remains of the old Roman viaduct, which used to supply the countryside with water brought down from the hills in the background. Though it was the middle of December, the sun was as strong as an early English summer sun, and overcoats were unbearable whilst driving.

Back again to the sea coast, Sidon—of more pleasing aspect from afar, with its many orange groves and cool villas—was passed through and quickly left in the background, Beyrout being reached at 4 p.m.

As the sun disappeared from view, the convoy formed up and proceeded in the direction of Damascus. The journey lay across the Lebanon hills, which rise to a height of 6,000 feet, where the cold was intense after the heat of the day. A puncture necessitated some delay at a little village called Astora, and opportunity was taken to sample its food. After a new tyre had been fitted, the remainder of the convoy came up, there being an interval of about fifteen miles between each vehicle. The remainder of the journey that evening was one of intense agony owing to the cold and the fact that the passengers, not foreseeing such contingencies, had neglected to take extra wraps, and the lights of Damascus came as a very welcome relief. The vehicles pulled up outside the Grand Hotel at 10.45 p.m., where, after a hasty meal, bed was clearly indicated.

Our departure early the next morning was slightly delayed by crowds thronging the streets to watch the public hanging of two unfortunate malefactors, but eventually, after clearing the customs and the police—a certificate of road worthiness for each vehicle has to be obtained—the convoy picked its way out of the tortuous streets towards the desert. With the last glimpse of civilization taken from the police post, some fifteen miles outside the town, the journey into the Blue, as the desert is termed, was commenced in earnest.

As far as the eye could reach there was nothing but flat desolation, sprinkled with stones of various sizes and glistening whiteness. This was no desert of sand, as depicted in vivid pictorial advertisements, but a barren waste shrieking to the gathering storm clouds on the horizon for moisture. As the hours sped by, the cars maintaining a steady speed of seventy kilometres per hour in spite of the stony obstructions, it was impossible to avoid a feeling of depressing immensity

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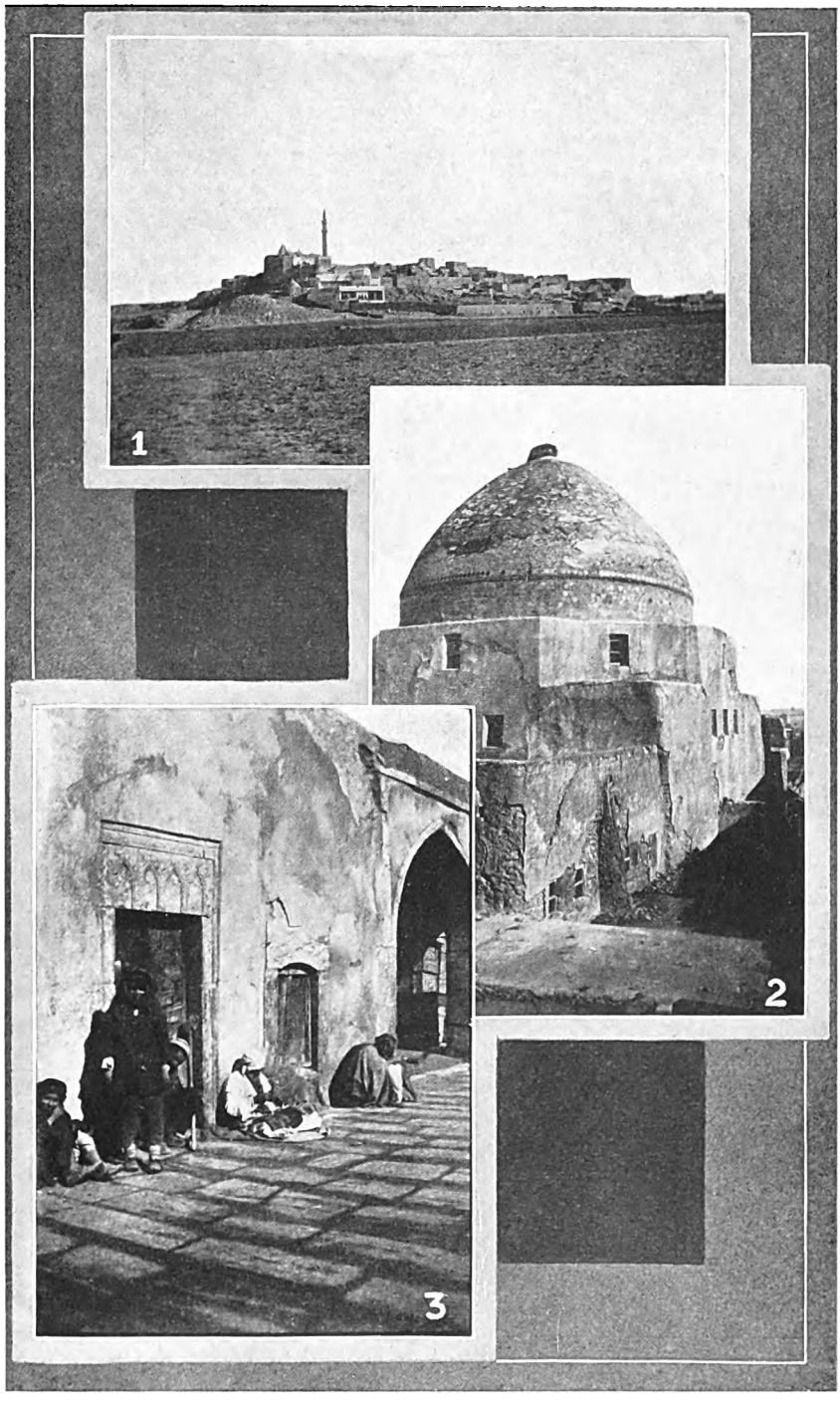

1.—Jonah's Tomb at Nebi Zunis, the Village built on Ruins of Nineveh. The Minaret is immediately over the Tomb.

2.—Mosque from the Outside.

3.—In the Court Yard.

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and wonderment. Travelling over the desert cannot be compared to being at sea, out of sight of land and passing ships—the solitude is totally different. The sea conveys an idea of perpetual motion ; the passage of the ship through the water sets up pleasant sound vibrations ; the bows throw up foam-crested waves, their spray sparkling in the sunshine ; the swirl from the propellers rising to the surface in curious curves in the wake of the ship—all uniting in a grand manifestation of vibrant life. The desert is the very antithesis, a blank negation of life and sound, so much so that the very bumping of the car and welcome purr of the engine provide a sheet anchor for the numbed mind.

After some 175 miles of the desert, in the whole of which nothing living was encountered, a team of about a hundred camels was sighted, the animals plodding along with clumsy gait and chewing their cud, their plaintive yet supercilious eyes as inscrutable as the Bedouins upon their backs. Another fifty miles and a halt was made for lunch. Time being valuable, it was not long before the passengers were back again in their seats and the cars doing their seventy kilometres per hour over the same desolation, though here and there along the track were a few empty petrol tins thrown away on previous journeys, and bleached bones, perchance human, the dumb relics of bygone tragedies, witnessed only by the blue vault of the heavens above.

The sun sinks rapidly over the horizon, its dying rays of gold, crimson and purple playing with magnificent brilliance on the few fleeting clouds. For a space the eye is held by this picture which no human hand could paint, and then, almost before the mind has ceased its wonderment, the dark blue mantle of night has fallen, and the Plough and Orion's Belt come into their own with startling clarity. Of all this the mechanical Moloch of distance takes no notice, speeding through the darkness, its brilliant headlight casting fantastic shadows and playing its pitiless glare upon the complete and incomplete skeletons of camels, and the remains of interrupted feasts of the winged scavengers of the desert.

Some hours later the Wadi Haroum, that stony bed of a non-existent river which marks the borders of Syria and Iraq and is the half-way mark of the desert journey, was reached, and very careful driving was needed to negotiate the dip. Prior to this it was noticed that the lights of the vehicle next astern could not be seen. The law of the convoy is to

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give the laggard a quarter of an hour to catch up ; if at the end of that period there are still no signs, the track is retraced until the vehicle is found. Similarly, the next ahead will turn back, and thus the convoy is always kept together, at distances between the vehicles not exceeding a quarter-of-an-hour's run. Since each vehicle follows the track, there is little chance of any driver losing his way, and he is certain of assistance after the period of non-appearance has elapsed. In this case the cause of the delay was a puncture and a broken jack.

Shortly after the Wadi Haroum, a halt was made for dinner. Camp fires were lit and all fell to with gusto. Only the sound of our voices, when suddenly from out of the darkness there appeared two shining green orbs, then a couple more. The hyænas, emboldened by the silence that ensued, advanced into the light of the fire, until one of the party drew his revolver and fired a couple of shots. The animals lolloped away, but kept on the outskirts of the small mounds which encircled the place of feasting. Where or how these slinking beasts have their being is a problem incapable of solution, for during the daylight there were no traces of them, and in this particular part there was no water nor visible sustenance. Anyway, sufficient scraps were left to keep life in their mangy bodies for many days.

The journey resumed, a wide belt of plain hard sand afforded an opportunity for increased speed, and the smooth running made sleep possible. Not for more than a couple of hours, however, did this favourable condition continue, for the ground soon became stony, and the jolts and bumps of the car caused every muscle in the body to ache, and it was with untold welcome that the breaking dawn made its tardy appearance. It was during this night period that one puzzling factor about the cars was made abundantly clear—why several thicknesses of blanket were wound round the hoops of the frame supporting the hood. This was a most necessary precaution, for over this ground the jolts were so bad that the passengers were continually thrown up against the hoops overhead with considerable violence.

The thought of an early breakfast and an opportunity to stretch the limbs cheered up the passengers, and it was as well that they had no idea of what awaited them. The previous day it had been raining hard in the district around Ramadi, and, indeed, the brilliant flashes of lightning away

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to the eastward that had been seen from the cars when near the Wadi Haroum were the final efforts of the storm. At about 8 a.m. on the 19th, the cars began to slip about in an alarming fashion, the ground having become a sea of mud, and when just in sight of Ramadi the leading car became firmly bogged. The ensuing hours of the forenoon remain a memory of muttered curses, squelching of mud, free vehicles towing others out of the bog, only to get stuck themselves a few yards farther along; the transference of baggage from vehicle to vehicle, with the promise in the sky of an imminent drenching. The last few miles into Ramadi were negotiated in six hours, thus giving a rate of advance of nearly two miles per hour.

Ramadi is a little mud village, containing a landing ground on its outskirts, with buildings for the aeroplanes of the Baghdad—Cairo air route. It was here at 2 p.m. that the mud-bespattered and disgruntled passengers ate a belated breakfast. The leader of the convoy hastened the meal as tactfully as possible, pointing out that about another seventy miles had to be traversed before Baghdad was reached. His foresight was soon confirmed, for the tracks gradually got more alarming, though actually they were more passable. The rain had churned up the surface into liquid mud a foot deep over the hard bottom, and though the vehicles progressed in a series of zig-zag skids, no very bad bogging occurred, the only halt of long duration in this slime being due to a puncture. There were thirty miles of these conditions, and by 5 p.m., three hours after leaving Ramadi, the convoy skidded into Falujah, a small town on the banks of the Euphrates. The bridge across the river had recently been washed away, but, luckily, the repairs had been effected by the time the convoy arrived.

Once across the river, things at first looked more hopeful, for that part of the village was on high ground and the surface of the tracks covered with no more than three or four inches of slime. Having got through the winding streets, there was just sufficient daylight left to see a long expanse of desert sloping away from the village. A conference of the drivers was held, and even as they reviewed the situation, the sun slipped away with the rapidity of a dockyard matey at the sound of "Bell-o," leaving the passengers literally in the dark as to their immediate movements.

Eventually it was decided to send on two cars, the one

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containing the baggage and food and one of the lighter build, to investigate, whilst the remainder proceeded very slowly in their wake. A mile was covered in this fashion, when it came as a painful realization to those behind that the lights of the pioneers were stationary. The vehicles were firmly embedded, and the next few hours were spent in salvage operations, resulting in the rescue of one car, but complete defeat in the case of the food car. At 10 p.m. all idea of progress in the salvage work was abandoned, and a few stout hearts wading out to the food car, the second meal for that day was consumed.

There was nothing for it but to remain in the cars until daylight; those in the back seats had an opportunity to stretch their legs and snatch some sleep, but the unfortunates in the front seats were out of luck. A chilly damp mist soaked the awnings of the cars, the smells from the marsh rose in generous volume, the pi-dogs in the distance set up their dismal howlings, the Iraq police, obtained for the protection of the convoy during the night, and dressed in their goatskins with long rifles slung on their backs, moved stealthily between the vehicles. Thus the whole night.

The leaden morning witnessed renewed efforts to free the bogged vehicle, and finally, with the assistance of a gang of Arabs from Falujah, and a Ford car, the reluctant chassis was unstuck. The leader of the convoy, realizing the improbability of getting to Baghdad that day, went on to the city at daybreak in a Ford to arrange for other Fords to be dispatched for the marooned passengers. The rescuing vehicles arrived at about 11 a.m., and with their light loadings were able to negotiate the bogging surface.

The approach to Baghdad was even more distressing than the desert. That unutterable waste can frankly never be anything else, but the land between Falujah and Baghdad looks as though human hens had scratched a bit, fouled the surface, and then scratched elsewhere.

In the distance the buildings and mosques of this City of Beautiful Nonsense look magnificent, and distance lends enchantment. A close approach, and yet another bubble of illusion is pricked. This, the Magical City of the East! Ye gods!

The journey from Baghdad to Mosul by air normally takes about two and half hours. Surface travelling, however, is quite another story. On our arrival we found that there

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was only one weekly train, the rail track terminating at a place called Shergat, some seventy miles from Mosul. The train was due to leave at 8 p.m., but we were told that unless something very extraordinary happened it was unlikely to leave until at least an hour after the scheduled time. The arrival at Shergat was timed for noon the next day, but on this occasion noon still saw the train many miles from its destination, which was not reached until 4 p.m. The track is built upon a sand ramp, and could not possibly support a swiftly moving train ; it is really wonderful that it stands up to the work it does. Our train consisted of fifty carriages, and the speed at the most optimistic estimation was never more than ten miles per hour ; at certain times it was possible to get out and walk, many of the passengers taking the opportunity for exercise. On one occasion, the engine got hot and bothered, completely losing its head of steam and necessitating a long halt. The weather was most unkind, for it rained most of the time, and, moreover, rain of a cold variety. The countryside consisted entirely of stretches of mud and sand for as far as the eye could reach, unrelieved by anything except a few Bedouin encampments.

On finally reaching Shergat, we found that cars from Mosul had arrived during the forenoon to convey stores and passengers to the Armoured Car Base. It was, however, too late in the day to make a start, so the night was spent in the rest camp, maintained for such contingencies, at the Iraq Levies' Post.

The following morning the vehicles left the rest camp at 8.30, but the ground was in a terrible condition. As at Falujah, so here, a vast sea of mud. The distance to Mosul is roughly seventy miles, but of roads there are none in the proper sense of the word, only tracks, and the surface is such that the slightest drop of rain turns it into a liquid state ; on the other hand, the mud dries directly there is a complete day of sunshine. We were informed that we had to expect the ground to be impassable until about March, when the rain is due to cease, and, like the messages of Stephen Leacock's great-great-grandfather, " all is bright and beautiful."

After a series of many tiresome boggings, the cars side-slipped into Mosul at 3 p.m., having taken six and a half hours to cover the seventy miles.

The first impressions of Mosul to a newcomer are apt to be somewhat confused, and time is required to digest

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them. With a population of over 70,000—the inhabitants are heterogeneous, Arabs, Turks, Kurds, Indians, Armenians, and Assyrians all rub shoulders in the streets—the atmosphere of the town is essentially Arabian. There are two small shops with a wonderful collection of European goods—miniature Harrods, though the assistants number only two. On approaching the town, the nose is assailed with that acrid mustiness of the East, which reaches its greatest intensity in the bazaar. Here, on the cobbled surfaces between the lines of stalls, bits of meat are fried on skewers, cakes baked, and chuppatties laid out for sale, drinks of fearsome colours concocted. Winding in and out, trains of camels plod along superciliously, led by wonderfully patient mules, and barked at by ubiquitous pi-dogs ; miscellaneous collections of refuse, mixing with the mud, release their particles in the wind to settle upon the exposed foodstuffs and sweetmeats exhibited for sale, thus providing that aromatic spicy flavour of Araby. Every few yards squabbles between rival vendors take place, water carriers jostle unclean and malformed beggars, whilst the roasters of chestnuts hurl invectives at the purveyors of sweetmeats, and venerable lords and masters ride upon the hind-quarters of mules, followed by their wives on foot, heavily burdened and veiled. These latter are literally bearers of burdens and children. Smells and shrill tones fill the air, each as perturbing as the other—the whole a moving, pulsating vision of the Arabian Nights scenes. As a reminder of stern reality, the town jail stands at the end of the bazaar, and behind it in a long, winding street is a triangular piece of ground where formerly the bodies of criminals, executed within the jail, depended from gallows for public edification.

Within the town there are numerous different churches and mosques, their exteriors decorated with mosaic of Mosul blue and green—imposing from the distance, but on close inspection seen to be in varying stages of disrepair and decay. Usually a solitary stork can be seen perched on the domes, immobile and reflective.

Most of the mosques have histories attached to them. One of them boasts a straight tower with three circular rings near the top, just below the platform for the muezzin. It is related that the work of building was carried out by Christian slaves, who, in order to ease their conscience for erecting a Moslem mosque, built it in these three rings, though not according to plan. The tower completed, the taskmasters

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discovered that the purpose of the three rings was to represent the Christian Trinity, and the culprits were executed.

An explanation for another mosque which also has trouble with its tower, in that it makes an alarming angle with the vertical, is that one day the prophet in his astral body passed Mosul, and the tower leant over in homage. There may, of course, be other explanations, but it would be tedious to relate them.

The main street of Mosul is Nineveh Street, a roadway of excellent proportions and straightness, but full of holes and cobbles, which leads down to a bridge across the Tigris, and so to the ruins of Nineveh.

Apart from obtaining the general outlines of Nineveh's ramparts, very little can be seen of the ruins. Here and there cuttings in the walls have been made, exhibiting sections of the brickwork ; the old excavation pits have been sealed up, and all that the ordinary person can view is the dust and sand of centuries forming a thirty-foot thick covering over the ruins.

That part of the ruins which is supposed to be most prolific in interesting relics lies immediately underneath the village of Nebi Zunis, but so far, for various reasons, no excavations there have been made.

It is at Nebi Zunis where one sees the tomb of Jonah. There is a certain amount of controversy concerning the identity of the said Jonah. One sect declares that it has nothing whatsoever to do with the biblical Jonah, but the keepers of the tomb have no doubt that it was the individual of whale fame, and for a little " baksheesh " will exhibit a piece of whalebone which he brought back with him. Yet another more prosaic school aver that Jonah had a weakness for the fair sex, and on arrival at Nineveh so far forgot himself as to wander into Whale Street—in ancient Nineveh, disorderly houses were designated by the insignia of a whale, and that quarter of the city was known as Whale Street—where he stayed for three days, eventually returning to a more respectable mode of life and his mission to the wicked in Nineveh.

II.

The first few days after arrival in Mosul were spent in obtaining one's bearings, so to speak, in armoured car work, which was new to we three newcomers—George, Lofty and

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myself, to give the other two fictitious nicknames. When sufficient details had been absorbed, we were entrusted with a road reconnaissance to the town of Tel Afar.

There was a distinctly chilly bite in the air when the convoy was reported ready at 9 a.m., and those who were leaving nothing to chance took their flying helmets with them.

On this occasion the convoy was in full strength as it drove out of the station, across the aerodrome and down in the direction of the south-westerly outskirts of Mosul. An hour before three vehicles had gone on ahead with stores, kit, etc., but, unfortunately, one of them took an evil-looking ditch at too fast a pace and fractured her chassis. This had necessitated the dispatch of another car to take its place, and as the convoy approached the kicking-off place into the Blue, one of its number was detached to tow the damaged vehicle to the base.

Lofty, who was in charge of the sub-section, travelled in the leading armoured Rolls, following the Ford. As he, too, was a newcomer, it was a case of the blind leading the blind, though I had taken the precaution of taking my Assyrian bearer with me, as he stated he knew the way—but that might have meant anything. Maps really are of very little use, except merely as a general indication, the tracks themselves constantly changing according to weather conditions. The duration of the journey was estimated at three and a half hours, so after a couple of hours a halt was called for the personnel to take a few minutes' respite.

As convoys always travel on a war footing and under active service conditions, a very definite routine is followed whenever a halt is made. No engine is switched off until the word of command is given by the officer in charge. On the order being given to halt and switch off engines, the driver of the car gets out and inspects the wheels and engine; all loose nuts and bolts are tightened up, radiator inspected, and the vehicle generally looked over. The gunners of the leading and rear cars stand up on the top of their turrets to scan the surroundings and report anything sighted, whilst the second gunners test the easy working of the guns. Not until these precautions have been taken are the crews of the cars at liberty to leave their posts.

It might appear that all these precautions are needless; they may be at present, but if in peace time these things are practised, they will become automatic in times of trouble.

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Besides, there is always the odd chance, so to speak. Such a chance happened some years ago, unfortunately, and at Tel Afar itself. The incident was one of the first happenings of the rebellion. Two cars approached Tel Afar and negotiated the hilly bend leading up to the village in close formation instead of the rear car waiting until the leading car had got through and signalled "all clear." The first car lost its engine, and both halted on the steep incline. The villagers on the top of the hill rolled down big boulders in front of and behind the unfortunate vehicles, so that they were unable to move. At the time the occupants were not to know that the first act of the rebellion would be perpetrated upon them, and in this incident is exemplified the sort of odd chance which is possible, but which probably would never happen again in a hundred years.

After the halt there was a fairly straight run for another hour, until the approach to Tel Afar, after which the remaining half-hour was spent in competing with the twists and turns into the village itself. Arrangements had been made to use some buildings at Tel Afar for the accommodation of the crews and the cars, for the weather was far too cold and uncertain to make sleeping in the open without tents very attractive.

Our plans being to stay at the town for the night and carry on to Tel Awainat the next day, several of us decided to try our luck with the gun for an hour or two. On the way out we called in on the local chief man—or Quaimaquam, as he is called—who told us the best places to get duck and, what was more to the point, detailed two scallywags to show us the way and carry such spoils that might fall to our unerring aim. The way led through a desolate orchard down to a narrow, swift stream, both sides of which were wooded, and the ground excessively smelly and muddy. Nothing but water-fowl and a type of crested swallow seemed to be about, but on emerging out of the wood on to the flat plain, a solitary duck flapped into the air, and the experts ahead fired. The approach apparently was wrong. Farther along more duck and more shots. I forget what was the fault on this occasion. So far I had felt diffident about discharging my poor old single-barrel gun, but now determined that, if a target presented itself, I might as well miss it as the experts.

The stream coming out of the wood wound a spiral path between forlorn-looking fields, innocent of any vegetation

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even weeds. Now and then a stray Arab horseman passed, and on reaching a small ford we stopped to watch a camel caravan cross. These animals, apparently impervious to all feeling, are a continual source of wonderment. Their patience is almost as colossal as their superciliousness. Thus pondering, I was rudely disturbed by half-suppressed hisses from the experts ahead, who had taken up crouching attitudes. Interpreting the hisses to mean that I should likewise crouch, the posture was effected with bated breath. Bang, bang! from both barrels of the experts' guns, but the target flew on steadily over my head, its neck feathers being of a delicate blue-green.

"Sahib, Sahib!" from the Quaimaquam's hireling. My chowkodar fired, and the target fell to the ground—my first teal!

The tramp back after the shoot was rather tedious and bitterly cold. Just before entering the village, Lofty and his friend sighted more duck, and, being optimists, went off after them. George and myself carried on after detaching one of the guides to follow the other two and show them the way back. Unfortunately, it was necessary to return through the middle of the village, the streets of which were merely lanes. The low flat roofs of the mud houses provided excellent vantage points for all the village dogs to snarl and hurl their venom at us; the noise was deafening and their attitude ferocious. They were horrible beasts, more than half jackal. The villagers looked on with a non-committal air, but made way for us, most of them getting up from their haunches. One particular street was covered in with trellis-work, and no doubt was cool and shady in summer, but too suitable for evil deeds during the hours of darkness.

On our arrival at our temporary abode, bearer John had tea ready, and we fell to with gusto. Lofty's friend drifted in some little time later, and eventually Lofty himself appeared.

"Well, chaps," he began. A cup of tea was pushed over to him. "Well, I'm dashed! I thought you would all be anxious."

"Anxious! Why? We specially sent the guide back to wait for you."

It then transpired that the guide had found his friend only, and poor Lofty had to find his way back alone. In his humorous way he explained how at the close of sunset he

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had wandered back. Pi-dogs approached him from all quarters, and on reaching the trellised street, the story of the happenings at this village at the outbreak of the rebellion came vividly before his mind. In his own words—" I Mother-Hubbarded every dashed Arab that looked at me, and beat it as quickly as possible before another rebellion could break out. Now, when I do arrive, you calmly offer me a cup of tea. I expected you all to be distraught with anxiety for my safety."

(The allusion to " Mother Hubbard " needs explanation. Previously Lofty had asked for an Arabic greeting, and was told to say, " Mir Hubber." He could never remember this phrase, and always called it " Mother Hubbard ")

After dinner, a rubber of bridge, and so to bed. Three of us slept in the " mess " room, whilst Lofty and his friend were in a room near by. The fireplaces had no chimney, so that the smoke from the logs filled the room. Even though our eyes watered and smarted, it was preferable being " smoked " to being frozen, for during the night there were at least ten degrees of frost.

The next morning we shaved in the dark and breakfasted at seven, so as to make an early start for Tel Awainat. As soon as it was light enough to obtain a weather forecast, an inspection of the sky was made. A low-lying dark belt was creeping up from the east, which foreboded no good, whilst the wind on the surface had shifted round to the south, a bad quarter in these parts. There was a disquieting lull in the atmosphere, so after a council of war it was decided to beat it for home and not risk getting caught out in the Blue. A solitary snowflake sealed the decision. This alteration of plans meant unloading some of the vehicles and reloading others, unrigging the wireless mast, etc., but within three-quarters of an hour the work was completed and all the armoured cars, with crews aboard and engines running, were lined up outside the building.

The return journey was uneventful except for delay through a few punctures, and the convoy arrived back just as the snow started to fall in earnest. It fell steadily for the next twenty-four hours.

III.

The previous trip on the road between Shergat and Mosul was made in a slimy sea of mud, but now a fortnight's

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sun had made the ground as hard as iron, and in a short while the sharp ridges of the ruts made by vehicles in the muddy stage would become broken, a layer of dust several inches thick covering the surface. Even under existing conditions a motor travelling at any speed left a trail of dust a hundred yards long and thirty feet high, as the rear cars found to their cost. Amongst the Armoured Car fraternity this dust cloud is referred to as " smoke."

For sixteen miles out of Mosul there is a metalled road, and then all pretence at a road is honestly abandoned. This metalled road provides a solid foundation in wet weather and supports less dust in the dry, but undoubtedly it excels at the merry little game of switchback and " Hi-cock-alorum—Jig, Jig, Jig." But for these diversions it would be rather uninteresting. Certainly there is the figure-of-eight bend to negotiate, with its precipitous sides, and always the excitement of running into a camel train. Invariably these supercilious animals do one of three things—viz : (*a*) Pass the convoy with dignified aloofness ; (*b*) let out with their hoofs at the radiators ; or (*c*) bolt down the road immediately ahead of the motor. This last action is peculiarly exasperating to all concerned, and the sight of a camel trotting in its uneven and unrhythmical gait is positively nerve-racking.

Only one village happens at the side of the road, and is known as Stork Village. At certain seasons of the year these quaint old " gentlemen," considered sacred by the villagers, perch in couples on the roof of each hut, to watch serenely the world revolve upon its lawful occasion. Occasionally, however, through some laborious mental process an idea may filter into one of their brains, and forthwith the alarmed creature flaps off hurriedly to the next roof, presumably for the purpose of disclosing the Great Idea.

From the metalled road the way leads over a series of hills with wadis at every base ; stones of all sizes littered the tracks, and became ever-present dangers to the sumps and back axles. Armoured cars are wonderfully adapted for this type of work, and the way they negotiate boulders and steep wadis is little short of marvellous. The hills continued until Quayarah was reached. Here there is untapped oil, and the thick black mess can be seen percolating the surface : if one of the pools be excited with a stick, the black ooze becomes active and bubbles furiously.

It was at Shergat military post that we intended to make

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a temporary base for the cruise, and the spot was reached at 1 p.m. After a short rest to the engines, we started off for the Baiji Plain.

Three miles from Shergat are the ruins of Asshur, past which we had to go, but before getting there we encountered a peculiarly vicious wadi. An Irish bridge had been constructed across it, but at the far side there was a drop of at least a foot, and so constituted that the back axle of any car crossing was in imminent danger of dislocation. By means of building up with such stones as could be gathered and one man standing in front of the car to guide it, the whole convoy crossed without mishap. The small slit in the armour in front of the driver gives a very limited view, and on such occasions it is absolutely essential for one of the crew to act as a guide.

It is at Asshur that the panorama of the Petrified Waves presents itself, and to get the full benefit of it, it is essential first to go over the ruins and obtain the necessary mental atmosphere, and then climb to the top of the Ziggarat, the temple to Anu. But the section had much work to do before sight-seeing, so course was set towards Baiji Plain, it being intended to visit the ruins on the return journey.

Leaving Asshur on the left, the cars swung round through a maze of foothills where the remains of Turkish trenches can be seen into a long stretch of desert, covered with tufts of grass at least two inches high, in places threatening even more progress.

Though it was still early in the afternoon, there were quite a number of plover about and myriads of sand grouse. These latter provide no sport, as a shot into a passing cloud will bring down half a dozen. Plover, however, provide a certain amount of amusement, especially if shot at from the top of a swiftly moving car. All is in favour of the plover.

A halt was made for a late lunch of boiled Maconochie, tea, and biscuit. Whilst the crew prepared their repast, Lofty and George sighted half a dozen coulon. Vision of a change from the usual mess meat of water-buffalo clouded our brains as we stalked the said coulon, but they were shy birds, and as we advanced so they retreated, though after luring us away for a couple of miles they halted all unsuspecting, magnificent specimens standing in the heat haze on the ridge. Bang ! bang ! and the coulon flapped into the air at least a

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mile away, when we realized that both their size and the distance from us had been completely distorted by mirage.

After lunch a quick run along this strip of desert, over a ridge of jabals, and down into the Baiji Plain. On crossing the ridges, a remarkable view is obtained. All the jabals stop short at the river—to rise again some miles farther on the other side—and to the west and south-west nothing but unending flatness. Three miles to the west was a railway track and a small gang shelter, which promised to afford excellent facilities for a base on future occasions. A few minutes' run over the delightfully smooth surface brought us to the shelter, consisting of a small galvanized iron rotunda, a large water tank, and rejoicing in the designation of 168/12. The two Arab occupants appeared to have very little to do, for there was only one weekly train, and their sole duty appeared to be to fill up the water tank from this train and generally frighten off evil-doers, for which purpose one of them possessed a rifle.

Here was the very locality we had been endeavouring to find for our training. A section of cars sent out into the Blue for a week and told to get on with it could have no better place than this. Unlimited manœuvring space ready at hand, where changes in formation, alterations of courses, etc., could be practised at top speed without the danger of suddenly being pitched into wadis with broken axles and springs ; full clear range for machine-gun practice without any necessity for a buttress ; opportunity for any amount of lamp signalling, both between distant points on the plain and from the top of a jabal to the plain ; a surface flatter than a calm sea for practising navigational sights ; water at hand in the railway tank in case of emergencies, and comparatively easy access to the railhead at Shergat. The one drawback was the mirage effects, but as these abound everywhere it would not make much difference as regards suitability. On one occasion as we sat on the ground gazing into the distance we saw a few dozen sheep half a mile away drinking out of a large lake, but on our standing up the lake disappeared and the sheep merely grazed. In all directions, without any sequence of time or space intervals, cool refreshing pools sparkled invitingly in the sunlight. Not a cloud in the sky, nothing but a deep, deep blue, and as the sun beat down on the parched plain the heat waves looked like shimmering wires rising out of the ground.

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At the conclusion of the few exercises carried out a defect in the petrol feed of one of the cars necessitated considerable delay, and further progress was abandoned.

* * * * *

The next day being Sunday, a certain amount of relaxation was thought desirable, and a run over to the ruins of Asshur was arranged.

The vehicles were parked at a convenient spot, and the ancient city, which stands like a rocky island on the plain with the Tigris flowing at its base, was approached from the western side where the Germans carried out excavations during the war. Climbing over the outer walls and walking across the city, the formations of the houses were readily distinguishable—that is, the houses built in the latest period of Asshur's existence ; for there are three distinct cities built on top of each other on the same site. The earliest or lowest stratum consists of the ordinary mutty brick so common in Iraq ; the next stratum is of fire-baked brick, and the top or latest contains chiefly soft, white marble. It is possible, of course, that all of these materials may have been used in certain buildings, but even taking this into consideration it is fairly evident that there are three distinct layers.

The *pièce de resistance* of the ruins is undoubtedly the Ziggarat, or tower—the temple to Anu—and it is from the top of this that the wonderful panorama of the Petrified Waves can be obtained. Standing at the summit and facing approximately north, the Shergat Plain with the Tigris running right through it lays flat and level like the sandy bottom of some sea-bed. Thus for miles as far as the eye can reach from the north to the east, relieved only by a small range of jabals on the horizon. From the north to the west, rising abruptly from the plain without any excuse or visible reason, is the vista of the Petrified Waves. These hundred feet high undulations of sharply crested sandstone hills resemble more than anything else a storm-tossed sea. They are all of the same hue, incline in the same direction, and, it is almost safe to say, are of the same amplitude. It is just as though all the water had been gathered up from the sandy sea-bed and at the wave of a genie's wand turned to sandstone, before having time to upset itself. Not a vestige of herbage can be seen on these staccato mummified waves, and the aspect is sinister, remorseless. For a moment the wondering mind is seized

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with panic lest the tension of some hidden spring be released and these inscrutable monstrosities, shooting forward, palpitate their stony bodies over the plain. Such a grotesque happening would be as nought in this age-weary, nerveless land, surrounded as it is by the vast expanses of soulless distances expressive only of moribundity. At their very feet these grim sentinels have watched two great civilizations come and go, but theirs is an infinite patience, and they know. Sweeping across the Petrified Waves to the southward, our eyes meet a low range of hills running from west to east, and then the perfect flatness of the Baiji expanse. On the slopes of the ridges clouds of sand grouse in perfect formation fly from spot to spot over the breeding-grounds of the ravaging locusts. Ever the same tale of devastation in this mysterious land.

GEORGE STANLEY.

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THE BREAKING POINT

IT was a dismal Sunday evening, the rain beating against the window panes, and the steady breeze chanting a forlorn tune as Walter Anstruther sat in an armchair in front of the drawing-room fire, his head in his hands, and a troubled expression on his face. The hard-set features and weather-beaten face belied his age, and at first glance it was hard to believe that he was only a flight-lieutenant. A year as prisoner of war and continuous flying ever since his release were responsible for his oldish appearance.

The weather report, containing as it did the warning of another depression, gave small hope of the special wireless tests of the Curlew machine being carried out the next day as arranged. Anstruther passed his hand wearily over his forehead—he simply must pull himself together, as this agitation was fatal to his nerves. After all, he had flown for over two thousand hours and at least twenty different types of machines, so that it was sheer nonsense to feel any qualms about the Curlew. True, the type was a little over-sensitive on controls and stalled without any warning, but the twenty odd hours already spent in Curlews had caused him no anxiety. There was, of course, the chance——

"Walter," called out his wife from the top of the stairs, "come up and say good-night to Betsy and Cyril."

"Right." He put a knob of coal on the fire and walked slowly to the door. The childish chatter reaching his ears as he ascended the stairs lifted the air of gloom about him.

"Dad—die," came the chorus from the children's bedroom. For the next few minutes gurgles of delight filled the room as the father related the oft-repeated bedtime stories. Betsy, aged five, for her part preferred stories of fairy princesses and dashing princes charming; but Cyril, two years older, voting them silly and only suitable for girls, demanded yarns of a more stirring nature, with a special preference for air episodes.

"Daddy, what did the pilot do when the flying ogre attacked him?" asked Cyril breathlessly, interrupting his father.

"Ugh!" screamed little Betsy, hiding her head under the clothes.

"Oh—er—he woke up," replied the father, at a loss to round off the climax.

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Betsy looked up with relief, but her small brother was obviously disappointed that there had not been a gory fight.

" Time you children went off to sleep,"—giving them a final tuck and going to the door.

" Daddy," called out Cyril.

" Yes, what is it ?"

" When I am a big man like you, I am going to fly."

" Expect so, old chap "—with a wan smile. " But you must go to sleep now."

The man returned to the drawing-room and stared into the fire. Perhaps it was his son's enthusiasm for flying that made him a little more cheerful, for though he took up the broken line of thought again, it was in a more optimistic frame of mind. Curlews ? Of course, they were of a reliable design ; the event of a fortnight ago clearly demonstrated it. He recalled in detail every incident of that event. No machine could have behaved better than the Curlew that day ; when over the desolate rocky cliffs the engine had cut out completely and the seaplane maintained her air speed at a wondrously flat glide, enabling him to reach the comparative safety of the small bay. A descent outside in the open sea with the big foam-crested breakers would have been a forlorn hope ; the last final spiral to get head into wind for landing in the bay was as much due to the manœuvring powers of the aircraft as to his own skill, and the fact that after landing the forward motion carried the seaplane on to the sharp raggedness of the half-submerged rocks, was entirely caused by the swirl of the ebbing tide. Here no faulty construction or design of machine, but rather a fortuitous happening—an air lock in the petrol system and a cruel coast line. Naturally, the floats were pounded to matchwood and the sinking wreck carried out towards the bottle-necked entrance of the bay.

The furrow on his forehead deepened, and quite suddenly he felt an irresistible desire to giggle hysterically. Yes, that was it—Chance. A merry gamble with Fate ! On the one side his own skill and design of machine, on the other, the possibility of defective wires, bolts, etc., and the rocky coast beneath.

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The commanding officer of the seaplane station hurried over to his quarters to snatch a hasty lunch before the departure of the Curlew on its wireless tests. The weather

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had cleared considerably during the forenoon, despite the forecast, and though the sun failed to penetrate through the leaden ceiling, the rain clouds had drifted away altogether.

" Sorry to have to hurry you," he said to his wife at the lunch-table, " but I have stacks of work to do, and the adjutant insists on my presence in the office before flying starts."

" Are you flying yourself to-day ?"

He laid down his fork and shook his head ; as a matter of fact, he made a point of not discussing with his wife the occasions when he took the air, for, ever since he broke his leg on one unfortunate occasion, she was inclined to be nervous.

During the meal he gathered from his wife that she had met Mrs. Anstruther that morning at the local village tea-rooms, whither wives were wont to congregate after the morning's shopping, to partake of numerous cups of tea and pass the time of day. Indeed, the place almost fulfilled the functions of a ladies' morning club. Here it was that wives unburdened their souls to each other, albeit sometimes unwisely, and discussed things strange and fearful to the mere masculine mind, but on the whole it served as a safety valve, and did much to foster a feeling of camaraderie and *esprit de corps*.

" Yes, poor thing," continued his wife, " her cook is leaving, and both she and her Walter are feeling rather seedy."

" Umph!" laying down his napkin. " Excuse me rushing off like this."

Back in his office, the commanding officer busied himself with documents which the adjutant had left on his desk. After several minutes had elapsed there came a knock at the door, and Flight-Lieutenant Anstruther entered in his flying kit.

" All ready, sir," he reported.

The other looked up. " Oh, good. You know all the details?"

" Yes, sir, they are quite clear. If there is nothing else, I will carry on down to the slipway and start up the engine."

" Yes, please "—returning to the documents on his desk. Though his eyes were directed on the papers, the commanding officer's thoughts were otherwise occupied, and they caused a troubled expression to cross his face. So Anstruther had been feeling seedy ? A pity, for he was one of the best

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pilots on the station. Possessed imagination—a drawback sometimes.

Suddenly he opened one of the drawers of his desk and took out a private diary in which was noted all the flying carried out by his officers. It showed that Anstruther had flown regularly ever since joining the station. He closed the book with a snap and got up out of his chair. Yes, that was what it was—the fellow was worrying over his recent forced landing, and his ever-conscientious soul had taken it to heart too much. The nervous twitching of the fingers, that wild, haunted look at the back of his eyes were danger signals which should not be disregarded.

Reaching for his cap, he went out of the office, making his way towards the slipway where Anstruther, seated in the Curlew, warmed up the engine, whilst the wireless observer, leaning out of the cockpit, settled some final point before the departure.

As the commanding officer appeared, the party of mechanics closed round the machine preparatory to guiding its trolley down the slipway, and the man at the electric winch-house looked out of his little window to watch for the signal to start his machinery.

Anstruther lifted his goggles for a final look round and was about to give the signal when he caught sight of the commanding officer. Now that he had actually got into the Curlew and was ready to go, the hunted look in his eyes had somewhat subsided, giving place to one of grim determination.

"Half a minute," shouted the commanding officer. Experience in dealing with air personnel had given this officer a ready facility for psychological diagnosis. "I think I will come with you and do the wireless myself—I should like to get a little fresh air." He motioned to the wireless observer to get out of the machine and, having relieved him of his flying jacket, got into the vacant seat.

As the seaplane travelled slowly down into the water, he kept up a running conversation with Anstruther. The two men had flown together quite a lot on sea patrols during the war, and the older man recalled various incidents, humorous and otherwise, which they had encountered together.

The effect of the commanding officer's action and confidence of manner produced a wonderful effect upon the pilot; no longer did his hands nervously finger the controls or make unnecessary adjustments to the fittings in his cockpit,

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and his own former self was completely restored. Now he was the keen, cool, and capable pilot he had been prior to this nerve exhaustion and weariness of soul.

The seaplane taxied along the water until it got into position and then quickly rose into the air. When sufficient height had been obtained to admit of unreeling the aerial, the commanding officer disappeared inside his cockpit to start the rather complicated tests. For over an hour the machine skirted the coast and not a word passed between the two men until finally the elder man got up with a grunt and stretched his legs.

" That's that "—with an air of relief. The dull grey of the atmosphere was most depressing and drops of moisture festooned the body of the machine. Leaning over, the commanding officer tapped his companion on the shoulder.

" What about a drop of sun ?"—pointing to the leaden vault above. " We can stay up for another hour."

Anstruther, nodding with alacrity, put the machine into a stiff climb and the grey blanket soon swallowed them up. For the next thousand feet all was blotted out and a nasty drizzle beat against their faces. The damp embrace, however, came to an abrupt termination as the aircraft shot up out of the cloud bank into a new world of bright sunshine. Unknown to the other, the commanding officer watched the pilot's movements intently for some minutes and smiled to himself.

" Like to throw her about a bit before we descend ?" he asked suddenly.

The seaplane was under the complete command of Anstruther and obedient to his slightest touch. With absolute precision and easy confidence he performed all manner of aerobatics, laughing at the mental torture of the evening before—though it is doubtful whether he fully appreciated that this new access of confidence was due to his superior's insight of flying psychology.

On the termination of the flight, the commanding officer strolled towards the office talking to Anstruther.

" By the way," he said presently, " we have a lot to do at the end of the next month, so you had better get a spot of leave in before it is too late. We could work in that trip to Switzerland." These two for some time had considered joining forces, together with their respective wives, for a winter sports holiday.

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That evening after dinner the commanding officer delivered his bombshell to his good lady.

"I say, Enid, I have told Anstruther that we shall be able to get away with them for winter sports at the end of the week, and have asked him to bring his madame round to-night to discuss plans. . . ."

"But—we can't possibly yet—the children—why, Nannie wants to get. . . ."

He got up with a whimsical smile and took her hand.

"Remember last year, old sport?" He referred to a nervous breakdown he had almost suffered when overstrain had sapped his flying confidence. "It was only the timely spell of leave and old man Langlois' confidence in me that pulled me through and set me on my feet again."

"Why—you are not feeling . . ." she began anxiously.

"I *am* feeling"—with a merry twinkle in his usually grave eyes. "Why, I hear them at the door—at the end of the week, remember old thing"—squeezing her hand as the maid opened the door to announce Flight-Lieutenant and Mrs. Anstruther.

SUPER MARE.

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FRANCE'S AFRICAN ARMIES

THE vast French African Empire, which stretches from the Mediterranean to below the Equator and comprises such greatly differing lands as Algeria, the protectorates of Morocco and Tunisia, Mauritania, Senegal, French Guinea, the Cameroons and French Equatorial Africa, is held by a collection of small local armies, each distinct and self-contained; or centralization would be impossible, so widely separated are the various French dominions, so difficult communication between them, so diverse the races, so different the conditions in each.

Of these armies, the first-born, the largest and the most important, the one with the longest and most glorious traditions, is the Algerian. This army not only forms, under the title of the XIXe Corps d'Armée, the garrison of Algeria, but is also able to lend troops to Morocco, Tunisia, Syria, and even France and Occupied Germany.

It consists of three divisions of all arms, with, in addition, special corps troops, local troops (chiefly camel corps) in the Military Territories of the Sahara, and irregular forces called *goums*, often the following of tribal chiefs who command them under the orders of French officers. In the Great War some members of influential and noble Arab families, like Caïd Ali Ben Gana of Ouled Djellal and Abdul Aziz, Agha of El Oued, entered Spahi regiments as lieutenants or sub-lieutenants, and brought parties of followers who were enrolled in the ranks.

General Headquarters are at Algiers, and the headquarters of the divisions are situated in Algiers, Constantine and Oran respectively.

In addition to the three divisions, the Algerian Army comprises also special troops in the Sahara, with which I shall deal separately later on.

The officers of all the Algerian corps are French with rare exceptions, these exceptions being—(*a*) foreign-born officers of the Foreign Legion, who, although serving France, may be allowed to retain their foreign nationality; and (*b*) a few Arab or Berber officers in the native corps, who hitherto usually never advanced beyond the rank of captain, but now —if they pass through the Military School and all the same

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examinations as Frenchmen—can attain any grade. There is little chance of their number being great for a long time yet, if ever, in the higher ranks.

The rank and file of the Chasseurs d'Afrique and of the Zouaves and Foreign Legion are European, as well as of the artillery and engineers for the most part—some drivers in the former and certain artisans in the latter being native. The drivers of the Train are also native.

The rank and file of the Spahis and of the Tirailleurs Algériens are Arabs and Berbers ; of the Tirailleurs Sénégalais are negroes from Senegal, the Cameroons, the French Soudan, etc.

It is intended, I believe, to embody one regiment of Tirailleurs Sénégalais eventually in each Algerian division, the infantry of which will then consist of one regiment of Zouaves, two of Tirailleurs Algériens, and one of Tirailleurs Sénégalais. At present there are only two Senegalese regiments in Algeria, the 13th in Algiers and elsewhere in the Department of Algiers, the 15th with headquarters at Phillipville and a battalion at Biskra (furnishing detachments at El Kantara, Touggourt, El Oued, etc.). The Senegalese infantry uniform is khaki with a red fez. The badge is an anchor with the number of the regiment ; for Senegalese corps belong to the Colonial Army, not to the Metropolitan Army of France (of which the Algerian Army forms part), and inherit the badge of the Infanterie de Marine, which became the Infanterie Coloniale.

To understand the beginnings and the composition of the Algerian Army, some knowledge of the history, geography and inhabitants of Algeria is necessary. Originally peopled by Berbers, a race of European immigrants, it is believed, and occupied successively by Carthage, Rome, the Vandals and the Byzantines, it was eventually overrun in the eleventh century by the Arabs, who drove the Berbers into the mountains or far south into the Sahara. From the fifteenth or sixteenth century its seaports became nests of pirates, who attacked the ships and ravaged the coasts of every maritime European Power. The worst of them was Algiers, which was nominally under the suzerainty of Turkey, but really independent under its Pasha or Dey, with an indifferent army recruited from among the criminals of the Levant, and no regular navy, but merely a number of privateering vessels owned privately.

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At last, in 1830, the King of France sent a naval squadron and an army of 30,000 to 40,000 men, which captured the city. This was only the beginning of a long and bloody struggle for the conquest and pacification of Algeria, which may be said to have lasted until 1871. It needed the heroism of generations of French soldiers before the land was finally at peace. During this time the foundations of France's magnificent African empire, of which not many people have a true conception, were laid.

Geographically, the country is divided into : (1) The Tell or fertile maritime belt of plains and low hills between the Mediterranean and the Atlas Ranges. In it are the cities and most of the important towns. (2) The mountainous regions and a long stretch of uncultivated steppes, 2,000 to 4,000 feet high, lying to the south, and called the Hauts Plateaux, ending in the Aurès, Hodna, Ouled Naïl, Amour and Ksour ranges. (3) Southernmost of all, the Sahara, the vast desert of apparently barren soil, sand, stones and rugged mountains—some 9,000 feet and snow-clad for months—that reaches almost to the Niger. Where water can be got by wells and irrigation it is very fertile.

Politically, Algeria is no longer a colony, but a Department of France, returning two senators and three deputies to the Parliament in Paris. It is divided into three departments, Algiers, Constantine and Oran, each extending southward so as to have its fair share of fertile zone, mountains, steppes and Sahara. The European population numbers about 800,000, the native 5,500,000. The latter are fairly evenly divided between Berbers and Arabs in the true Algeria, with a comparatively small number of Jews, mostly town-dwelling. In the Sahara are Arabs, negroes and Touareg, the latter of Berber origin. With the exception of the Jews, all natives are Mahommedans.

The aboriginal inhabitants, the Berbers, reputed to have come in prehistoric times from the Caucasus, have acquired some admixture of foreign blood during the many occupations of North Africa by the various outside conquerors. They are lighter in colour than the Arabs as a rule, many being fair-skinned with grey or blue eyes and sandy, almost reddish, hair and beards. They are spare but sturdily built. They are hard-working, abstemious, full of endurance, warlike, quarrelsome and independent, and make good soldiers. They are thrifty and fond of money, to gain which they flock to

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the cities and France, or even go farther afield. But after amassing a competence they return to settle in their villages, which are generally situated in the mountains.

Although not strict Mahommedans, they are much under the influence of their marabouts or " holy men."

They are quicker-witted and take more readily to education than do the Arabs. They have a distinct language of their own, but most learn to use Arabic and many French. Those who reside in the mountainous districts of La Grande Kabylie and La Petite Kabylie are known as Kabyles ; those dwelling in the Aurès Mountains are called Shawias (the French write it " Chaouias ").

The Arabs are less energetic and fond of work, and are breeders and herders of camels, horses, cattle, sheep and goats rather than cultivators like the Berbers, who are generally agriculturalists or artisans. Many are nomads and live in tents or rude huts ; while those of them in the Sahara regularly wander northwards to the Hauts Plateaux with their flocks in the summer to escape the heat, and return to the desert in the winter, bringing goods for barter in their migrations north and south. Most French officers with whom I have talked on the subject consider the Berbers superior as fighting-men.

To turn now to the European regiments of cavalry and infantry of Algeria, the first regiments of the famous Chasseurs d'Afrique were formed in the first or second year of the French occupation of Algiers. The Chasseurs d'Afrique are recruited among the European inhabitants of Algeria (many of whom are not of French origin, although French subjects) or in France. There are six regiments, one to each Algerian division, the others in Morocco or outside Africa temporarily. They are mounted on native-bred horses, Arabs or Barbs, small but full of endurance and capable of long marches and longer fasting. The curved sabre is carried, as with the Spahis, under the flap of the saddle, which is of European, not Arab, pattern. The gay uniform of former days is replaced by the duller but more serviceable khaki, but the red fez (encircled by black rings denoting the regiment) is still retained. As happens with the Zouaves, many conscripts or volunteers in France ask to be enrolled in the Chasseurs d'Afrique in a spirit of adventure, preferring service in a more romantic land to garrison duty in their own country.

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The Zouave regiments, though now exclusively European, were originally composed of Berbers. In 1830 General Clausel formed them to supplement the French troops after the taking of Algiers. " There existed a Kabyle tribe called Zouaoua, the members of which freely left their country in the time of the Turks to hire themselves out as soldiers " (*i.e.*, to the Turkish Viceroy, or Dey, of Algiers). " We had recourse to them ; they were soon formed into several companies, the command of which was confided to Captains Maumet and Duvivier. From the name of their tribe they were termed Zouaves ; and, in order not to impose on them a dress which they would only have accepted with repugnance, the oriental uniform that the Zouaves have always preserved was found for them. These natives, used to the methods of warfare of the country, rendered us the greatest service " (Dr. Quesnoy, " L'Armée d'Afrique ").

When, later on, the Zouave corps were transformed into European regiments, they still retained their traditional and distinctive uniform, dark-blue open shell-jackets with red braid, *kamarbands*, baggy red trousers, white gaiters, and red fezes (called *checchias* in Algeria) replaced by sun helmets in hot climates. But after nearly a hundred years they are about to lose it ; for the less picturesque but more practical khaki is being substituted for it, the red fez still being retained.

Perhaps no corps in any army has been the subject of so many romances as the Foreign Legion. But not every private is a ruined archduke or bankrupt officer of an Imperial or Royal Bodyguard. The majority have no particular story to tell, and many are Frenchmen attracted by the higher pay and pension. Of course, in its ranks are some who have sought refuge there from scandal or justice. I recently heard of a private who kept his own motor-car, an Irishman who joined the corps after being mixed up in the Sinn Fein troubles. The headquarters of the 1st Regiment of the Legion are at Sidi Bel Abbès, an otherwise uninteresting town situated in the best-cultivated and most fertile part of Algeria —not in the desert, as some untravelled novelists have placed it—and a couple of hours by train from Oran. As far as I could judge, the men of the corps, wherever I have seen them in Algeria or Morocco, looked well treated and content. Most desertions from it formerly were those of Germans, actively encouraged and assisted by German agents. The

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2nd, 3rd and 4th Regiments are in Morocco. These four are infantry, but there is now also a cavalry regiment of the Legion, at present in Tunisia (at Gabès).

These regiments date from 1830, when the French began to recruit native cavalry from tribes that had submitted to their rule, the first being " the Merdès, the Kharesas and the Beni-Urdjine " (Dr. Quesnoy). In the days of the pirates the Dey of Algiers' Army—the Invincible Militia, it was called—had a few regular cavalrymen, termed *sbahihis*, the origin of the name probably being the same as our word " sepoy," or *sipahi*, from *ispahani*, because Ispahan was reputed to be perhaps the first town in Asia to possess uniformly clothed troops. At least, so I was told when I first joined the Indian Army. The French now use the term Spahi for their native cavalry in Morocco and in West Africa as well as in Algeria.

The Algerian Army has five regiments serving in their own country, one in Tunisia and two in Morocco. They are recruited from the Arabs rather than the Berbers ; the latter—being generally mountaineers—not being as equestrian as the former. Before the war the conditions of enlistment, then voluntary, and of service were somewhat similar to our silladar system in the India cavalry, the Spahi being given only his arms and his pay. But now these regiments are run on the lines of European corps. Even with obligatory service at present in force, many Arabs enlist voluntarily, those of nomad tribes because the life and the prospect of fighting appeals to them, men of the sedentary population allured by the pay, the possession of a horse, and the showy uniform.

For the full dress of a Spahi is magnificent, and approximates to the ceremonial garments of a Caïd or Agha. A red shell-jacket, braided, and with cuffs ornamented with many buttons, is worn open over a braided blue waistcoat. The trousers are very baggy, the legs and feet encased in long, soft red leather riding-boots with spurs. Over this dress is worn a white woollen burnous, or long cape with hood joined at the neck and reaching almost to the ground, and over this again a heavy red cloth burnous. It is said that these thick garments keep out the heat in summer as well as the cold in winter ; and certainly they are an exact copy of the dress worn by most Arabs in all weathers. On the head, draped over an under-cap, the Algerian Spahi wears a thin white cotton cloth, shrouding the back and sides of the neck and buttoned under the waistcoat. It is held in place on

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the head by the traditional camel hair cord coiled many times round in true Arab fashion. But this gay dress is being replaced by khaki, ankle boots and gaiters, the burnouses and headgear being retained.

The Spahi's weapons are the rifle, slung, with bayonet in belt, and a curved sabre fastened under the flap of the saddle, which has a very high cantle and pommel. The stirrups have very wide treads. Blinkers are worn, as most of the horses are stallions, although gelding is beginning to be introduced. Natives believe that this operation diminishes a horse's vigour. The horses are country-bred and are provided by the Remount Depots in each division. A very large proportion are white or grey. They are small and sinewy, and their endurance is remarkable.

Formerly known familiarly as Turcos, the Tirailleurs Algériens were enlisted during the long series of wars for the conquest of Algeria, and to-day their ranks are filled indifferently with Arabs and Berbers. The latter perhaps predominate, at least in some corps, but this depends on the recruiting district. Before conscription for natives was introduced the Kabyles used to enlist freely and serve for their pensions, on which they returned to end their days in their beloved mountains. There are now about forty regiments of Algerian Tirailleurs, ten of which are serving in France, others in Morocco, Tunisia, Germany and Syria. But the number is being reduced as corps are disbanded in the after-war army reduction. The full dress is practically a copy of the Zouave uniform, but the colour of jacket and trousers is pale blue trimmed with yellow braid. But it, too, is being replaced by khaki. The head-dress is the red fez.

Besides the officers and N.C.Os., there is a small proportion of Frenchmen in the ranks of both Spahis and Tirailleurs Algériens. These are " employed men," clerks, telegraphists etc. If privates they are subordinate to native N.C.Os., but are not much brought in contact with them. A few junior officers are natives, but at present none command French officers.

The Tirailleurs Sénégalais at present may be regarded as only lent to the Algerian Army to replace its own regiments employed elsewhere, even though the new reorganization scheme regards them as part of the infantry divisions. They come from the Colonial Army, as I have said, and consist of

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negroes recruited in Senegal, the Ivory Coast, the Cameroons, French Soudan, etc. The officers are practically all French ; and all the gunners of the machine gun company are French, too, as well as the " employed men."

The French forces in the Sahara, which are astonishingly small in number, although under the command of the *Général en Chef* at Algiers may be regarded as a separate command, as they do not form part of the three divisions.

The Sahara is considered almost a country apart from the rest of Algeria and is administered differently. It is called *Territoires du Sud*, and, under a Civil Director at Algiers, is administered by military officers ; and crimes committed by natives in it are dealt with by the *Conseils de Guerre* at Algiers, Constantine and Oran. It is divided into four territories, of which Aïn Sefra, though not the largest, is the most important owing to its nearness to a yet unpacified mountainous region of Morocco and to the Spanish possession Rio de Oro, which the Spaniards do not effectively control. The projected trans-Saharan railway will probably pass through it down the Saoura Valley, the distance by this route from railhead at Colomb Béchar to Timbuctoo being not much over 2,000 kilometres. By it in January, 1924, motor cars reached the Niger at Bourem in six or seven days from Colomb Béchar. In consequence of its importance the troops in this Territory are more numerous than in all the others, are commanded by a general, and comprise two battalions, a mounted company of the Foreign Legion, camel corps, etc.

The other territories have only *Compagnies Sahariennes*, that is, companies of camelry—*méharistes*, as they are called. Altogether the French have barely eight hundred men on camels to guard the peace of the whole Sahara—and well they do it, too. The officers and N.C.Os. are French, the men raised locally—Arabs (Chambas) or Touareg. They can be reinforced by a small number of *goumiers*, irregulars who act as a sort of police on camels.

Wireless stations with French operators are being dotted about the Sahara, and, besides other uses, are a godsend to the lonely Europeans in isolated posts who can listen-in to concerts in Paris or get the latest news. I have been given the day's rate of exchange of the pound sterling at Ouargla, nearly three hundred miles into the desert.

It is strange the fascination that the Sahara exerts over

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many officers who voluntarily remain in it for years when they could, if they wished, return to serve in France. G.H.Q. in Algiers has inaugurated an excellent scheme by which officers in the *Territoires du Sud* are brought up in turn to the Algerian capital and given a six months' course of instruction in geology, mineralogy, topography and many other subjects, so that they will not only be able to apply their knowledge to discovering and recognizing hitherto undreamed of sources of wealth in the desert, but also have useful and interesting hobbies to help them to fight against the soul-deadening monotony of their lonely existences.

Besides the officers with the troops there are others charged with the civil administration of the territories and belonging to the services known as the Bureau Arabe or *Affaires Indigènes*. They are temporarily detached from the Army.

The Army in Algeria is an efficient and well-organized fighting machine. Not only in the past, but also in our own day, its troops have proved their worth; in Morocco, in Syria, as well as in the European War, they have always distinguished themselves. The material is excellent; and the training, carried out by officers who have all seen much fighting, is equal to that of the forces in France.

The Algerian Army, even in the native corps, is not a separate service like our Indian Army, and officers are arbitrarily transferred to and from it and ordinary regiments in the motherland. The question of language presents no difficulty, as French is the official tongue and all Arab and Berber recruits have to learn it, if indeed they do not know it—for nowadays the majority of natives in Algeria can speak it more or less.

Service in the Algerian Army is not over-popular with officers to-day; for, as the land is considered merely a Department of France, they receive no extra pay or allowances for serving in it; and this bears heavily on them, especially on married men with families. For, although officers going on furlough have their passages paid across the Mediterranean, they have to provide their own railway fares to and from Marseilles. (By the way, leave from Africa only begins on disembarkation in France.) Yet the officers serving in the Algerian Army are proud of it and are keen and zealous, and those with native corps take a great interest in the welfare of their men.

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The dress of regimental officers is to be khaki in future. Those of Chasseurs, Spahis and Tirailleurs Algériens wear crimson-topped *képis* with broad turquoise-blue bands and the distinguishing badge of Algeria, a crescent, with the number of their regiment. The badge of staff and administrative officers is a grenade. Service for natives in the Algerian Army is for two years. Previous to the Great War it was voluntary; but now it is compulsory, but no more recruits are taken than is necessary. Men can re-engage and serve on for pensions, and many do.

In Tunisia the French troops form the "Tunisian Expeditionary Force," and practically belong to the Algerian Army, from which they were sent in 1881. The Bey of Tunis is supposed to have his own troops, which number about a thousand and are negligible.

The French troops comprise a cavalry brigade, two infantry brigades, a group of field artillery, a quota of engineers and two regiments of Tirailleurs Sénégalais.

At the moment France is engaged in a first-class campaign in Morocco, which has led to the introduction of large reinforcements into that country, and it is only possible therefore to give the normal organization as existing immediately prior to the Riff War. For military and civil control, Morocco is normally divided into a number of regions or sub-divisions, those settled and peaceful being governed by civil officers, while those which include tribes not yet subdued are ruled by military officers—generals of brigades or colonels. Each of these has had under his orders a self-contained small field force to be employed as necessary against the unsubmitted tribes in his district, or to be lent to a neighbouring district if required. Normally the troops in Morocco are mostly Algerian or Senegalese, with a few regiments of natives of Morocco, mostly of Berber blood, and of course a nucleus of European troops. Although the French initiated their protectorate of the country only in 1912, they raised and sent to France a very fine Moroccan division in the Great War. French officers have the highest opinion of the fighting value of Moorish Berbers. The Sultan has a handful of black troops to form his bodyguard, under French officers.

Before the present war the composition of the French Army in Morocco was as follows:—General Headquarters were at Rabat. The troops comprised four cavalry regiments, of which one was a regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique and the

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remaining three native cavalry ; two regiments of Zouaves ; three of African Light Infantry ; three of the Foreign Legion ; four of Tirailleurs Algériens ; four of Tirailleurs Marocains ; and of Colonial troops as distinct from the Armée Métropolitaine, three regiments of Tirailleurs Sénégalais du Maroc. In addition, there are the requisite artillery, engineer, tank and aviation formations.

The French African Empire is, of course, not limited to the northern portion of the continent. France is mistress of immense areas in West, Central and East Africa (Madagascar), in each of which troops, mainly native stiffened with a few French units of the Colonial Army, are maintained.

Conscription has been introduced into the French colonial possessions of West, East and Equatorial Africa, but every man is not called on to serve. A notification is sent to the chief of each tribe or the headman of each village as to how many recruits the tribe or village has to supply. Then these recruits, generally wild negroes who have never seen a white man, journey many weeks to Dakar or elsewhere, where they do their drills before being sent to their regiments.

They are mostly fetish worshippers, but among them are Mahommedans and even Catholics (from the Cameroons, etc.). I have talked English with some Senegalese Tirailleurs from the Cameroons, and even German with others who had served in German Colonial corps.

They are like big, good-natured children, and are treated as such by their French officers, who become very attached to them. Like our Soudanese, they love drilling. In the Colonial regiments they are well clothed and fed.

When in Algeria and Morocco I first saw coloured men in officers' uniforms and Frenchmen serving as private soldiers in Algerian and even in negro (Senegalese) regiments, I thought it an unwise policy of lowering the status of the white races or of raising natives to an equality with them. I soon realized that, as regards the latter, it was merely a case of employing Frenchmen to do special work as clerks, telegraphists, machine-gunners, etc., that natives have not the ability or the education to do, or else might not be wisely entrusted with—just as we in India keep the artillery in English hands. As to the native officers they are few, and have won their position by exceptional merit.

In North Africa it is impossible not to see which is the

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dominant race. The French may not seem at first sight to keep natives at such a distance as we in India and our colonies; but below the surface and in all essentials they are as keen on the colour bar as we are. They regard intermarriage with the same horror as we in India. In civil, as in military, life there is with natives no levelling up or unwise familiarity that would breed contempt; kind treatment, an easy courtesy, there are, but nothing that would lower the Frenchman in the eyes of the coloured races. In the cafés of Algiers, Oran, Constantine, etc., and in the Casino of that popular winter resort, Biskra, Arabs are admitted; but there is little intercourse between them and Frenchmen, except in the case of those of good birth and social or official position, when there is an attitude of restrained friendliness and mutual respect. Familiarity with low-class natives is confined mostly to a certain type of tourist ladies—chiefly English and American, I am sorry to say—who will sit and drink unabashed with their guides at Biskra Casino and elsewhere, and associate too familiarly with them. The scandals that sometimes arise from their conduct are loudly deplored by disgusted French residents.

An anonymous writer in *Truth* (June 4th, 1924) says: "If not officially, practically at least, the post-war policy of France is directed to produce over all her Empire one race—a blend of the native and the French. The process, assisted by the Latin's notorious lack of a colour sense, is going on apace. Intermarriage is rife, and lately the garrisoning of nigger regiments in French cities has given it a decided impetus." Farther on he speaks of "the proclamation far and wide that the naked Dakar nigger in his wattle hive is equal with the Parisian." All this requires some qualification. There is not more intermarriage between Frenchwomen and natives in North Africa at least than with us between Englishwomen and coloured men; perhaps less. In my last five years' intimate acquaintance with Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia and their inhabitants, white and coloured, civil and military, high and low, I have personally only come across two cases of Frenchwomen married to natives of the country. And once when, at the request of H.B.M. Consul-General, I was trying to locate the whereabouts of a young English girl living openly with an Arab in the same mud hut as his Arab wife and children, the Prefêt of Constantine, when placing the services of the police at my disposal, told me disgustedly of

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some Frenchwomen of the lower class who had married Algerian soldiers in France during the war, and now, living in misery in native villages, were bitterly regretting their folly.

The Berbers and Arabs in North Africa labour under no misapprehension as to being the Parisian's equal, whatever the naked Dakar nigger may do. There are coloured deputies in the Chambre de Deputés, but they represent the Colonies. I have not heard of any black or brown men elected to represent French constituencies. Such things are left for English electors.

But Algerian deputies and senators are Europeans. The Arabs and Berbers, with few exceptions, are French subjects, but not French citizens. To become the latter they must be naturalized, in which case they must surrender their cherished privilege of being governed in civil matters by Mahommedan law, with its advantages of easy divorce, etc., and submit to the same laws as the white men. And this they will not do. They cannot vote except at elections for the local Conseils Municipaux.

All administrative and executive officials in Algeria are French, except the *caids*, etc., appointed by the Government in Algiers to have jurisdiction over their fellow-countrymen only in their districts. There are no native judges or magistrates who can deal with Europeans, as we have in India. In a word, the Arabs, Berbers and negroes have no political power in Algeria, and very few think of asking for it. The white man is plainly master, and makes no pretence of being otherwise. He rules justly, but he rules. There is not the unrest, the sedition, the hostility to Europeans, the disturbances, the scarcely-veiled rebellion, that exist in India and that make Frenchmen marvel at our putting political power there in the hands of the disloyal.

Although native officers are now nominally eligible for promotion to any rank—if they pass all the competitive and other examinations, a difficult proviso—France is not guilty of our latest folly of starting out to officer Indian regiments with natives only. Coloured holders of army commissions are members of the military clubs, but they mix little socially with French officers and their families.

In Senegalese regiments the relations between the European officers and their men are as pleasantly paternal and friendly as with us in Indian and African corps. The

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black soldiers are such simple, cheery folk that it would be impossible not to like them or treat them otherwise than as the big children that they are. If it is not quite the same in Algerian corps it is because their French officers are not, as in the Colonial regiments, serving permanently in them, and have not the same time to learn their men and their ways. And Arabs and Berbers are not so open-hearted as negroes. But all the same the relations between officers and men are excellent, and many of the former prefer to remain on with their Algerian corps instead of returning to white regiments in France.

It was not willingly that the French Government decided on maintaining the war-increase of the Algerian and negro regiments and on still employing these troops in Europe, especially in France. Frenchmen are as little desirous of seeing them serving in their country and being brought in daily contact with white women as Englishmen would be of seeing our negro troops from Africa stationed in London or Liverpool and " walking out " with our girls. Despite the politicians' declaration that all under the Tricolour are French, the native inhabitants of North Africa, etc., are not French citizens, are not regarded as equals by French people, and do not mix socially with them. And the politicians are fully alive to the odium caused in America, England and elsewhere by German propaganda about the " Black Terror in Occupied Germany," false as most of it is—the rest being exaggerated. If not for any tenderness for the people who in their hour of triumph treated the French worse than any uncivilized race would have done, at least from policy they would prefer to hold the occupied territories by white troops—if only they had enough of them.

But, unfortunately, France has no soldiers to spare. Her war-racked population is diminishing, while her eternal enemy—who in fifty years, from 1864 to 1914, forced four unprovoked wars on her neighbours—has an increasing birth-rate. English pro-Germans—some of them are, perhaps unwittingly, friends to our foes and foes to our friends—talk of French militarism. They have not seen—thank God ! —hostile troops in their country twice in a generation, as Frenchmen have.

General Boichut, Commanding-in-Chief in Algeria, said to me with deep feeling : " Twice since I was born my mother has seen German soldiers in our house. Do you wonder that

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she fears to behold them there again before she dies—or that I and my countrymen are resolved that it shall not happen? Yet, because we do not disarm at once, they call us militarists!"

Many Englishmen and Americans do not realize that France is not militarist—she is only desperately afraid. Her arming and frantic search for allies are caused by deadly fear for her very existence. Of course, we have folk among us who say that Germany will never go to war again—they said it before 1914! But if the French, from President to peasant, believe that she is already preparing to seek revenge for her defeat, they are not alone in this belief. There are Britishers who agree with them—and I am one.

France stands to-day face to face with a sullen foe who is convinced that he was not beaten in fair fight. And he is bringing up his sons to avenge his failure. In man power he is nearly double her strength. Her former allies refuse to bind themselves to aid her again, and she realizes that she must trust to her own good right arm alone. To guard against a sudden attack she needs a well-trained and efficient army along her frontier to hold off the enemy's onset until she has had time to mobilize her forces. But service with the colours has been shortened to eighteen months. Consequently in every French regiment a third of the men are recruits, a third just leaving, and only a third fairly well trained. An army composed of such troops is not ready for war. The Government therefore deliberately decided to maintain in Europe a force of coloured corps, because North Africans serve two years and negroes three to five (and many of the latter re-engage), and with them France is sure of having on the spot, should war break out suddenly, a first-line trained army behind which mobilization could take place.

As to the policy of continuing compulsory service for natives and looking forward to building up a vast African army, she is driven to it by the desperate need of trying to keep pace with Germany's increasing population. Many Frenchmen, especially those living in Africa, may think it a bad policy to train hundreds of thousands of Arabs, Berbers and negroes to arms, lest in time they may turn on their teachers. But this is a problem of the far future, while the German peril is very near.

As for the German propaganda about the outrages perpetrated by black regiments, I believe it to be a series of lies. I have seen negro soldiers serving among Arab and Moorish

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populations, as well as white, and, although the Arabs and they do not like each other, I have always noticed how well the blacks have behaved. German women, with that strange sexual craze that some white women of other countries have for coloured men, often have deliberately sought out the French negro soldiers. As for the Algerian troops the many tourists who now crowd to Algeria can bear testimony to their good behaviour in garrison towns there. And, above all, the discipline of the French Army is strict; and it is an abominable libel to assert that French officers would permit their coloured troops to insult or outrage women in occupied Germany. They are as chivalrous and gentlemanly as the officers of any other army in the world.

GORDON CASSERLY.

A WORD OF THANKS.

I beg to thank General Boichut, Commanding XIXth Army Corps, for the ample opportunities that he kindly afforded me to inspect his fine troops; and Commandant Fournier, 15th Sénégalais, Captain Le Mâitre, G.H.Q., and others for their help in obtaining information about the African troops of France. And above all, I desire to express my gratitude to M. Steeg, former Governor-General of Algeria, and Maréchal de France Lyautey, for the great assistance that they gave me to study the splendid armies that guard North Africa.

[It should be noted that this article was written before the signing of the Treaty of Locarno, and that the views expressed on page 607 should be read with that view in mind.]

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EDUCATION AND THE MAN

EDUCATION is like religion. Some of us take it as a simple duty, to be performed conscientiously earnestly, but without any emotional display. Others, on the contrary, regard it as a vocation, a something, having a quality of spiritual appeal denied to the more prosaic forms of military training such as musketry and route marching.

Then occasionally one meets the fanatic, the man whose whole attitude is salvationist, who is always asking the question "Are you educated?"—the man who tries to impress the value of the First Class Certificate on the hairier and less intellectual N.C.Os.—the man who rejoices very greatly over the bone-headed ploughboy who attains his "Third" after a mental effort which sends him into hospital.

I.

Such a one was the Education Officer, Captain James Northcote Harringay. Physically he was nothing, suggesting a somewhat chubby mascot. Nevertheless, behind his pale eyes burnt the fire of enthusiasm, and in an earlier time he would have been a martyr to everyone's satisfaction, including his own. To him education was a panacea for all ills from Bolshevism to inferior shooting. A bachelor, he lived in the mess, generally regretted. And yet withal he was a decent little man, very good at his job, bearable and companionable away from his hobby. But as he almost invariably bestrode that animal he was usually avoided.

One July day he was firmly in the saddle and was arguing violently with Parlus, who commanded "B" Company. Parlus, who liked to annoy him, had spoken of the difficulty of fabricating silken purses from porcine ears.

"Nonsense," said Harringay hotly; "you can make anything of a man by systematic instruction. Dragged up in a slum, you would probably be a jail-bird, while any gutter-snipe who had your educational advantages could fill your position quite admirably."

"You are a pretty good teacher," drawled Parlus in his quiet, sleepy way, "but your biology is awfully weak."

"Damn biology!" cried Harringay, thoroughly fired. "It's common sense, universal experience. Education makes or mars a man."

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"I wish it would make some of the bad hats in my company into tolerable chapeaux," said Parlus.

"I'll make you an offer," said Harringay. "Hand me over any single one of your really rotten cases for a few months, and if I don't make him a different man, I'll—well, what you like—say a quid."

"Done with you!" Parlus smiled. "You may have '57 Jones as soon as he comes out of detention."

A titter went round the ante-room. '57 Jones was notorious. The general opinion was that Harringay had a rather lesser hope than a temperance orator at a planter's reunion.

II.

At the time that this conversation occurred '57 Jones was building up quite a good doormat. He took an interest in the work and rather liked it. He was a philosopher, and detention to him was the inevitable concomitant of a military career.

'57 Jones was rather an exceptional case. His full name was Alf (not Alfred) Bychelle Jones. Bychelle in memory of his father, and Jones after his mother. Youth, love, and moonlight is responsible for much, including '57 Jones. Father was a most superior gentleman who drove a dogcart, while the beauty of mother had both distinguished her from her lowly origin and had undone her. Father had eventually disappeared in poverty and disgrace, while mother bore her hard lot with a bovine equanimity which reflected itself in her offspring's mat-making.

'57 Jones was very pleasant to look upon. Blue eyes that twinkled, very fair and curly hair, almost gold. So much had he inherited from mother. From father he had an admirable but quite unsuspected intelligence and incredible wildness.

He had had a fair education, but he had taken so little trouble to recollect it that he was still working for his third-class certificate. That gives the note to his character. Potentially he was almost anything; actually he was a nuisance, always in trouble, a creature of continual backslidings.

A tendency to go a-roystering up the Commercial Road, a fondness for the frailer nymphs of Fratton, a partiality for alcohol as an assistance to conviviality—all these, singly comparatively harmless, were in combination deadly to the regimental conduct sheet of Alf Bychelle Jones.

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On his release from detention, the sergeant-major called him.

" Education orfficer wants to talk to you."

" Wonder what it's about," muttered Jones uneasily.

" Dunno. P'r'aps he has hopes of your getting your 'Third' in a few years' time," remarked the sergeant-major heavily.

Harringay attacked Jones without any preamble.

" Look here, I don't know if you're pleased with yourself . . ." he paused. " I want to give you a chance. You won't be kept here, or anywhere, long at your present rate. You'll just slither downhill and end up possibly in jail, possibly in a pauper lunatic asylum."

Harringay halted to let the effect of this highly-coloured picture sink in.

" Is the poor bit of fun you're getting worth it ? Can't you do a bit better for yourself than spending most of your time in detention ? Is it worth it ? Will you let me have a shot at making a man of you ?"

In Harringay's eyes there shone the pale fire of fanaticism.

" Education ! That's the key, my lad, that'll unlock the real treasures of life to you. That's the thing that'll make the difference between hopeless hardupness in a little back street and a decent self-respecting job with all the comfort and happiness that you are capable of. There's the choice. If you decide to take the chance, turn up to-morrow at ten o'clock. I'll coach you myself, and I'll give you as much teaching to yourself as you want. I'll expect you, then, at ten to-morrow."

Jones saluted smartly and marched out. Throughout the interview he had not spoken a single word.

III.

But he was tremendously impressed. The little man's remarks, delivered with a very real earnestness, had struck home. All that night Jones lay awake, and when morning came he had made his great decision.

A new and shattering vision was opened. All his father's brilliance seething within him helped him to see the choice with a terrible clearness as plain as if it had been written on the dim whitewashed wall opposite. He was the past and the future in one. He realized that unless he reformed very soon he would leave the army a disgraced man. He saw himself sinking, and almost screamed with the horror of the final vision.

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The slow dawn found him pale and sweating, but with his mind made up. Harringay had been right, ever so right. A tremendous feeling of gratitude towards a man whom previously he had thought of as merely comic took possession of his being.

" Gawd ! I'll repay you some day," he thought. And he fell into a deep sleep until " Réveillé."

At ten o'clock, brushed, spruce, and smart, he presented himself at the school, and for the next hour was absorbed in the mysteries of arithmetic. It was rather wonderful when you really considered it. 1,059 greatcoats at £1 17s. 8½d. . . . He dimly thought of the quartermaster. . . . £1 . . . 10 shillings . . . 5 shillings . . . half a crown. What about the twopence halfpenny ? One-twelfth of half a crown. It was a bit like a conjuring trick. Memory of his schooldays flung back on him. That was right. " Loving " did drop an " e." Why ? It was very interesting. A chap could get on pretty well with the stuff if he gave his mind to it. Of course, if it really did mean getting a good job afterwards it would be worth it. Thus he mused.

Thereafter there was no more intense worker in the battalion than '57 Jones. The beauties in the Commercial Road sighed after him in vain. H.M. Government lost a certain amount of alcoholic revenue, and the mat-making industry was deprived of a useful recruit.

Every moment of his spare time was now given to study. The battalion commenced by jeering, but finally marvelled. Rapidly he obtained his Third, then in his stride his Second Class Certificate. A year later saw him with a " First," working with unlimited energy for his " Special."

But Harringay never saw the final results of his conversion. He had won his bet, a small matter, but the resultant cocksureness he displayed made him quite unendurable, and the regiment was thoroughly glad when he was ordered abroad.

He occasionally corresponded with his protégé. He learned that Jones had left the Army, that he had gone into business, that he was doing exceedingly well. Then the correspondence died away, as these things do.

IV.

Nevertheless, one of the first people Harringay ran into on his return from foreign service was Jones.

An altered Jones. A Jones prosperous, self-confident,

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master of his fate and his work. Lines of responsibility and thought marked his brow. He was on his way to a directors' meeting. Harringay saw him disappear in the distance and sighed. For Jones was Harringay's one success. Elsewhere life had belted him hard. The little concern in which his private means were centred had collided with the Polished Woodwork Company. And Harringay felt the loss of his capital greatly. Then he had received a most disquieting letter from his fiancée, and at that moment was making his progress towards her father's suburban parsonage.

Miss Mansarde was on the majestic side, dark and domineering. She wasted scarcely any time, and explained in simple but adequate language that she was engaged to someone else.

" It happened rather suddenly," she concluded briskly.

Harringay was too deeply hurt to take it calmly.

" You might have warned me, anyhow," he said, emotion rendering him inaccurate. " When I was in the far outposts of Empire, miles away from civilization and my fellowmen—places like Poona—you were philandering with any man who happened to come along."

Outwardly she was very placid, but inwardly her temper was rising, and the striker was preparing to biff the detonator.

" That is untrue, and you know it's untrue."

But James Harringay was roused. Plaintive and angry simultaneously, he rushed to destruction. He raised his voice.

" It isn't. You're a flirt—a butterfly." Then more piano. " What did you turn me down for ?"

Ping . . . the striker did its deadly work.

She was awfully distinct.

" I turned you down because you are a little rabbit. I only got engaged to you because men are so damned scarce. As soon as I met anything that wasn't a puling earthworm it became my sacred duty to give you the sack and avoid perpetrating a race of half-witted, knock-kneed homunculi. Unless you would like that explanation elaborated, you had better go."

Harringay went. It was difficult at the moment to improvise any better action.

* * * * *

Somehow he found himself at his club. It was handy, inexpensive, and unexclusive. He wandered into the writing-

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room and, realizing he must relieve his feelings, he took up a pen to write. Suddenly he thought of Jones, and he poured out his troubles, financial and amorous, on about six sheets of club notepaper. Then he posted the letter and felt better.

At tea he met Baythorne, a man he had known in the regiment. They discussed people and things. Then said Baythorne :

" I say, I saw your redeemed black sheep—you know, '57 Jones. Coming from a directors' meeting. Fat as a frog. Doing well, too. Saw his name in *The Times* yesterday. Engaged to a girl I know."

Harringay took only the mildest interest.

" Oh, who is she ?" he said, to fill in the gap.

" Girl called Mansarde. Pa my old headmaster. Not too well off, but I should say Jones has enough for two. Got some shares in his company. Big show. Tremendous profits. Polished Woodwork Company, y'know."

Harringay put down his cup with awful deliberation.

" Baythorne," he said very slowly, " have you ever nourished a viper in your bosom ?"

Baythorne's mental gears did not mesh.

" No. Kept a hedgehog in a meat-safe once."

Harringay heeded not.

" I have cared for a serpent with a double head and a sting in its tail."

" Huh !" said Baythorne, sitting up.

" And "—Harringay laid his hand on the other's arm—" and if ever any hell-born idiot endeavours to persuade you to blight a decent soldier by educating him into a station in which he will be a public danger, strangle the fool . . . swipe him."

He emphasized his point with a wide sweep of his arm which upset the teapot.

V.

A very sad little man sought his room that night. He felt rather as a child would have done had a much-loved plasticine elephant got up and bit. . . . His own creation, too. . . .

For a moment he even thought of suicide, but his innate courage saw him past that rock. Moreover, he had not his revolver with him. And the evening of the next day brought

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him consolation. It was in the form of a letter from Jones. As he opened it a cheque dropped out. He looked at it and gasped. It was payable to himself and was for £2,500. The letter danced before him . . . he saw phrases . . . " I owe everything to you . . . some of the wrong I cannot efface. . . . Hard to tell you how sorry I am . . . have worked the markets to restore your loss. Strongly advise you to put it in Amalgamated Beetroot."

Harringay gasped. It was all so great. His dream had come true, and the statue he had carved was true throughout. He knew perfectly well where the money came from—from Jones's pockets, of course.

It was great—unbelievable. He looked at the cheque. Should he return it ? Rather unworthy of the gift. It would be somewhat petty. His thoughts wandered. He hadn't offered to return Clarissa Mansarde. Well, after all . . . oh, damn women !

He went to his club, chastened yet exalted. There he met Baythorne.

" Baythorne," he said, " yesterday I made some harsh remarks about education. Please consider them unsaid. Waiter—a whisky . . . er—and, waiter . . . come back—a double whisky !"

* * * * *

Harringay did invest in Amalgamated Beetroot and left the Army on the proceeds. But he never called on Jones for some years. He did not wish to meet Clarissa. And, moreover, he was able to indulge his taste for foreign travel.

But one day found him at Jones's very palatial home in the country.

Harringay knocked at the door. He was stouter and more self-satisfied to-day. Suddenly on the other side of the door he heard a voice—a feminine voice—which said, " Bychelle, come here."

" So she calls him Bychelle," mused Harringay. " Better than Alf, at any rate."

The voice went on. " Putts, did you hear the door ? Open it at once. We must get someone younger. . . ."

A harassed-looking butler opened the door.

Harringay stepped within. Vast as the hall was, it was completely dominated by a female figure, triple-chinned, enormous, imperious. Among the rare and costly articles in

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the room one scarcely noticed a huddled figure on the great settee—the owner.

He had apparently shrunk since Harringay had seen him last. His eyes were nervous and apprehensive, his forehead deeply, deeply seamed. At the sound of the closing door he jumped. His ease, his self-confidence were gone. He smiled nervously at Harringay. His fingers played with the fringe of a cushion.

The sharp voice of Clarissa broke in.

" Bychelle, you haven't offered Mr. Harringay a cigarette."

(" Ye gods!" thought Harringay, " she'd deflate a Napoleon.")

" I'm so sorry," said Jones, combining weak annoyance with nervousness in his every gesture. " I'm a rotten host. Fact is, I'm worried and I don't know which way to turn. It's this slump. Half my concerns are on the verge of destruction, and only constant watching . . . it's been like this for years now. I want a holiday, but I can't—I daren't. I wish I could get away for a rest." His voice trailed off. " If only I could get away for a rest. I can't . . ."

" Bychelle is quite indispensable. Everyone says so," said the owner of the fumbling paragon in a rich tone of proprietorship.

" I wish I wasn't. I do wish I wasn't," murmured Bychelle. " I haven't had a minute's peace for the last five years."

Dinner was excellent. Harringay felt happy and mellow. His host nibbled biscuits.

" I have to live like an ascetic," he explained. " Otherwise I'd crock in no time. I get no time for exercise. I must diet."

He smiled. " I think I'll break my rule to-night, and have a glass of port with you."

" I don't think I would, dear," remarked his trainer from across the table. " You know you have to revise that prospectus for General Hardware to-night, and you never do your best work on port."

" I suppose I don't," sighed Jones.

" You have no idea how naughty he is," said she archly. " I had *such* a job to get him down to a simple diet even."

After she had left they fell to talking of old times.

" Yes," said Jones, in answer to some remark of Harrin-

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gay's, " I suppose I am lucky. I don't know why. It all came very easily to me. But the last few years have been damnable. I sometimes think I was happier as a Tommy before you—educated me."

Harringay was drowsy and very much at ease with the world.

" Magnificent thing, education," he muttered.

But Jones was in the past. He was roistering up the Commercial Road. He was in a pub with his arm round the waist of Delia. What fun it had been ! He was once more '57 Jones, an incredibly happy creature without a care in the whole round world.

Harringay, feeling vaguely that his platitude had been overlooked, again murmured, " Fine thing, education."

" Yes," said Jones.

But somehow his tone lacked conviction.

E. I. G. Richards.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF MOBILITY IN MODERN ARMIES*

WARFARE presupposes action, and if I were asked to sum up in three words the aim of generalship, I should say that it was " Liberty of Action," which is the product of the three great tactical forces—namely, power to hit, to guard, and to move.

To a very large extent, the history of war revolves around these three forces which enable liberty of action to be gained or lost, according to which side possesses superior force or makes the more skilful use of force.

If we now examine military history, we shall find that, whilst until recently there has been an age-long contest between weapons and means of protection in order to accelerate or impede movement, movement in degree has remained stable, since it depended on the muscular effort of man and beast. The invention of the locomotive and its use in war, which dates from about the middle of last century, was the first definite break away from what to-day may be literally called ancient warfare, and ever since the Solferino Campaign of 1859, and the American Civil War, the cleavage between the old and the new methods of war have become more and more pronounced.

In spite of the fact that on occasions troops could be detrained on the battle-field, such as happened at Bull Run, the railway was a strategical instrument. It enabled enormous masses of men and their supplies to be moved rapidly from place to place, as long as opposition was not encountered ; but where it was likely—that is, in the tactical areas—the railway was of limited use. It enabled enormous armies to be assembled and vast quantities of supplies to be collected, but it seldom endowed these hosts of men and masses of food and ammunition with mobility in the fighting area. In fact, its ability to assemble affected tactics detrimentally, since once the railheads were left behind, the larger the forces assembled, the more difficult was it to deploy them, for the

* In this paper I have purposely excluded all mention of aircraft ; petrol-driven air vehicles which are likely to have as great (or even a greater) an influence on strategy and tactics as any other modern war machine.—J. F. C. F.

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only means of doing so was that of muscular effort. Such, in brief, was the position of mobility on the outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914.

If now I were asked to express in three words the factor which above all others differentiated the recent war from all others which preceded it, I should answer, "The petrol engine." Without this engine, the character of the war would have been totally different—so different that, to-day, it is difficult to picture what it would have been like. When the war opened, the motor car was looked upon as a luxury and the lorry as an ancillary to horse transport. We ourselves entered the war with about a couple of hundred petrol-driven vehicles, but when hostilities ceased we possessed no less a number than 118,000.

It is worth while, I think, to examine this amazing evolution in mobility, not from any particular point of view, such as our own, but from a general one. Though I cannot enter into detail, I will quote a few examples.

Early in September, 1914, before the war was six weeks old, General Galliéni impressed 4,000 taxicabs and motor cars in Paris to support Maunoury's Sixth Army which was engaged with Von Kluck about Meaux. This use of mechanical transport to shift, with rapidity, troops from their railheads or camps to distant points, soon became general, so that it was not long before every army was allotted one or more motor bus columns, not only for strategical but for tactical movements, for the men could be debussed well within the fighting area.

The stagnation caused by wire and trenches led to the demand for immense quantities of shells, and though each of the contending nations experienced great difficulties in meeting these demands, had it not been for the lorry it would have been impossible for the administrative services to have moved the shells to the battery positions, let alone the other necessary supplies.

To illustrate the importance of the lorry as an ammunition carrier, I will quote a few cases restricting the expenditure of gun ammunition solely to the preliminary bombardments. In 1915, at the Battle of Hooge, 37,000 shells were fired; in 1916, at the Battle of the Somme, the number had increased to 2,000,000; in 1917, at the Battle of Arras, to 2,700,000; and this same year, at the Third Battle of Ypres, to 4,300,000. In this last battle the number of shells fired represent a dead

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weight of 114,000 tons, and practically the whole of this immense tonnage of steel was transported from the railheads and ammunition dumps to the actual battle-field, and frequently to the battery positions themselves, by lorry. The standard lorry could carry three tons, consequently the number of lorry loads required to shift this mass of metal was no less than 38,000.

Probably the most remarkable feat in lorry supply was that carried out by the French at the Battle of Verdun. The Verdun road was literally turned into a lorry railway, and daily, for weeks, no less than 4,500 vehicles moved along this road—that is, one vehicle every twenty seconds—and simultaneously the road was kept in repair.

A direct evolution of the motor car was the armoured car, which, at the very opening of the war, proved itself a formidable weapon in Belgium. Then, as fronts became entrenched, it fell out of use, to be revived again in 1918, and with startling results; for when once tanks and guns had enabled a penetration of the enemy's trench system to be effected, these machines, possessing as they did a high mobility, frequently broke through the enemy's fighting forces and spread panic in the rear of his army. A noted example of this was the operation carried out by our own armoured cars, on August 8th, 1918, when a German corps headquarters was attacked and put to flight.

The difficulty of employing armoured cars in an entrenched and wired country was one of the reasons which produced the tank, a machine which could dispense with roads and move across country. Outside possessing many mechanical defects, the main limitation of the early tanks was their slowness; a maximum speed in battle was seldom more than twenty miles on one fill of petrol. Nevertheless their ability to carry bullet-proof armour and to cross wire and trenches led to startling results. From the date of their introduction, not only could extensive portions of the enemy's front be penetrated, but, what was still more important, penetration could be effected as a surprise. At the Battle of Cambrai, on November 20th, 1917, save for the assembly of the troops, there was no initial tactical preparation, and the result was startling, for the whole of a formidable entrenched position, including the wide trenches of the Hindenburg Line, was penetrated in a few hours, and at very low cost. On August 8th, 1918, which was the most decisive battle

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fought during the war, a gap some twelve miles wide and of a depth of about seven miles was effected at the extraordinary low cost of 1,000 casualties.

Not only as a fighting machine did the tank prove its value, but also as a supply vehicle. Tanks were frequently used to carry forward stores, and at the Battle of Hamel, in July, 1918, four old Mark IV tanks moved forward 24 tons of R.E. material, which was dumped on the position won within half an hour of its occupation. These machines were operated by 16 men, and, had the normal infantry carrying party been employed, at least 1,200 men would have been required.

In the last year of the war, each tank brigade was allotted a tank supply company consisting of 24 supply tanks, which could move forward a load of over 100 tons, and move it forward over trenches and shell holes. So effective was this system of supply, that in the autumn of 1918 the British Government placed an order with the U.S.A. for 10,000 cross-country supply vehicles for the following year.

Though the chief characteristic of the Great War was its static nature, I believe that its most important lessons are those which are connected with movement, for it was because it was so static that the problem of movement was pushed to the fore. Unless movement could be re-established, generalship was at an end, and soldiership was reduced to men push of pikes, or rather of bullets.

The problem of how to move was examined from every point of view. Shells were resorted to, to blast a way through the enemy's trenches, but in the process of blasting, the forward communications were destroyed, consequently tactical movement could not be supported by administrative movement. Gas was introduced to asphyxiate whole areas, but was rapidly counteracted; eventually tanks were used, but, comparatively speaking, in small numbers, and though they were more economical than shells, they did not solve the administrative problem of how to supply a million men in the pursuit of an enemy who laid waste the country as he retired.

The lesson learnt was that no army could possess too high a mobility. To prevent a retiring enemy covering his retreat by demolitions which would impede the pursuer, the pursuer's tactical mobility must be very high; to maintain this tactical mobility, administrative movement must be

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equally high. Then the war ended, and to-day, looking back on it, we can recognize the fact that, though the petrol engine has not changed the principles of war, it has modified their application. This modification will demand a radical change in army organization, especially so as armour can now once again be carried in battle, and immense quantities of ammunition brought forward with the fighting men. In 1914 the difficulty was really one of how to protect mobility in order to develop offensive power. The only way to do so was indirectly by fire power: men fired to facilitate movement. The reintroduction of armour enabled protection to become direct, consequently, in place of firing to move, it was now possible to move in order to fire. The petrol engine, in fact, accomplished a tactical *volte face* out of which will have to be elaborated new tactics, which, in turn, will demand a new organization, a modified training and a revised discipline. In my opinion, the changes which the petrol engine will effect are likely to be far greater than those which followed on the introduction of gunpowder, since gunpowder only improved the tools man fights with, whilst the petrol engine endows him with a new source of energy, hundreds of times as great as the energy of his own muscles.

Whether we like wars or not, the obvious duty of the soldier is to prepare to fight, and so it happens that directly he has won a war he is faced with the problem of how to win the next one. What will the next one be like? This is the question he must ask himself.

It is a difficult question to answer, yet he has certain data to go on. He knows that the principles of war do not change, and that the heart and mind of man remain much the same, and that the muscular energy of the human body is limited to what it is. He knows that the weapons of war, the means of protection and of movement, do change, and that the rudiments of these changes are to be discovered in the last war, in civil life as it surrounds him, and in history.

I have dealt with the last war and some of its lessons, so, for a moment, I will turn to the remaining two sources—civil life and history.

In civil life he sees a never-ending scramble for speed. Quicker information, quicker communication, quicker movement. The whole of the last century and the first quarter of the present one has seen this scramble grow, steamships, locomotives, electric telegraphy, telephony, wireless com-

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munication, motor cars, aeroplanes, follow one another at short intervals. To-day in the U.S.A. there are 15,000,000 motor cars ; ten years hence this number may be doubled.

What does this teach us ? We know that, in the past, all the great inventions in civil means of movement have eventually been adopted by the Fighting Forces. The steamship revolutionized the navy. In 1850 the steamship had been in existence for forty years, yet had any sailor of that day been told that, within twenty years, the sails on battleships would be completely obsolete, he would have laughed at the suggestion. To-day, forty years since the invention of the internal combustion engine, have we any more right to laugh if the suggestion is made that twenty years hence armies will be motorized, and though many of the troops which we know to-day may still exist in 1945, will they be of any more service to the mechanically moved arms of that period than sails were to the steam-driven battleships of the seventies ?

I do not propose to answer these questions ; in place I will turn to history. Is there any period in the history of war which resembles the present one ? I think there is—namely, the Gothic invasions of the fourth century. The Roman legions were mainly composed of infantry soldiers ; cavalry was at times attached to them, but by the end of the fourth century the Roman infantry relied more on catapults, balista and portable palisades than on the mobile arm. Besides the Romans were never good horsemen. The Roman legion was a slow-moving instrument, but the Gothic host, composed of magnificent horsemen, depended almost entirely on mobility and shock, and at the Battle of Adrianople, in 378, the legion went down like a wall hit by a battering-ram.

The Romans relied on the muscular power of the man, the Goths on that of the horse ; and because the horse is more powerful than man, armour could be worn by the horse soldier. As year followed year, more and more armour was carried ; until we find the knight completely encased in armour, until, to use a modern term, he had developed into a human tank.

And what influence did this human tank exert on tactics ? It did not abolish infantry, but it rendered them useless for nearly a thousand years on all ground over which the horse could move. Infantry take to mountain tops, woods and swamps, and in the great battles they are seen no more until

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the opening of the fourteenth century. It was the superior strength of the horse which enabled armour to be carried, just as to-day it is the superior energy of the petrol engine which does so. Is it therefore illogical to suggest that what happened in the days of the armoured knight is about to happen again ?

I think that we can logically answer this question in the negative ; but even if we cannot, then, as regards the next war, at least we know this—that the side which possesses superior hitting power, guarding power and mobility is the side which is more likely to win. I will now turn to the present day and see what is happening.

The recent war, on account of its static character, has undoubtedly induced all thinking soldiers to examine the various factors of mobility, and none more so than the French, and not only because France is always threatened with war, but because her birth rate has lost its mobility. Yet deficiency in numbers can be made good by saving time ; in other words, in place of filling spaces with men, France intends to cover spaces by speed of movement.

To do so she realizes that the lorry is her base of reconstruction, not only in the form of the wheeled machine, but of the half-tracked machine. It is for this reason that the French General Staff has taken such interest in the Citroen Kegresse car, a vehicle which has wheels in front and tracks in rear. The expeditions across the Sahara have proved so successful that no further doubt can exist on this subject.

From the military point of view, the main interest in this enterprise lies in the fact that an army can only be economically mechanicalized if the vehicles it requires can be developed from civil resources. Military movement must follow civil movement, because no army can possess the vast mechanical knowledge and skill which are to be found in the commercial world. The French have, in fact, shown true wisdom in heavily subsidizing these various expeditions ; every penny spent has not only increased civil means of communication, but will eventually increase military means. Had this money been laid out solely on improving the design of existing tanks and armoured cars, the French Army would not be where it is to-day—namely, on the border-line of mechanicalization—and as an example of this I will very briefly examine the nature of the " Division Legère Automobile," or what we would call a " Light Mechanical Division."

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Shortly before the war ended the French General Staff organized a lorry-carried division to work with their cavalry corps. Since the war the idea of rapid transportation of a self-contained formation has been given much thought. All at present is in the experimental stage, nevertheless certain cavalry divisions have been converted into light mechanical divisions, consisting of cavalry, infantry and artillery, carried in lorries, armoured cars, etc.

So far one of the outstanding difficulties has been that, whilst in former days cavalry was the most mobile arm, in the light mechanical division it is the least mobile, for, granted no opposition, whilst the lorry columns can move 150 to 200 kilometres in a day, cavalry can only move half this distance.

On the opening of hostilities, the light mechanical divisions will move forward as advanced guards, the main bodies of the troops in rear of them being carried in lorries; these in their turn will be protected by flank guards of cross-country machines, tanks and tracked armoured cars. This, briefly, is the French idea, and it constitutes a revolution in our traditional ideas of mobility.

It is one thing to change the structure of an army, and another to use the changed article. The idea of moving forward at 100 miles a day is a perfectly sound idea, but to establish it on a workable footing needs a complete revision of existing military organization.

If it is possible, within a few hours of the declaration of war, to penetrate an enemy's country to the depth of a hundred miles, our present ideas of mobilization will have to be completely revised; for, in fact, such rapidity of movement precludes mobilization. Armies based on conscription demand of necessity a somewhat prolonged period of mobilization, at least several days, and it may therefore be concluded, that though conscript armies may still be maintained, the initial blow must be given by some highly trained force at full war strength; in fact, a small long-service army, ready, like a fire engine, to move at once to the scene of action.

To-day, with our slow-moving hordes of foot soldiers, their supply and administration are a comparatively easy problem. The army in peace time is like a closed umbrella; in war it opens out, screening its rear services. But a small mechanical army, even when fully deployed, will screen

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very little, and the faster it moves the less will it screen. Two solutions to this difficulty suggest themselves :—

(1) Its administrative services will have to be convoyed by mechanical troops, like tramp steamers by destroyers.

(2) It must be prepared, as far as possible, to live on the enemy's country until the mobilizing army can close up behind it.

What does this mean from the opposite point of view ? It means that there is likely to be a corresponding increase in fortifications in order to counter mobility. To-day many people believe that fortresses are things of the past ; my views are diametrically the opposite. If countries can be rapidly invaded, their vital centres must be permanently secured ; further, these centres will constitute defended hubs out of which raids will radiate against the enemy's administrative columns and foraging parties.

If my speculations as regards the present tendencies are in any way correct, then in the future we are likely to see a return to mediæval warfare. The horse is a cross-country animal, and it was the horse and armour which were the preponderating factors in war for nearly a thousand years. The feudal army consisted of an advanced guard of armoured knights and a horde of camp followers, foragers, etc. The knights were the true combatants, and their numbers were always small ; the camp followers were the administrative services—they pillaged and massacred when the knights were victorious, and were massacred when they were defeated.

The feudal army was restricted to the open plain lands and the valleys ; it could not operate in the mountains ; consequently we find, as armour is improved, castles and fortresses grow in number and strength. Castles spring up wherever the knight can move, not only to block his way, but to form points of resistance from which the foraging proclivities of his camp followers can be restricted.

It was the possibility of carrying armour which was the main factor in the remarkable changes which took place in the art of war from the decline of the Roman legion to the appearance of the Swiss pikemen and the English archers, and had it been possible for the horse to carry a greater weight than it did, the pikemen and the archers would have been invariably defeated on the plains.

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The horse has a limited strength; the energy of the petrol engine is practically unlimited; hence it is unlikely that the antidote to mechanical warfare will be found in a newer improved infantry weapon.

To-day we are in the Adrianople period of mechanical warfare, and I will now conclude this paper by an attempt to discover what the future has in store.

A hypothesis is valueless unless it is founded on facts; I will establish, therefore, a few facts before I theorize.

If one man fights another, he has got to hit, guard and move; these three factors may be considered as the axioms of individual fighting. Now, if 100 or 1,000,000 men face a similar number, these factors equally hold good; consequently they are not only axioms of individual fighting, but axioms of war.

From these axioms, three types of soldiers have been evolved: combat soldiers, protective soldiers, and mobile soldiers; and for the last 400 years these three types have been called infantry, artillery and cavalry. In brief, their combined tactics are—infantry attack under cover of artillery fire, and when the attack has disorganized and demoralized the enemy, the cavalry pursue.

Now turn to the conditions introduced into warfare by the petrol engine.

INFANTRY.—The infantry cannot attack tanks on level country, and the tanks cannot attack infantry in mountainous, thickly wooded and swampy regions. Therefore we may suppose that, for combat purposes, on level country tanks will replace infantry, and that in all other country infantry will continue much as they are, but that, as they have got to keep pace with tanks, they will be moved in cross-country vehicles.

First Deduction.—In the future, armies will require two types of combat troops: tanks to fight on the plains, and infantry to fight in the mountains.

ARTILLERY.—Horse-drawn artillery cannot keep up with a tank force, neither can the field gun on wheels play an important part in the tank *versus* tank attack; to do so guns must move at an equal speed to the tanks and be protected by armour.

Second Deduction.—The present field gun will evolve into what may be called an artillery tank, somewhat similar to the combat tanks, but heavier, and its duty will be to protect them by smoke and shell fire.

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Cavalry, as we have seen, has already proved itself an encumbrance in the French light divisions; the horse has, in fact, reached the limit of its powers—it must be replaced by the machine.

Third Deduction.—Our present pursuit troops must be mechanicalized. Two types of machines will be required: a cross-country armoured car for reconnaissance work, and a very fast tank for pursuit.

These are the three main deductions upon which I base my hypothesis of mechanicalization, and though they vastly change our present conceptions of infantry, artillery and cavalry, they do not, so far as I can see, infringe the axioms of war. The truth of the case is that many of us to-day cannot see the wood for the trees. The wood is war, the trees are infantry, artillery and cavalry. We cannot divorce our thoughts from these three arms as we see them to-day, yet they are only means to an end, the end being not their employment, but victory. Therefore, in conclusion, I suggest that, if we want to discover the future character of war, we should look beyond these means and examine the axioms which are their foundation—to hit, to guard and to move. These are the fundamental elements of tactics, and their skilful use leads to liberty of action—the aim of generalship and the foundations of soldiership.

J. F. C. FULLER.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE PENINSULA.

7th (Royal Fusiliers), blue facings; 3rd (Buffs), buff facings; 60th Rifles in centre.

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MAN, BEAST AND MACHINE IN WAR

"In war the moral is to the physical as ten is to one."

NAPOLEON.

ONE of the opening paragraphs of Field Service Regulations, Vol. II—Operations—points out that war depends more upon moral than physical qualities. The writers of the Army's leading textbook were no doubt anxious to establish their readers' minds upon the soundest possible basis before saturating them with the complications and intricacies of modern warfare. The extent to which the reader grasps the great basic truth of that paragraph must measure the depth of his judgment as a fighting soldier. Possibly the contents of the paragraph might have been even more strongly emphasized than they are. It might have been preferable to see them standing out in heavy type, for to us the full realization of the meaning of "moral ascendancy" is the essence of success in war. It is not only the fact that the army with high *moral* collectively will defeat a force inferior in that respect, but otherwise equal, that it is wished to stress, but also the great driving power of the human spirit expressed in the individual determined, no matter what the obstacles, to bring matters to a successful conclusion.

It is that spirit which wins battles; it is that spirit which accomplishes the theoretical impossible and so turns the tide in war. There is within every man, and to my mind within certain animals, a noble spark which urges them on to grapple with situations which, looked at from the cold, logical point of view, are beyond their powers. Time and again in military history has this occurred and victory resulted although its achievement under the existing circumstances seemed incredible. To appreciate the thing fully one must actually see it; those who saw the efforts of man and animal in coping with the theoretical impossible on the fields of Flanders, or for that matter elsewhere during the Great War, must be conscious that it is the power of the individual man and beast to carry on, irrespective of any sacrifice thereby demanded of themselves, that is the real driving power in war. Compared with that power, the most highly perfected

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machine is of poor value. In war the moral is to the physical as ten is to one. That is the basic truth which we must always keep before us.

Can we who understand that truth reconcile with it proposals to substitute the mechanical for the living element more and more in our armed forces, with a view eventually to making the former the thing upon which we mostly rely rather than the latter? It seems not.

Given the ratio of the power of the moral to the physical, let us examine the growing tendency to depend upon the machine in our post-war army. At the outset I desire to make it clear that I do not wish for one moment to decry the introduction of mechanicalization into our army altogether, nor to pose as a laggard in the struggle for modern improvement; I merely wish to advocate a circumspect moderation that grasps eagerly innovations of value, but refuses to be led away from underlying fundamental truths by the prospect of acquirements of purely surface value.

Our Expeditionary Force in 1914 was equipped with a small proportion of lorries, touring cars and motor bicycles as the sum total of its mechanicalization. A short period of operations in a country well provided with modern roads, such as France, soon brought home the advantages to be gained by making full use of those roads, thereby relieving congestion on the railways, eliminating the necessity for large numbers of draught horses, with their corresponding needs in forage, and enabling dismounted troops to be moved from one place to another in motor buses at a very much greater pace than they could march, and thereby increasing their mobility.

Then came the advent of the armoured cross-country vehicle as an answer to machine guns, trenches and barbed wire. The tank, with its comparative immunity from machine-gun and rifle fire, and its power to over-run defences of considerable strength, coming as it did in the nature of a surprise to the enemy, was undoubtedly a powerful factor in the achievement of the successes we gained in 1916, 1917 and 1918. By neutralizing the machine guns and trampling over the wire and the trenches, it assisted the infantry to go forward and win the final victory. But that is all. The most ardent disciple of the tank could not claim that it did more than clear the way for others who in the end clinched matters.

The development of our aerial forces was also gradual and marked throughout by the presence of certain hard and fast

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factors which limited their usefulness. But for those factors the German intention of wheeling through Belgium might have been learnt earlier, and a plan, based upon a clear knowledge of the situation, substituted for hasty improvisations resultant on the prevailing fog of war. As it was, the indomitable spirit of the troops was called upon to make good where the lack of the necessary material had failed. The spirit of the troops, though greatly outnumbered, rose to the occasion and saved the situation, whereas the restricted material resources were bound powerless by their physical limitations. But aerial development advanced until at the end of the war the Allies had control of the air, with its attendant advantages in observation and in striking power, not only against the troops in the field, but also against the enemies' national spirit by raids upon their nerve centres far behind the fighting line.

The Great War, then, taught us two main lessons. First, the use of the mechanical vehicle on land as a means of transportation and also as an actual weapon to assist the advance of cavalry or infantry. Secondly, the use of the flying machine as a means of observation and striking. These are in the realms of facts proved by past experiences, and it is well to fix carefully in our minds where facts end and surmise, which embraces all plans for the future until they have undergone the acid test of campaigning, begins. We must rid our minds of any idea that tank supremacy was the main cause of our victory; were this so the war must surely have ended with the Battle of Cambrai.

The question of the future of aerial warfare and its relations to land warfare is one upon which much has been and will be written, and it is not proposed to enter here into any detailed argument on the subject of the substitution of air forces for land forces. Suffice it to say that, in so far as the activities of air forces are essentially dependent upon machinery, their replacement of ground troops on any large scale cannot be entertained.

It is proposed rather to discuss the matter of the replacement of the man and animal by the machine in land warfare. That to a certain extent this replacement is sound is admitted by everybody, but it is upon the proportion of that replacement that opinions differ. It is true that the development of mechanical means during the last war exceeded all pre-war expectations, and it seems that on account of this there are

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those who think that the power of machinery on the field of battle is unbounded. There is no doubt that mechanical development will go on, and that the next great war will see even greater advances in this respect; but the fact is that, no matter how far you develop the machine, you cannot rule out the living element, which has been and always will be the dominating factor.

Machinery, no matter how highly developed, will always be confined in its scope by certain physical limitations beyond which it cannot pass. It is a thing governed by mathematics—lifeless, soulless. Provided it is constructed according to design, it can be depended upon to fulfil just those functions which were expected of it—but no more. It depends for success upon certain data which must be clearly foreseen in order that it may be produced. It is essentially concrete. Now, one of the main features of war is its uncertainty. Moltke once said, "I have observed that there are often three courses open to the enemy, and that he invariably takes the fourth." History teaches us over and over again that, whereas the fundamental principles of war remain constant, the details of their application change continually. Is war, then, a matter in which we should rely for success upon machinery rather than upon the living element? Surely it is not; that way lies failure, for when the unexpected is met with, steel and oil must be held poor substitutes for man and beast in rising to the occasion.

In the contest of endurance which war essentially is, the living creature is capable of that extra effort, theoretically impossible, which turns the tide and secures victory. History is full of instances of this, among which the action of Ney's rearguards in the retreat from Moscow in 1812, the heroism of the Japanese infantry in Manchuria in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, and the indomitable spirit of the British troops, outnumbered and often waist-deep in mud and water in Flanders, in the Great War, are fair examples. In reporting on the Army Manœuvres held recently, *The Times* correspondent made one particularly telling remark. He said: "I have seen a good many broken-down machines, tanks and others of late by the roadside, and I have seen only one lame horse." Probably no serious damage, but some comparatively minor irregularity was the cause of the total loss of those machines to their side for an indefinite period. It would be interesting to know how many men and animals,

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making forced marches and living under the most damaging weather conditions, were carrying out their functions in spite of disabilities proportionately far greater.

The knotty problem is how far we should carry the process of mechanicalization. Although our mechanical idealists may entice us on with tantalizing whispers, we must be firm and decline to neglect the means of warfare now definitely available until we have something actually at hand with which to replace them.

The time necessary for the attainment of that " something " will be fixed by the pace of research and its following development. Research and development are, in their turn, dependent upon the money and resources which the nation is able to apply to them. In these enlightened days, the expenditure of public funds upon items of purely warlike value is by common consent set at a minimum. All are weary of war and desire only to live in peace, protected by such safeguards as prudence and foresight demand. When such efforts are demanded of the nation in the reconstruction of its national life and the re-establishment of its trade, there is little and all to spare. At the same time, no matter how much they may believe in the ultimate attainment of an era of world peace, sane men must be practical in a practical world and face the fact that the time is not yet when national self-protection can be neglected on the score of international goodwill.

The position, then, is this : we must frame our policy so as to encroach as little as possible on the national funds at a time when reconstruction is the motto and a long period of peace is earnestly hoped for ; but, nevertheless, we must be ready to bring to bear the whole force of the nation against the enemy as rapidly as possible should the dread day come. To effect this we must be able to apply the equipment of our daily life to the necessities of war. Any ultra-military specialization would not only be wasteful but also disastrous, since it would increase the period needed for placing our national army in the field in the full state of its efficiency. If, then, we were to replace the man and the animal, the former in a large degree and the latter entirely, should we be acting upon sound policy. It is thought that we should not. The following are our reasons :—

(1) Military paraphernalia designed to replace the man with the rifle on the field of battle have no position among

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the equipment of our daily life, whereas the population of the British Empire is some 400 millions.

(2) The tracked vehicle is not a commercial implement, and its development in a sufficient degree to replace animal transport in any wholesale fashion would entail specialization, costly in peace and embarrassing in war. (It cost the British Government £50,000 to develop one small detail of our present track, and firms employed in peace time upon manufactures such as agricultural machinery had to adapt and enlarge their workshops before tracked vehicles could be produced during the last war.) Until the general public go about their daily business in vehicles based on the model of the one-man tank, cavalry and infantry will remain the chief factors in battle. We must place our reliance in war in the use of the equipment of our life in peace, otherwise financial embarrassment and military impotence will be the fruits of our labours.

We have heard men talk glibly of sweeping away the remainder of our cavalry and replacing it by mechanicalized units. "The day of the horse in war is dead," they say; "the last war has proved that." It can be remembered that one ardent protagonist of the machine, in drawing a picture of the battle of the future before an audience consisting of the leading military thought in the country, announced that no part could be played by cavalry except to save their own skins by galloping from the field. Now, in our opinion, those who make such statements are suffering from what can best be described as "mechanical inebriation," brought on by a surfeit of trench warfare on the Western Front. As good wine makes all seem rosy to the reveller in the first stages of intoxication, so his enthusiasm colours the view of the "mechanical inebriate." But let us not forget the baneful period of alcoholic remorse which invariably follows all violent outbreaks of intemperance. With the exception of those who took part in the fighting in France in 1914, or in Palestine in 1918, there are few who have seen cavalry in action on the modern battle-field. Had not the spirit of the German soldier been broken by means of the appalling economic pressure brought to bear upon the whole German nation, the fighting on the Western Front would have ended in the destruction of the German Army in open fighting, and in our opinion a leading part therein would have been taken by the Allied cavalry.

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The official report upon the recent Army Manœuvres has not been published at the time of going to press, but it is gathered that the operations carried out more than justified the existence of cavalry. On the other hand, large columns of mechanical vehicles were found to be unwieldy on the roads and very difficult to conceal from the air. The war of 1914-1918 set the pendulum swinging in the direction of mechanicalization much in the same way as it was set swinging towards mounted infantry at the close of the South African War. Let us rest assured that ere long the pendulum will regain its equilibrium, as it did in 1912.

And there is another aspect of this matter which appears important. War is a national affair, and not the concern of a professional few. It is the man in the street who will make the war, it is the man in the street who will fight the war of the future. Success will depend upon the deflection of the whole national force from peace pursuits to the prosecution of war. This is the link which connects the army with the nation. Our arms will succeed or fail according to the measure of the martial spirit with which each individual bearing them is fired. The extent to which our soldiers will be imbued with this spirit must largely depend upon the extent to which we can ally the nation to the army in peace. An army, dependent for its striking power mainly upon complex machinery with which men outside its ranks have no means of coming in contact in peace time, must expect to be deficient in that spirit in the first stages of a war, at any rate. The more specialized their new functions are, the more difficult it will be for recruits to settle down and become acclimatized to their military life and surroundings! and until they have done so they will be incapable of giving of their best. Not more than 25 per cent. of our man power can be classed as mechanics; the remaining 75 per cent. are engaged in occupations which will not fit them to handle complicated machines. Moreover, to drive a civilian motor vehicle or handle machinery in a workshop is a very different matter to fighting a "landship," and considerable special training will be necessary even for those who have previous mechanical experience.

Let us therefore deprecate measures of specialization which tend to set a gulf between the army in peace and the army in war. For war is a nation in arms, and our diminutive Regular forces but a nucleus of our National Army.

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Finally, then, we have arrived at the following conclusions :—

First, that we must ensure that our thinking is upon the right basis. If the foundations are faulty, the building will be worthless. The right basis lies in the recognition of the fact that in war the moral is to the physical as ten is to one. When technical experts dangle their allurements before our eyes, we are apt to become fascinated and lose our breadth of view. We must be on our guard against this, remembering that human nature and the principles of war are immutable. Our experiences in the last war taught us certain definite lessons ; let us build on them, but at the same time decline to exchange facts for nebulous possibilities.

Secondly, that we must take care not to be off with the old love before we are on with the new. The introduction of mechanicalization to whatever extent we may ultimately decide must perforce be very gradual, and seems unlikely to exceed a limited sphere. The last thing we want to do is to set the pace in a race for supremacy in mechanical armament, especially when we realize that it is the living element which must finally clinch matters. In the meantime we must be ready to meet the emergency.

Thirdly, that we must not allow a gulf of military specialization to separate the nation from the army in peace. War has become so horrible a thing that it will not be lightly declared. The days of the making of wars by individuals are over—nothing but the combined resolve of the people will in the future plunge the country into war ; and should war come, its successful issue will depend upon the ability of the nation to apply itself to its prosecution. Upon the field of battle it is that ability, represented by the spirit of the individual soldier, which in the main can win the victory.

GEORGE DE CHAIR.

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THE YELLOW ADMIRAL.

GEORGE SPERLING had come to a decision. He would, he must, go to sea. A few months ago, while yet his mother was alive, he would hardly have thought of it. But now that she was gone there was no one left who would grieve and be anxious over him when he was far away. His only real friend, old Admiral Farnfield, would, of course, be pleased ; for was it not the admiral's yarns that had fired his young blood ?

Except for the rector, George's father, Admiral Farnfield was the only inhabitant of the little village who could be considered at all above the level of the petty farmers who, in that year of 1750, strove, as their descendants strive to-day, to wring a meagre living from the somewhat barren, heathy soil of that particular corner of Hampshire.

George had never, in the twelve years of his life, been farther from Little Loddon than the seven miles to Basingstoke. What schooling he had had been given by his dour, puritanical father, that father whom George only feared and respected but could never love. He had never even seen the sea. But now that there was only Aunt Kate, more dour, more puritanical even than the Rev. Richard Sperling himself, to take the place of the mother who had represented all the joy of life to George, he had come to live practically entirely in that world of adventure which could always be found at the other end of the straggling village street, in the old thatched farm-house where the admiral lived. He lived alone, save for one old manservant, weather-beaten and taciturn like himself, who, as George understood, had been his coxswain when he yet sailed the seas in command of those fine ships of which he would so often speak with yearning affection.

For there had always seemed to George a melancholy, a mysterious sadness about the admiral. He seemed not to have any friends. This was strange, for he must have made many in those brave old days. But none ever visited him, and, save for young George, he seemed to avoid company of any sort. But with the boy he was different. And often had the two sat together, under the old chestnut tree in the admiral's little garden, as they sat this summer's afternoon : the old man in his easy chair, the boy upon the grass at his feet.

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The admiral had just finished a yarn about the Barbary corsairs, against whom he had fought in his youth, under the great Sir Cloudesley Shovel. There was a little silence, broken only by the humming of the bees, the distant lowing of cattle, which seemed to accentuate rather than to break the quiet peace of the hot, sun-bathed countryside about them.

George looked up.

"Will you get me a berth in the Navy, Admiral?" he asked simply and directly.

The old man looked down at him, gravely, almost regretfully, a strange tenderness in his eyes, as if the boy had been his own son.

"Do you think you will be man enough, George?" he asked.

"Why, yes, sir. I hope so, sir," replied the lad, a little puzzled.

"And so do I, George. For a long time I have seen the way your thoughts have been tending. And I have wondered, George, if you really knew—or rather if you had any idea, for you cannot really know—how hard a mistress is the sea. How she asks all of a man, more sometimes than he can give."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"I did not expect that you would, George," said the other, kindly. "It is not to be supposed that you could have seen in my old yarns anything but the glamour and the glory of it all. For we old sailors like to think and to talk of the glad times, the victorious times at sea. But there are defeats, George, terrible defeats."

"Of course there are," replied the boy, stoutly. "I know *that*, Admiral. You defeated the enemy when you fought them. It can't have been very pleasant for them."

The admiral smiled, rather wanly. He shook his head.

"Ah, George, I do not mean defeats in battles with men. Sometimes the sea itself defeats one."

"You mean shipwrecks, sir?"

"Not only shipwrecks as you think of them, my boy. There are shipwrecks of men's souls at sea, as well as of stout ships. Men are drowned sometimes in the ocean of their own desires as well as in that of the salt water. A sailor must live for his duty, George; his duty must be more to him than life, more than love, more than all the world. And some-

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times the sea asks a man to do, as his duty, what he is not strong enough to do. I will tell you a story, my own story, the end of my life at sea, so that you may understand what it may mean to be a sailor, with a sailor's duty to do."

Something in the inflection of his voice, as well as the solemn words, told the boy that what was to come was no ordinary yarn. He hunched himself a little nearer to his friend, watching the lined old face intently, waiting, rather awestruck by what he saw there, during the little pause before the old man cleared his throat and began.

" It was in the autumn of the year 1720 that I, who had but recently taken command of the fine fifty-gun ship *Norman*, the finest command I had ever yet held, sailed from Boston, in the New England Colony of Massachussetts, as senior officer of a little squadron. Besides the *Norman* herself there were another fifty-gun ship and three frigates. Our destination was Plymouth, so that we had to cross the whole width of the Atlantic Ocean, which, in the months of October and November, is swept by very violent and frequent storms. So we expected a rough passage, and all precautions were taken before sailing to make everything as secure as possible. New rigging was rove, the best suit of sails bent, anchors got inboard as soon as we had cleared the land, and even the lower deck gunports caulked in so as to be perfectly watertight. So, on the fifth of October, we set sail.

" For the first ten days everything was normal. We had a couple of blows from the westward, but they were not more than sufficient to give us a good push on our way; there was never any question of heaving the ships to to ride them out. But then on the fifteenth the wind, which had been ominously light for many hours, began to blow up very squally and in ugly, hollow gusts from the cloud-laden sky to the south-eastward. The ships were then on the starboard tack, close-hauled and heading about north-east. We immediately began to snug them down, shortening sail to double-reefed topsails and foresail, and in the afternoon housed the topgallant masts, as I expected a heavier blow than we had yet experienced. Nor was I wrong, for by nightfall it blew great guns, with a very heavy sea. The wind by this time had veered to the west of south, following the ordinary course of such storms, which generally increase in force as the wind shifts to the westward, until it reaches the north-west, whence they blow themselves out with greater fury than ever. I

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expected about three days of discomfort and anxiety, but as yet there was nothing to show what was really to come. At dusk, however, there was so high a sea that, as the ship pitched with the corkscrew motion which is so unpleasant when running before big waves not quite astern, the water came in over the lee bow in great green masses, wetting the foot of the foresail. We lost sight of the other ships as night fell, and of course each captain had to do the best he could for his own vessel. Fleet manœuvring in such weather was out of the question.

"During the first watch the ship laboured so heavily that I feared the timbers would begin to work. Indeed, there was evidently some little straining already, for the carpenter reported that she was making a good deal of water. Besides, there was considerable danger of the guns breaking loose unless something were done to decrease the motion. I therefore determined to heave to, and brought her to the wind on the starboard tack. To do this we had for a short time to bring the sea abeam. While in this position the terrific rolling caused two guns on the main deck to break from their lashings. They were successfully secured, but not before three men had been very badly injured by their mad careering across the deck. Two of these men died before the night was over. At the time I was much saddened by this accident, but, in the light of what was in store for the rest of us, these men were to be accounted fortunate.

"During the night we lost our only remaining sails, the foresail and maintopsail, both blown clean out of the bolt-ropes. We could only keep the ship to the wind with a tarpaulin lashed in the mizzen rigging. It would have been madness to attempt to set fresh sail. At six o'clock the next morning, the wind still increasing, the ship lay over so under the pressure on the bare masts and rigging, that she seemed practically on her beam ends. There was imminent danger of her foundering through water finding its way below by the hatchways, for the lee side of the deck was submerged almost to the coamings. And, owing to the steepness of the slope, the men at the pumps could not keep their feet so as to be able to work effectively. There was nothing for it but to cut away the masts. The fore and main were therefore sacrificed, and the ship righted somewhat. But the rolling now again became severe, and the wreckage of the masts did much damage to the bulwarks before we could disentangle

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her from it. I kept the mizzen with its tarpaulin, as that was all that prevented her broaching to and becoming utterly unmanageable. The lower mast stood staunchly enough, but before long the rolling was too much for the topmast, and it crashed down upon the quarterdeck, wrecking the wheel and killing the quartermaster and two helmsmen. Fortunately, we already had preventer tackles on the tiller, and with these the ship was kept under control.

"At daylight we sighted one of the frigates on our lee quarter. She still had all three lower masts standing, but nothing above the tops. She was brought to under a close-reefed spanker and storm fore staysail, and seemed to be making better weather of it than ourselves. As a matter of fact, I learned subsequently that she alone of all that little squadron rode out the storm and reached port, having hove all her guns overboard and lost most of her spars, but otherwise not much the worse. Of the other three ships, neither we nor anyone ever saw a trace again. All foundered with all hands. The morning showed grey and chill, with racing stormclouds scudding before the tempest and occasional rain-squalls, in one of which we soon lost sight of the frigate.

"As the day wore on the sea, ever increasing, began to breach clean over us, sweeping the men at the pumps from their feet. The water was gaining on us fast, and I was at last forced to sacrifice the remaining mast to attempt to ride head to sea by a hawser attached to the wreckage of it. But the hawser snapped with the plunging of the ship, and she fell off helpless into the trough, the seas sweeping her continuously. As she lay thus, twenty men who were at the pumps were washed overboard from the waist and, of course, never seen again. Practically all the remaining bulwarks were torn out of her, and the boats, with the exception of the pinnace and one cutter, were all smashed to matchwood. At last we got her before the wind under a rag of canvas set beneath the bowsprit, our only remaining spar. A tarpaulin was also got up on a spare spar which we managed to lash to the stump of the foremast. The bowsprit did not last long, breaking short off in a tremendous dive she took into a wave that seemed like a cliff. But the tarpaulin still kept her before it. The guns were next hove overboard. This was accomplished without much difficulty, but a lot of water got in through the ports while open, and by noon there was ten feet of water in her and the pumps were choked with

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debris from the broken cases and barrels which, washing about in the hold, had smashed themselves to pieces. About one o'clock a gigantic wave broke through the stern windows, burst out the bulkheads at the fore end of the officers' quarters, and swept the ship from stern to head. Everything on the upper and main decks was borne in confusion before it. The ship seemed to be settling by the stern, several more men were killed or washed overboard, and the end was apparently very near.

"But the wind had begun to abate. I feared it was only a lull before the final shift to the north-west. Nevertheless, for an hour or so that afternoon we had some respite. With the sternworks smashed, we had to get her head up to the sea again if we could. The men were now thoroughly demoralized. They cowered in groups under any poor shelter they could find about the decks, making no effort to save the ship except when driven to it by blows and curses from the officers. They had had neither food nor rest for nearly twenty-four hours now, for it had been impossible to think of sleep in such a drenching chaos, while the galley fire had long since been washed out, and only a few scraps of raw pork and sodden biscuit could be picked up from the wreck of what had been the mess-deck. But by the help of the officers, led by the first lieutenant, a magnificent seaman by name Charles Richardson, I managed to drive the poor wretches to get another tarpaulin hoisted on a spar on the stump of the mizzen, and, taking in that forward, she finally wallowed round till she headed about south by west, within five points of the wind. While turning through the trough this time, the surging debris in the hold burst up the orlop deck. This helped to allow the working of the timbers, and the oakum could be seen spewing out of the seams as she rolled.

"Hardly were we round when the shift of wind to the north-west came, with a sudden redoubling of its force and a clearing of the sky, which allowed a sickly beam of light from the setting sun to illuminate the wreck. The ship's head, under her tarpaulin, came up nearly to west, and as I stood on the break of the poop, looking forward, the dark, jagged masses of what had been her upperworks and the dejected groups of sullen, despairing men stood outlined as if in gold before me. But the sight of the sun did not inspire me with any cheerful feelings. Below, as well as on deck, the vessel

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was little better than a mass of firewood. And we had to anticipate at least one more night of violent wind. I did not expect to see another dawn.

" The temper of the men was such that I feared actual rioting and mutiny in their despair. I knew there was practically no hope, but they must be kept employed. The first lieutenant, agreeing with me, undertook to keep them busy making rafts and at the pumps, whenever the carpenters could get them into some sort of working order. Thus night closed down upon us.

" Somewhat to my surprise, midnight found us still afloat and the wind blowing with greatly decreased force. It came now out of a hard, frosty sky, sparkling with stars. I knew this should be the end of the blow, and began to have some hope, scarcely, indeed, of saving the ship, for in her present state she must ultimately founder, but at any rate of getting a part of the crew away in the two remaining boats and upon rafts. I stood on the break of the poop with the first lieutenant. He was a man somewhat older than myself, having been unfortunate in the matter of promotion in spite of his sterling qualities. We were old friends and shipmates, and in this crisis spoke to one another more on that footing than as a senior and a subordinate officer.

" ' The wind is certainly moderating, Charles,' I said. ' Pray God she may float long enough to get some of the people off.'

" ' Yes,' said he, ' there may be hope for some of them. But I fear it can only be a few. These rafts they have been building will go to pieces in a swell such as will remain long after this wind is gone. The boats will ride it. But how few they will hold !'

" ' Yes, Charles, you are right,' I sighed ; ' only a remnant can survive. We must let the master and Fairbanks take each a boat. They are married men, and should have first chance among the officers.'

" ' Yes, captain,' he answered quietly ; ' that is but right. I fear neither of us dare hope to see sweet Mistress Carrie again.'

" Our eyes met. Each read in the other's the avowal of the truth each had known so long, yet neither had before referred to. We were, in fact had long been, rivals for the hand of Mistress Caroline Strong, the lovely daughter of a Portsmouth gentleman. Neither of us had yet declared

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himself to the lady, but she knew and both of us knew how the matter stood between us two that she would choose. There was no other serious suitor.

" ' No, Charles,' said I, ' this is the end of our rivalry. I trust you have found me as honourable a foe in the lists of love as I have yourself, and that, since neither of us can now wed the lady, we can at least die, each of us equally her devoted slave.'

" ' I trust so, Walter,' he said, relapsing into a familiarity he had not hitherto allowed himself ; then, after a sad little pause, he added : ' But I must yet bestir myself, sir. There is, I think, enough timber left for one more raft. I will get the men to work again.' He left me, to superintend the work in the waist.

" All through the night the weather improved. As soon as it was light I gave the order to get the boats out and to provision them with such stores as could still be got together on that battered hulk. This was done safely as regards the cutter, but the pinnace, owing to the loss of the masts whereby she should have been hoisted out, was hopelessly stove by the rolling of the ship. Beside the rafts, there was thus only one boat which could offer a means of escape. I had her dropped under the stern, riding by a long painter, ready for the order to abandon ship. When day was fully come, the imminence of the ship's sinking became more obvious than ever. She was so deep in the water that the lower deck ports were already submerged, and streams of water gushed at every roll from her seams whence the oakum had been spewed out. All the spare spars, gratings, etc., that could be collected had been made into rafts, which lay upon the deck, looking, even to the most inexperienced eye, but sorry apologies for life-saving apparatus. There was no longer any attempt to work the pumps, and the men stood listlessly in groups, waiting for the end.

" I noticed a good deal of earnest conversation amongst some of them, and several leaning over the side, eyeing the boat astern. I felt very perturbed as to how far discipline would prevail to prevent a panic rush at the end, wherein, of course, the boat would be swamped by the numbers that would seek safety in her, so that all would be lost.

" I sent for the master, Lieutenant Fairbanks, and the first lieutenant. I told the two former that, when the order was given, they were to descend into the boat at once, while

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the first lieutenant was to detail such men as he thought fit to go in her and was himself to be the last to embark and was to take charge of getting her away. I gave him this order because, since our conversation of the night, I had determined, if possible, to save him for Carrie. That I myself must drown was certain. I never questioned that. I was the captain, with the captain's duty of never quitting his ship while there was another man left aboard her.

" I could see the struggle in Charles Richardson's mind as he battled with the hope thus held out to him. Then he refused, saying that he would rather go down in the ship with me. I took him aside and besought him to save himself for Carrie's sake, but he still refused. At last I had to make it a point of duty, and finally he consented, on that ground only. He left me and went into the waist to select such of the married men among the crew as had families dependent upon them, to detail them to man the boat. He had, of course, to speak to each man apart, for fear of creating a panic if he went about his duty openly. Thus he was some time engaged in this business.

" Before he had finished, I looked again over the stern and saw that the boat had been drawn up to one of the stern ports and some dozen or so of the men had already boarded her. These were not there by the first lieutenant's orders, as I well knew, for several were mere youngsters who would certainly not have had any claim to be selected. I could also see a considerable number of men in the waist, sneaking aft with the obvious intent of getting into the boat. It was apparent that my plan was breaking down, that there would soon be a rush, the boat would be overcrowded and all would perish. I decided to get her away at once, with such as could be saved, whoever they were. I beckoned the master and Lieutenant Fairbanks to slip over the stern into her, and myself prepared to cast her off quickly, before the move should be noticed.

" As I stooped to loose the painter, the thought of Carrie came to me again. I was depriving her of Charles ! He could not now be saved. And then, for the first time, came the fatal whisper, *What about myself?* I could save *myself*. There was no time for a protracted struggle. Honour and duty stood clear on the one side ; Carrie, the hope of Carrie—nay, with Charles out of the way, the certainty of Carrie—upon the other. I knew perfectly what I ought to do. But

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I did that which I knew I ought not. I yielded in that supreme moment of temptation. I failed. I was defeated.

" As I cast off the painter, I retained the end of it in my hand and with it leapt into the sea, and was drawn into the boat. She fell off quickly astern, and, with the eighteen men she carried, was soon at a safe distance. Several men, when they saw us leaving, jumped overboard and endeavoured to swim to the boat. But none gained her. A horrible wail, which will ring in my ears till my dying day, went up from those left behind, deserted in their extremity by their own captain.

" We quickly made sail upon the boat, and soon lost sight of the doomed wreck. I will pass over my feelings during the next twelve days. The horror of what I had done came to me at once, as I heard that awful cry from the sinking *Norman*. And it never left me. But, happily for my reason, I was kept busy in providing for the safety of the boat, which, after many hardships and dangers, we succeeded in bringing safely to port in the Western Isles. Once ashore I realized fully what was to be the punishment of my deed. I could never claim the prize I had sold my honour to win. To have asked Carrie's hand now, now that I had forfeited everything that could have made me worthy of it, would have been a sacrilege. I was not greatly blamed by the court-martial. I represented, as indeed was the case, that it was a choice between letting go the boat, so that some might be saved, and allowing all to perish in the growing panic. But though they acquitted me, I could read in their countenances, as the verdict was delivered, the scorn of those honourable gentlemen for a captain who thus saved himself.

" I was not offered, nor did I seek, further employment. I slunk away and strove to bury my shame in oblivion, living, with my remorse for my sole companion, in quiet country places. But ever with the years, with my remorse for the deed which had made me irrevocably unworthy of her, my love for Carrie grew. I never saw her during all those years. I never even dared to visit her in Portsmouth when I first returned after the wreck. At last, years later, I heard that she had married, when almost verging on middle age. She married a poor curate. And then, as if a ghost should rise to haunt me, who so richly deserved it, who, indeed, nightly suffered it in my dreams, one day a new rector came to this little place where I had settled. His wife—your mother, George—was Carrie Strong.

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" At first I thought of selling my cottage and going away. But then I realized that this was part of my penance. To see her whom I had lost, of whom I had proved myself unworthy, the wife of another, the quietly happy mother of another's children. And yet sometimes I thought I saw, even through her quiet happiness, some shadow of regret about her too. Perhaps it was fancy, but I felt that she, too, suffered, all undeserving as she was, for my fault. That, too, was an added punishment for me.

" And now she is gone, and you, George, her son, you tell me you want to go to sea. Now, George, after hearing this story, do you still think you are man enough ?"

Tears were rolling down the old man's cheeks as he finished. The boy, being but a boy, only half understood the tale then. But this much at any rate he did understand : that even if the glamour of the sea was gone, there was a higher conception of the nobility of the true seaman's profession come to take its place. And, being what the after years proved him, he answered stoutly, after a little pause :

" Yes, sir !" he said, rising and fixing his eyes upon the old man's face. " I hope so, sir."

And dimly, through the mist before his own, the admiral caught—the first who ever saw it—that glint which had transformed George's eyes into those of a man, that steadfast gaze which, years later, was to hold within the bonds of discipline the crew of the blazing *Pyramus*, so that in the incredibly short time at his disposal before the fire reached the magazines he got away every man, save only himself, who would not go because he was not certain there might not be some still in that hell of murky smoke and flame. For the eyes of George Sperling became famous in the Service, and there was long a tradition that on that last day, as the boats lay off, those marvellous eyes, before which ever was a vision others did not see, still shone unbleared to the last from out that smoky pall as he went about his duty of making certain that he alone had been left to die.

H. W. Shove.

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PRACTICAL CO-OPERATION BETWEEN THE SERVICES.

FOR Britain, an Island Power and the heart of a far-flung Empire, war must generally involve co-operation between the Fighting Forces in some shape or form.

It has been said that, to-day, sea power and air security are the twin pillars of Imperial defence, but neither the Navy nor the Air Force can hold territory or prevent land frontiers being invaded by an army, and both the two former Services require military garrisons to guard their bases. The Army cannot fight abroad without the Navy to ensure safe passage and security to sea communications and supplies. Both the Navy and Army are dependent on aircraft for vision and overhead protection. So the functions of the three Services repeatedly interlock and their interdependence is an ever-recurring feature of modern warfare.

Hitherto the co-ordination of these three great fighting machines has been left chiefly to civil Ministers, who are seldom students of war and who are necessarily unversed in in the use of weapons. This has been the inevitable outcome of a system whereby the professional heads confined themselves almost entirely to those aspects of war which concerned their own Services. The late war undoubtedly brought the Fighting Forces into closer touch with one another, and impelled Ministers and high commanders to meet round the council table, but the advent of peace inevitably tends to cause the Services to drift back into their separate grooves unless there exists some active mechanism for keeping them in touch.

In the pages of this magazine of June, 1924, the present writer submitted the case for a combined war college. It was claimed that such an institution would fulfil an urgent need in checking this tendency of the Services to lapse into an independent and circumscribed outlook by bringing together senior officers of all arms to study war in its higher and broader aspects and in that close association which, more than anything else, promotes a common perspective.

The subject is one of such importance that it may be of interest to see what other nations are doing to provide for war study in the senior ranks of their fighting forces. The United

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States has a Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island, and an Army War College in Washington. The former appears to be conducted much on the same lines as our own Naval War College at Greenwich. The United States Army War College accommodates some sixty senior officers of the Regular Army, and to each course are attached six to twelve officers of the United States Navy or Marine Corps. The curriculum includes study of strategical plans appertaining to both Services, and there is evidence that much of the work must be common to both the Naval and Army War Colleges. Possibly the war problems of the United States are more particularly naval or more particularly military or, for other reasons, a Combined War College does not yet commend itself, but both in the higher study of war and, as we shall see shortly, in their staff organization, our cousins across the Atlantic are a long way ahead of us in their methods for co-ordinating both thought and action as between the two Services.

France, with her great military interests, seems rather to have neglected the training of her naval officers for higher command, just as we seem to be content to provide for the latter, but not for officers of the land and air forces. There is a Military War College—Le Centre des Hautes Etudes Militaire—which is part of the Ecole Militaire on the Champ de Mars, Paris, but at present this is not attended by any naval officers. "Naval tactics," however, figure in the list of subjects in the curriculum, showing that sea warfare is not entirely ignored.

Japan has a Naval War College, but so far no Army one. Most of the principal Powers, therefore, cater in some form for the higher study of war, and their war colleges probably conform to their peculiar needs. Our war problems, as has already been emphasized, are essentially amphibious, and we have the additional complication of a third arm. There is, therefore, far more need for our senior officers, than for those of any other nation, to study in a Combined War College. Co-operation, to be effective, must start at the top, and this is an added reason why there should be a consensus of opinion as to doctrines and principles which govern sound strategy amongst senior officers destined for high commands.

When the professional heads of the Fighting Services meet Ministers of State to take measures for national defence, the former should be able to speak with a united voice as

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experts on war and not with three different voices as mere exponents of the rival claims and requirements of their separate Services.

These are the foundations of co-operation, and they should be laid in a Combined War College, but to give it practical effect there must be efficient machinery to co-ordinate the efforts of each Service at each stage, from high councils to the scene of action. It is the object of this article to examine the successive links in the chain, and to see where any are missing or need strengthening.

Again, we must start at the top. At once there comes to mind the notion of a Ministry of Defence.

Here there is much confusion of thought. Many people seem to imagine that a Ministry of Defence will provide the solution to the whole problem of co-ordinating the work of the Services. Certain extremists appear to visualize a gigantic department embracing the existing Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry, where a Minister of Defence would preside at a council of three Chiefs of Staffs. These three, it is suggested, should be " co-equal and co-eternal," and in support of this professional trinity would be a " Combined Staff " of Admirals no less versatile in tank tactics than Generals in torpedo-aeroplanes or Air-Marshals in submarine warfare. To train officers for combined staff duties, it has been proposed to amalgamate the three Staff Colleges and at one central establishment to mould naval, military, and air force officers into hermaphrodite beings—literally " general " staff officers.

Such an idealistic system must be foredoomed to failure, because it takes no account of human limitations. Moreover, a Ministry of Defence could not fulfil all its functions in war unless it co-ordinated, not merely the Fighting Services, but also the Board of Trade, the Post Office, a Department of Warlike Supplies (like the Ministry of Munitions), and many other public services. In fact, a Minister of Defence would either usurp a great part of the functions of the Prime Minister or, in war, he would be displaced by the latter. In the event of the latter and most obvious solution, control of the Fighting Services would revert to the present position.

The attempt to turn out staff officers to a universal " sealed pattern," would inevitably produce jacks-of-all-trades and masters-of-none. An intimate knowledge of weapons is an essential groundwork for the efficient handling of the Fighting Forces. The subordinate commander, the

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junior staff officer cannot dispense with the training which makes him an expert in the weapons of his own Service. He cannot, at one bound, achieve the larger attitude towards war which senior officers, who have been through the mill, can afford to adopt. No human being can be an expert on fighting in all three elements. Even Napoleon failed because he tried to apply the principles of land strategy to sea warfare.

What is needed is that the Services should be indoctrined from top to bottom with the same broad principles of war, and that they should be sufficiently conversant with each others methods to ensure that co-operation can be effected with a minimum of difficulty and misunderstanding.

Moderation in all things has always best suited the British temperament, which responds, in emergency, to an elastic form of control. Even in a modified form a Ministry of Defence and a permanently combined staff savours of over-organization. This, apart from many other objections, tends to condemn it.

It would seem preferable to have an organization which will ensure that the heads of the Fighting Services—both ministerial and professional—do collaborate both with each other and with those other Departments of State which may be concerned, but that the ordering and administration of each Service within itself should, as at present, be independent and self-contained.

For this purpose the nucleus of the necessary machinery may be said to exist already in the Committee of Imperial Defence and Chief of Staff's Committee. The Committee of Imperial Defence, as remodelled in 1923, consists of the Prime Minister, or his deputy, as chairman, the ministerial heads of the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry, of the Treasury, Foreign, Colonial, and India Offices, and the Chiefs of the Naval, General, and Air Staffs. These are all permanent members, but individual attendance is dependent on the subject under consideration. The constitution of the Committee does not preclude calling in special members, such as British or Dominion Ministers or other persons with special qualifications, when necessary.

The responsibilities of the three Chiefs of Staff in connection with the Committee of Imperial Defences are now clearly defined as being both individual and collective. They are definitely charged with advising on defence policy as a

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whole, as well as with representing those aspects of defence which particularly relate to their own Service.

To facilitate the discharge of these duties the Chiefs of Staff, by themselves, meet in Committee, thus enabling the more technical aspects of a question to be discussed before it comes before the larger Committee of Imperial Defence. If full use is made of this machinery and the functions of the Committee are developed to be executive and not merely advisory, there seems no reason why co-operation at the top should not be ensured without superimposing some additional Ministry of Defence to complicate the mechanism and retard progress.

It is at the next stage that we find one of the weakest links. The supreme direction of the Fighting Services cannot function smoothly and efficiently unless there be a staff to prepare the groundwork of the important problems presented to the Committee of Imperial Defence, and to ensure that urgent questions affecting national defence *are* brought to notice, and that when decisions are arrived at they do not take effect in the shape of three entirely independent courses of action. As has been said, there *must* be continuity in co-operation, from the top downwards.

In the article on "The Need for a Combined War College," reference was made to a "Co-ordinating Committee." This, it was hoped, would prove to be firmly established as a means for keeping the three Staffs in permanent touch with each other. Unfortunately, what would have been an admirable creation appears to have been still-born, and there is as yet no regular Inter-Service Staff Committee. This means that there is no body charged with the work of co-ordinating the details of war plans, operations, and intelligence, or with promoting combined training; nor is there any continuity in the relations of the three Staffs. Individual members meet spasmodically as occasion seems to demand, or when some controversial point arises, but innumerable matters which would be of vital importance in war receive little or no attention because they do not obtrude themselves into the normal staff work of any particular Service.

Evidence of this lack of co-operation in staff work is to be seen in the fact that for five years the chapter in the Field Service Regulations of the Army, dealing with "Combined Naval and Military Operations," has been "under consideration." Again, as Colonel Fuller remarked at a recent lecture

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at the Royal United Service Institution : " Each year the three Staff Colleges meet at Camberley for a combined exercise, and each year one of the recommendations is an amphibious tank. We shall meet again . . . and we shall again ask for this machine." In the meantime the matter is not regarded as a serious necessity by any one Service and, as a weapon, the amphibious tank remains undeveloped ; yet, directly the two Services get together, they discover that it is inordinately difficult for the Navy to put land tanks ashore on an open beach, but the Army must have tanks at the head of an opposed landing. This is merely typical of a multitude of problems which are shelved or never considered, until emergency finds us unprepared, because they are not sufficiently important to come to the notice of the Committee of Imperial Defence or even before the Chiefs of Staff Committee, and there is no Inter-Service Staff organization to take them up.

Allusion has already been made to the special provision for co-ordinating the Fighting Services in the United States. It is of interest, therefore, to see what machinery exists for this purpose in that country.

Firstly, there is a Joint Army and Navy Board (corresponding somewhat to our Chiefs of Staff Committee). This consists of :—

Army Members.—Chief of Staff, Deputy Chief of Staff, Assistant Chief of Staff, War Plans Division.

Navy Members.—Chief of Naval Operations, Assistant Chief of Naval Operations, Director War Plans Division.

It is the duty of this Joint Board to " take cognizance of questions involving joint action of the Army and Navy, and joint Army and Navy policy relative to national defence, and to *originate* such subjects . . . , and to recommend to the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy *jointly* whatever is considered essential to establish co-operation between the Army and Navy.

The Joint Board is provided with a staff called the Joint Army and Navy Planning Committee, consisting of :—

1. Three or more members of the Army War Plans Division, detailed by the Chief of Staff.

2. Three or more members of the Navy War Plans Division, detailed by the Chief of Naval Operations.

It is the business of this Staff Committee to " investigate, study, and report in detail upon questions involving joint

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action by the Army and Navy referred to it by the Joint Army and Navy Board." Moreover, it is charged with *originating* "consideration of such subjects." The members of this Committee are authorized to consult and confer freely on all matters of defence and military policy concerning the two Services, and "*this joint work is considered as their most important duty*."

In fact, this Joint Planning Committee provides for the United States Fighting Forces exactly that link which is missing in our own organization. The counterpart of this United States Committee would be an Inter-Service Staff Committee linking up the Naval, General, and Air Staffs, but it should be constituted on somewhat broader lines, so as to include the following permanent members :—

Naval Staff (*Admiralty*).—Director of Operations Director of Plans, Director of Naval Intelligence, Director of Training and Staff Duties, Director of the Trade Division.

General Staff (*War Office*).—Director of Military Operations and Intelligence, Director of Staff Duties, Director of Military Training.

Air Staff (*Air Ministry*).—Director of Operations and Intelligence, Director of Organization and Staff Duties.

As with the Committee of Imperial Defence, individual attendance would be regulated by the subjects to be discussed at particular meetings, but there should be a full dress meeting at least once a month, attendance at which should take precedence of all other duties. Important meetings would be presided over by one of the Deputies to the Chiefs of Staff, all of whom would be *ex-officio* members. The chair would naturally be taken by the senior officer present.

One of the first things to which this Committee might, with advantage, give attention, is the organization of the Staff divisions and departments for war. A skeleton form showing war plan duties should be got out, and should indicate which Service or other Government department, and which Staff division would be responsible for each item in drawing up the details of a plan, in making the preparation for operations, and for putting them into effect. This organization should be in such form as to ensure that in emergency there would be complete understanding between the three Staffs as to where responsibility lay at each stage. At present there is grave danger that some vital detail in a plan or some essential need in the material or personnel required for an operation will be overlooked because it is nobody's business.

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The next link in the chain of practical co-operation, especially in time of peace, is dependent on the relations which exist between the Staff Colleges. This is a particularly important link because it is on good staff work, more than anything else that successful co-ordination of effort must depend in the day of battle.

Fortunately, we find that here there already exists a particularly sound link. Since the re-establishment of the Naval Staff College, after the war, it has been the custom to hold an annual meeting of the students of both Colleges at the Military Staff College, Camberley. At these meetings the Air Force has also been well represented, and, since the inauguration of a Royal Air Force Staff College, the students from that establishment have completed the arrangement whereby staff officers in the making come together for a week of each course for combined study of some war problem affecting all three Services. This not only provides opportunity for a new outlook all round, but incidently tests existing principles, organization, training, and material preparations, so far as they can be tested on paper.

The chief criticism one can find to offer of these meetings is that there is a tendency to compress overmuch detailed work into them, and also that the problem set is usually the well-worn one of an opposed landing, whereas there are many other forms of combined operations which might be studied with advantage.

As examples, one may suggest :—

(*a*) Naval and air support of an army whose flank is resting on a coast.

(*b*) The establishment of an advanced naval base requiring a military garrison and air defence.

(*c*) The local defence of a port and its approaches, which are both within the radius of action of enemy aircraft.

(*d*) The defence or attack of a narrow waterway, such as the Suez Canal or a river expedition.

These are all types of operations likely to be met with in another war. The fact that such Staff College meetings are always held at Camberley also tends to perpetuate an unduly military colouring. It would be for the general good if they could take place in alternate years under naval, military, and air force auspices. This would apply more forcibly if the

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Staff Colleges themselves were all in the " setting " of their own Services.

So far as the Naval Staff College is concerned, it is questionable whether the present locality presents any advantages as a place of meeting. The Admiralty is unfortunately saddled with the incubus of the old Greenwich Hospital buildings as the centre of naval education. A certain old-world charm and associations with ancient naval history do not make up for out-of-date and inconvenient accommodation while the whole atmosphere is academical rather than nautical. Situated in an unattractive East End suburb, it offers every inducement to visitors and students alike to seek the relaxations of London, and few, if any, to remain within the College itself. It is to be hoped that one day it will be moved to a naval port, preferably Portsmouth.

The present writer is not one of those who wishes to see the three Staff Colleges built on the three sides of a triangle. Students at this stage in their career require to devote their studies chiefly to the work they will have to do as an ordinary staff officer. It is more important that their normal associations, outside the College, should be those appertaining to the practical side of their own Service than that they should be continually forced into contact with a large number of officers of the other Services.

But an insight of the work of these Services is considered an important and necessary interlude in the staff course, and one would like to see the idea extended beyond the present arrangement of working out a paper scheme. Army and Air Force students should be taken out to witness tactical exercises and gunnery and torpedo practices in the Atlantic Fleet. Naval and Air Force* students should witness Army manœuvres on the largest scale provided in the annual programme of military training. Naval and Army students should attend Air Force exercises, and should be given flying experience. The latter is considered a *sine qua non* for the staff officer of the future, no matter what Service he belongs to. All this is but following out the old, sound maxim that " an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory."

Now we come to the last link. No matter how efficient the co-operation of staffs, super-staffs, and the high commands, ultimate success in combined warfare will rest with

* This was done in the case of the Air Force students during the 1925 Army Manœuvres.—AUTHOR.

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the commanders of units and the rank and file of the Fighting Forces who are partners in the actual engagement.

The perfect plan followed by preparations, and orders complete to the last detail, will be of little avail unless the human element is inspired with enthusiasm for a common cause, and welded together by that mutual understanding and trust which are so essential for the attainment of the common object.

Unforeseen contingencies are bound to arise, unexpected omissions in material preparations are certain to be met with. Then comes the acid test of practical co-operation. Very much will depend on personalities and on the measure of goodwill and enterprise which is forthcoming, but nothing can replace the value of previous experience.

The naval Lieutenant who has had to put field-guns ashore on an open beach knows just where the snags and pitfalls of that operation are likely to be met with. The Subaltern who has practised landing with his platoon in pulling boats knows just when to sit quiet and leave it to " the sailor," and when to take charge again. The R.A.F. officer who has lived in a warship or in a military mess will set forth to co-operate with the fleet or with troops with a measure of understanding of his mission which he could not possibly have attained living in an entirely separate environment.

A little consideration will show the very real need for including in the scheme of training of each Service, instruction, and where possible actual exercises, in the duties they will have to perform in war when co-operating with the sister Services.

It is fully realized that there are considerable difficulties in the way of extensive combined training, not the least of which is the bugbear of " additional cost," but it is maintained that very much more could be done than *is* done. At many places, notably Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, and still more abroad at stations like Gibraltar, Malta, and Singapore, the Services are brought into close contact. Every facility is given them to fraternize over games and socially, yet remarkably little is done to bring them together in their work.

The first essential is that the respective local commands should be specially authorized and instructed to collaborate with a view to arranging combined exercises of a practical nature, and to promote a series of lectures on subjects of

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interest to all Services, and especially on their work in the various forms of combined operations. Special attention should be paid to giving junior officers experience in the duties they would be called upon to perform in this class of warfare and to securing their attendance at these lectures.

There are a number of simple exercises which could be carried out without any extensive preparations or appreciable expenditure. The following are typical :—

1. A combined scheme, on the lines of a staff ride, to include the reconnaissance of a beach and subsequently the preparation of detailed instructions and orders for an opposed landing on it.

2. The embarkation and disembarkation of troops to be transported on board a man-o'-war to restrain local disorder. The embarkation to be regarded as a mechanical operation, involving organization at a properly equipped port; the landing to take the form of a tactical operation in a semi-hostile harbour with limited facilities.

3. The organization of the communications required for naval observing officers on shore and spotting aeroplanes, in connection with the covering fire of ships.

4. Evacuation and re-embarkation of landing party in contact with an enemy.

5. The embarkation and use of field howitzers in ships or barges.

6. Landing military reconnaissance or raiding parties from submarines or aircraft.

7. Observation, and recording progress of, combined exercises by aerial photography (timed) and reports of air observers.

Minor exercises such as these would bring officers together beforehand to discuss and arrange details, put their proposals to test in practical form, and lead to further meetings to take stock of the results, when other practices would doubtless suggest themselves.

On foreign stations, particularly, where there is often more time available and there is more scope for local enterprise, very much might be done by attaching officers of a sister Service, temporarily, to witness and advise in exercises in which they might have specialist knowledge. Naval field-

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gun practice would benefit greatly by the assistance of Royal Artillery officers. Coast defence artillery practices would probably be far more realistic if naval officers advised in the provision of targets. Movements of ships and troops which might seem entirely orthodox from the level of sea or land command, might be shown to be entirely unsound if witnessed by an understanding observer in the air. Similarly bombing attacks or air reconnaissance might take on a very different complexion if from time to time naval and military officers took part in them to indicate the weakness and strength of ground objects and defences.

The local commands and staffs would, of course, be continually on the alert to glean practical lessons from such exercises, and to detect defects in the existing organization and material. This is the only *real* means of putting text-book and Staff College doctrines to the test in peace time. Useful suggestions and constructive criticisms should be made through the usual channels, and would come to the notice of the Inter-Service Staff Committee, and thence, if sufficiently important, to the Chiefs of Staff Committee and Committee of Imperial Defence.

In conclusion, it must be emphasized once again that for an island power, like Britain, with a vast overseas Empire, the training of the Fighting Forces in amphibious warfare must be regarded as a matter of the highest importance. The history of the late war only bears out the lessons of former wars in showing how lack of co-ordination in the control and direction of sea and land Services has been fruitful of disaster and the advent of a third Service has but added to the complications and dangers of failure, unless proper machinery is provided to ensure co-operation.

We have seen that the weak links, at present, are :—

(*a*) There is no Combined War College to inculcate officers destined for high command with uniform doctrines, and a common outlook on warfare generally, and to fit them to give sound advice to non-professional Ministers of State.

(*b*) There is no permanent Inter-Service Staff organization to ensure continuity of co-ordination at the top. Co-operation is no sooner secured by spasmodic meetings of a Committee of Imperial Defence, than it falls to pieces, because there is no

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machinery for giving it effect at the next lower stage.

(*c*) Lastly, there is little or no serious effort to bring the Services together for combined training. Combined manœuvres on a grand scale are carried out periodically by the United States Navy and Army. They are far more necessary as a test of our own defences.

(*d*) Smaller exercises, which could be easily arranged, seldom take place, because they are dependent on local enterprise, and this lacks inspiration " from the top."

Until these gaps in the administration and training of our Fighting Forces are filled in, we cannot be confident of that success in war which must continue to depend on practical co-operation.

E. ALTHAM.

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THE RAILWAYS OF INDIA AND THEIR MILITARY VALUE

THE problem of troop movements on a large scale in India is made difficult because the railway systems of India consist almost entirely of single tracks. Single tracks limit the number of trains that can be run in twenty-four hours to a small number in proportion to the number that can be worked over a double-track system. Thus, on a single-track system the number of trains is limited by the longest time it takes two trains moving successively in opposite directions between any pair of crossing stations anywhere on the run. The time naturally depends on the speed of the trains; and this depends on several factors, such as the grades encountered, the power of the engines used, and the weight of the trains proposed. Nor is this all; time must be allowed at the stations for shunting, watering, and crossing trains, and a further margin for trains running late, since a late train will react on each train it crosses, and on those that follow it, and these delays become cumulative. Assuming that engines and stock are unlimited, the capacity of a single-track line can be taken to be 50 per cent. of the figure given by the calculation of average time per train to traverse the space between the ruling two stations. For instance, if the time taken between the two ruling stations is one hour for the two trains going in opposite directions, then the capacity of the line is twelve trains. On a double-track system where trains do not have to wait for one another at crossing stations, there is no reason why they should not follow one another at a few minutes interval. Other limiting factors are the number of engines, or rolling stock, and the capacity of the detraining points to deal with trains. In some cases, where water storage is a great difficulty, water may be a limiting factor. Another limiting factor may be the capacity of the road ahead of the detraining station. This would occur if camping facilities are inadequate at the detraining station, or along the road forward to the final concentration place.

The frontier districts of India are not of sufficient economic value to require many railway tracks in them. Consequently, such railways as have come into existence on,

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or near, the frontier are either just sufficient for the needs of the population, or were originally built for strategic purposes. An example of the latter is the Sind-Sagar section of the North-Western Railway from near Campbellpur down the left bank of the Indus to near Multan. This section remains a dead weight to the railway administration from a business point of view.

In order to appreciate what can be done on the railway systems of the Indian continent, it is necessary to realize what the systems consist of, what are their relationship to the cantonments from which the units, both combatant and non-combatant, of the field army are likely to be drawn, and what are the limiting factors in the movement towards possible detraining stations.

Railways in India are of three gauges : a broad (5 ft. 6 in.) gauge, a metre (3 ft. 3⅜ in.) gauge, and a narrow (2 ft. 6 in.) gauge. In the latter type may be included those whose gauge is 2 ft., generally built as feeders or because the country is particularly hilly and difficult. There are about 18,650 miles of broad, 15,530 miles of metre, and 3,750 miles of narrow gauge ; out of this total of 37,930 miles only about 3,200 miles are a double track.

Reference to the map will help the reader to trace the systems of the different administrations. He should note particularly the double track sections, the areas in which the metre-gauge systems might have to be dovetailed into any large programme of movement, and the narrow-gauge system west of the Indus.

If we consider for a moment the eventualities which would need the railways to be put to full military use, our minds naturally turn first to the frontiers over which invasions might come. In times past it has been the passes on the north-west through which invasions have flowed ; it is on the North-West Frontier that arrangements have had to be made in the recent past to meet the threatening possibilities of Russian encroachments in Central Asia ; and it is in the north-west that the approaches still lie by which formidable peoples may advance to force open the gates into the rich territories of Hindustan. On the north the barrier of the Himalayas are sufficient protection. As regards the north-east, although there are passes on the frontier of Assam, the difficulty of the mountainous and inhospitable country through which forces of a strength to threaten a serious

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invasion would have to pass discount its possibility. But when we look to Burma's eastern frontier, we must take count of the fact that it marches for some thousand miles with the frontier of China, and the natural difficulties in the way of a crossing from Yunnan are by no means sufficient to deter forces organized on modern principles. The army in India is organized not merely for the protection of India's own territory against external attack, but to meet internal disturbances. In this connection we cannot disguise from ourselves the possibilities of recent insidious attempts from alien sources to propagate in India the principles of Bolshevism.

When we look to the north-west, it is remarkable that the Indus, in its course of 700 miles from the foot-hills north of Campbellpur to the sea, is only spanned by bridges at four places—Attock on the main line to Peshawar, Khushalgarh on the line to Kohat, Sukkur, and Kotri. The most important item in the improvement of the strategical situation on the North-West Frontier in recent years was the decision to extend the railway west of Peshawar through the Khyber Pass. This was opened on November 1st, 1925, and will solve the problem of the supply of large forces west of the Khyber. At the western end of the North-West Frontier, the branch from near Quetta south-westwards to Nushki, built originally to meet the incipient growth of trade with Eastern Persia, now extends to the actual frontier of Persia. The Great War had shown the necessity of placing troops on the far western frontier of Afghanistan for the protection of India. A similar necessity may well arise again, and India is the better equipped by having the railway to the Persian frontier in being. Its capacity is small, its limiting factor being the difficulty of providing watering facilities.

The Army in India is now regarded as comprising three categories of troops—Covering Troops, the Field Army, and Internal Security Troops. The Covering Troops are those cantoned west of the Indus. They amount approximately to eleven brigades of infantry with a suitable allotment of other arms. The Field Army consists of four brigades of cavalry and four batteries of horse artillery, and four divisions. Each division is composed of three brigades of infantry, three brigades of artillery, of which one brigade is pack artillery, three companies of sappers and miners and a battalion of pioneers, and a suitable allotment of signal and medical units. The transport in India has lately been

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reorganized. According to a recent Army List, there are in all, excluding Burma, three cavalry brigade transport companies, eleven infantry brigade companies, ten divisional troops companies, nine camel transport companies, of which four are on a low establishment, and eight mule companies on a low establishment. There are eight mechanical transport companies, of which two are east of the Indus and six west, and there are eight motor ambulance convoys. The animal transport units are not necessarily cantoned in the areas in which are the formations to which they would be allotted, but are distributed where they can be most economically used in peace time.

Units taken from cantonments in the hills would have to make a few marches to reach their entraining stations. It is well to remember that for all conditions of concentration, reserve mechanical transport is at Rawalpindi, which is also the site of the heavy repair workshop. Arsenals are at Rawalpindi, Ferozepore, Allahabad, Kirkee, Madras and Quetta. The aircraft depot is at Karachi, with an aircraft park at Lahore. The park for the supply of engineer stores is situated at Lahore.

The reader will understand that if the same line of railway advance, or any portion of it, becomes common to a movement towards more than one detraining point, then no variation in the order of movement to one detraining point becomes possible without interfering with the movement to the other ; also any hitch in the movement to one detraining point will react on the movement to the other. It is obvious, therefore, that a separate line of rails should be allotted to each detraining point which can be foreseen as such. Further, the troops drawn on for an expedition which entails detrainment at that point should be those cantoned either on that line of rails or readily brought by branch lines on to it without interfering with a simultaneous movement elsewhere.

The only frontier railheads at which definite arrangements have been made for dealing with continuous detrainment are Kachagarhi (a few miles west of Peshawar), Kohat and Chaman. If the units of the Covering Forces, which it has been pointed out are cantoned west of the Indus, are omitted, it will be found that certain groups of cantonments can be allotted to separate lines of railway advance.

Thus, if Kachagarhi and Kohat were to be used simultaneously, and the Field Army (less troops of the formation

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which must obviously remain with its head at Chaman) had to be brought up to those two places, then groups and lines of advance could be allotted as follows :—To Kachagarhi, through the most northern line of cantonments ; to Kohat, from Southern and Central India converging on Delhi, and thence by rails south and west of Lahore.

If simultaneous movement were required to Kachagarhi, Kohat and Chaman, each railhead could still have its own line of advance, but use would have to be made of the double-track section between Saharanpur and Lahore for movement to Kohat. This would release the route Delhi, Bhatinda, Samasata for movement to Chaman, for a reason to be explained. The use of the double track for movement to two railheads is an admitted weakness, because a serious break on the double-track section would interfere with both movements. The use of this section of double track will not reduce the number of trains which either Kachagarhi or Kohat could receive if entirely separate lines of advance were allotted to them, because the total number of trains that they can receive over the single line approaches to them is less than the capacity of the double-track system. The routes allotted would therefore be :—To Kachagarhi as before ; to Kohat by avoiding Delhi and joining the double track at Saharanpur, but leaving it again at Lahore ; to Chaman by (*a*) the western route to Hyderabad (Sind) and (*b*) by broad-gauge rails only, either by the B.B. & C.I. or the G.I.P. to Muttra and thence via Delhi and Samasata. In movement to Chaman there is an important limiting factor. The grades through Baluchistan to Chaman restrict the loads which existing types of engine can pull to half those which can be pulled elsewhere on broad-gauge sections. Consequently, assuming that the capacity in number of trains a day is the same into Kachagarhi, Kohat and Chaman, Chaman will receive the equivalent of only half the amount of material or troops which either of the other two railheads can receive. Further, the capacity and output of the metre-gauge section from Marwar to Hyderabad (Sind) is less than the capacity of the line on. Consequently, if troops, etc., from Central or Southern India were sent only via the metre-gauge route, Chaman would not receive as many trains a day as it could. To employ the line fully there should be a simultaneous movement via Delhi, Samasata, Sukkur. It is a debatable point whether it

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would not be better for everything drawn from Central and Southern India to be sent over broad-gauge rails through Baroda or Itarsi to Delhi, and thence via Samasata and Sukkur. It is very little longer in time ; the double transhipment at Ahmedabad* and Hyderabad (Sind) is avoided ; and the North-Western Railway would be relieved of having to find stock at Hyderabad (Sind) at a time of great pressure, because troops would go through in the stock of the railway administration in which they had entrained. The only units which must obviously use the metre-gauge route are those cantoned at Mhow, if destined for Chaman. While units at Mhow move via Ajmere and Hyderabad (Sind), units from Aurungabad and Ahmednagar could go via Delhi.

If a force of, say, up to the strength of a division, was required to be concentrated for operations in Waziristan at the two railheads on the 2 ft. 6 in. gauge system—*i.e.*, Bannu and Khirgi—what would probably happen is this : The 2 ft. 6 in. gauge cannot take animal transport units, so that they must be sent by broad gauge to Kohat and march to Bannu, though in the winter season they can be detrained at Darya Khan (opposite to Dera Ismail Khan) and march via the boat bridges through Dera Ismail Khan to Khirgi, or to Bannu. Some troops can be sent as well by both those routes, but the majority would probably be railed to Mari and ferried across to Kalabagh, where the 2 ft. 6 in. system would move probably one battalion a day into both Bannu and Khirgi, the limiting factor being stock and engines.

There would be no difficulty in movement to seaports ; they are all approached by double track lines, and the limiting factor would be the provision of shipping and the number of units that could be embarked in twenty-four hours.

For other possible railheads for the detrainment of forces for likely expeditions across the frontiers we must now look to the north-east. For an expedition into Thibet, the detraining station would be Siliguri, on the Eastern Bengal (metre-gauge) Railway. If there were no restrictions ahead, such as lack of facilities to camp troops, Siliguri could probably deal with more trains than the engine facilities of the metre-gauge systems north of the Ganges would in reality provide. The nearest Field division units are those in the United Provinces, though the units at Jhansi and Jubbulpore are

* The transhipment of troops and material would actually take place at Sabarmatti, a mile or two north of Ahmedabad.

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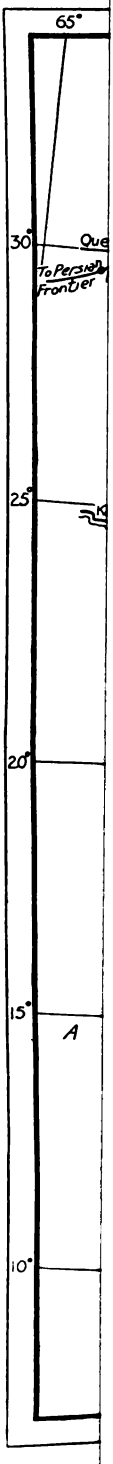

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equally well placed. Benares is the best-equipped transhipping station from broad gauge to metre gauge. Troops drawn from the area Secunderabad—Bangalore might well use the east coast route and tranship at Parbatipur, by passing on to the Eastern Bengal Railway by the Naihati bridge, just north of Calcutta.

The most extreme detraining point to the north-east is Saikhoa. The link between the Assam—Bengal Railway and the Eastern Bengal Railway, by which troops would have to move, is the ferry at Gauhati, the maximum capacity of which is equivalent to 80 four-wheeled vehicles a day, or the equivalent of three trainloads over the section to Saikhoa. Generally speaking, the Assam—Bengal Railway could not provide more coaching stock than would be sufficient for one more troop train, but Saikhoa would not be able to deal with more than perhaps five trains a day without additional technical arrangements.

When the Abor Expedition took place in 1911, troops and transport were moved by river from Calcutta to Kobo, which is on the Brahmaputra near Saikhoa, and is the farthest point to which the type of steamer plying on that river can go. They are two decked and can tow a couple of lighters. In the summer the river route should not be used if cholera is known to be prevalent on its banks.

In Burma, owing to severe grades, trainloads are somewhat small. There is one section on the line to Lashio where the grading necessitates trains being split. A movement to Myitkyina involves transhipment across the Irawaddy for troops, but animals and material can be sent across by a ferry. Movement to Lashio and Myitkyina simultaneously would, of course, reduce the number of trains into either place. Reinforcements for Burma can only be sent by sea. Now that the Royal Indian Marine no longer maintain transports there is no shipping ready to hand for a sudden emergency. The British India Steam Navigation Company have a very large fleet, the majority of which is generally in eastern waters and at call. They are so constructed that they can be converted into military transports with the least amount of trouble, but each ship would certainly require several days for conversion. On an average they can each take a battalion at war strength.

It must be recognized that the future construction of new lines, or the improvement of existing ones, will be based

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on political and commercial grounds rather than military. From time to time projects have found a place in suggested programmes of work which have been strongly backed up from the military point of view. For many years now what was known as the Bombay—Sind connection was considered of military importance. The idea was to continue the broad gauge from Ahmedabad round the Rana of Cutch to Hyderabad (Sind). Of course, it would be very satisfactory to have a through line on broad-gauge rails from Bombay to Chaman, but it would not improve concentration at Chaman until the section through Quetta was given a greater capacity. A more recent project—namely, converting the metre-gauge line from Hyderabad (Sind) through Marwar to Delhi or Agra to broad gauge, so as to shorten and improve a mail route between Karachi (the nearest Indian port to England) and Delhi and Calcutta—would be equally useful. Once that was done the conversion of the section Ahmedabad—Marwar would be bound to follow. There would then be no justification for the direct Ahmedabad—Hyderabad line. From a military point of view, it is the Baluchistan section that is the weakest link in the movement of large forces. There is a hope that in the Punjab a canal project necessitating a dam across the Indus near Mari will lead to a combined bridge and dam, and so provide a better link between the trans-Indus 2 ft. 6 in. system and the cis-Indus broad-gauge system. This might lead to the conversion of the 2 ft. 6 in. to broad gauge. The trans-Indus 2 ft. 6 in. system, however, is probably sufficient for the present commercial needs of the country, and it would be difficult to justify its conversion to broad gauge on purely military grounds, at any rate so far as the South Waziristan section is concerned. It is perhaps otherwise with the short isolated section from Kohat to Thal. Owing to its isolation, the stock on it is tied up and can with difficulty be reinforced. Its conversion and prolongation to Parachinar, near the frontier, held its place in the programme of work for several years before the war, and it would undoubtedly be a strategic asset.

A survey has been made for a 2 ft. 6 in. gauge to exploit the Zhob Valley, and this would connect Quetta with Waziristan, but such a line is only likely to come into being for political and commercial reasons. As regards the North-East Frontier, it has been seen that north of the Ganges the broad-gauge system is replaced by the metre gauge; but

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there is no connecting link with the Burma metre-gauge system. Three lines, if not more, have been surveyed with this object in the past—the Hukong Valley route, from near Saikhoa to the vicinity of Myitkyina, the Manipur route from Lumding through Manipur south-eastwards, and the Chittagong route along the coast. For military purposes the Manipur route would probably be the best, but it is known that it would be very costly. One of these railways will become a military necessity if the railway in Yunnan is extended towards the Burmese frontier or becomes connected with the railways in Central China. Within India, projects which, though not of obvious military importance, still hold their place in programmes of work, are those that will link the metre-gauge system in Northern India to that in Southern India, such as joining up Khandwa with Secunderabad. The section southward from Secunderabad to Guntakal is almost completed. Generally speaking, the crying need in India at the present time is the replenishment of engines and rolling stock of all kinds.

To sum up. If the opinion of authoritative strategists is correct, that, on the north-west, it is the western flank of Afghanistan which affords the easiest line of approach for large forces, then one cannot but view with apprehension that it is on this flank that the railway position is weakest. Not only is there but one thread of railway from the Indus through the Sind desert and Baluchistan, but it has a less capacity for movement than any other line of advance to the North-West Frontier. When we turn to the eastern frontier, we find the rich province of Burma open to invasion, but isolated from its source of reinforcement. In the foregoing outline of the military value of the railways in India, we have considered only the relationship of the cantonments of the Field Army to the lines of movement towards the frontiers. Within India, the directions of movement of large forces in the case of internal disturbance naturally depend on the area in which such disturbance arose. Whether the disturbance were widespread or not, the first essential would be to insure the protection of the main trunk lines, their bridges, and their main depots and workshops. Such lines would be from Karachi to Delhi, Bombay via Jhansi to Delhi, Calcutta via Lucknow to Delhi, Delhi to Peshawar. It should be noted that India's coalfield lies 150 miles north-west of Calcutta.

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Important changes have taken place within the last three years in the system of organization and the general machinery of administration of the railways of India. The Government of India has always exercised statutory authority over all railways, through the Railway Department; but in the place of the former President of the Railway Board, who could be overruled by colleagues, there is now a Chief Commissioner of Railways, a Financial Commissioner, and a Chief Mechanical Engineer. Railway finance has now been separated from the general finances of the country. As a result of difficulties connected with the war period, Indian railways are still insufficiently equipped to enable them to deal satisfactorily with all the traffic that has to be carried. It is recognized that the remedy is not only more stock, but that the capacity of lines must be improved.

G. M. ORR.

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ANGELA'S CHERRY TART

I.

WE were about to go into shooting-camp—Angela, her Edwin, and myself. The two first-named—young, recently married, recently arrived in India ; the last-named—neither young nor recent in any respect whatever.

To Angela, in my kindness and greater wisdom, I turned over the supply department for our ten days' shooting trip. For, thought I, the sooner this young wife gets down to business with cooks and the like, the better for her and her Edwin, and the longer will they love one another. But Angela looked a little pensive when I said—and there was a ring of firmness in my tone—

" I shan't interfere with you in any way. You will wish for a free hand in this matter. I shall honour this wish."

I then closed the door on her, not forgetting to shut the cook in with her, and softly turned the key.

Half an hour passed and I unlocked them. The cook, who had gone in a middle-aged man, came out looking positively aged. I asked him what orders he had received, and he replied :

" Lady ordering one cherry tart."

" What else ?" I asked.

" Lady ordering nothing else."

At 9 a.m. next day my guests were fast abed, totally unconscious of the fact that two pair of blood bullocks were foaming under yokes and snorting to be off. It was nearly noon when the carts went creaking off, with the cook.

The latter carried the usual hurricane lamp and several dirty bundles. A soiled and rather furtive-looking party, carrying on his head something done up in a cloth, accompanied the outfit. On inquiry, I learnt that this was the cherry tart. It was said to travel better on a head than in a cart.

There were twelve miles to go, and camp to be got ready on arrival. A bullock-cart never travels more than two miles an hour, except when it upsets down an embankment ; and to suppose that all would be ready against our arrival at 6 p.m. was foolish. Yet I am an optimist and chose to think that all *would* be ready.

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My guests having been deprived of nearly everything they possessed, might have spent rather a *triste* day. But we killed a lot of time by discovering things that ought to have gone forward and had now to be arranged for. Gradually we filled two suit-cases with these, and then found that the lunch-basket had also been left. Some lunch-basket, this—one of the nuptial sort—glittering with varnish outside, and glass and undimmed aluminium within, containing a thousand gadgets and supplying a thousand wants. Once unpacked, it could never be packed again ; but we took out, filled with its proper contents, and replaced separately each separate fitment. We did not do this from any prescience, but merely because we were idle.

At 4.30 p.m. we mounted a swift chariot, drove off, remembered we had forgotten the two suit-cases and the completely garnished lunch-basket, drove back and finally hit our road at 5 p.m. Blithely we prattled of the joys of an arrival in camp, of the blazing log-fire, the tea-table set out ready, the tents glimmering in the background, the cook plying his evening task, the cherry tart waiting to ply its own. Then we touched on sterner matters, of antelope and jackal howling in the near, of stag belling in the middle, of tigers roaring in the far distance.

We arrived at a village. The road ran on, but we were to leave it here and do the rest of the distance, only about a mile, on foot. We distributed suit-cases and lunch-basket on to villagers' heads. We were about to set off. But at this point the party carrying Angela's tart loomed in the gloaming. Him I cursed for his dalliance by the way and drove before us. We didn't really mind his being late, because his precious burden would not be required till the sweet-course. Quite happily, then, we set out in the twilight across the green fields.

There was a full moon, and a touch of frost in the air. Soon we reached a point whence our camp fire should have been visible. But none *was* visible. Putting it all down to the late start—though I confess now to having felt a slight misgiving or numbness at the pit of my stomach—we pressed merrily forward to another point whence our tents should have been visible. But none *were* visible. Preserving a cheerful demeanour, though I now felt strong misgivings, we prattled on a few hundred paces, and then the horrid truth burst upon us. There was no camp, no cart, no soul whatever in the offing. All was silent as the tomb. At length we stood

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forlorn in the very place where our tea-table was to have been.

I remained calm and outwardly optimistic. I laughed a hearty, boisterous laugh at the idea of our whole equipage having been engulfed by a tiger or stricken by a deadly miasma. But the situation approached the disturbing. Here was a young woman, a bride, clad in a new sun-hat and a costume of what looked like pure muslin; and here was a young man, a groom, also in a new sun-hat and thin khaki. He was fingering a new unblooded rifle and itching to use it on something—or somebody. Both these younglings had been inflated with the most extravagant descriptions of the joys of camp. And lo! there was no camp.

I fell on that cherry tart—or rather its bearer, who stood helpless, mute, and shivering in a thin, flappy shirt. I asked him what the devil it all meant. With more profit, perhaps, I might have asked him (when we met him in the village) what he meant by not being with the carts. But one can't think of everything. The knave answered that he had followed the carts to the village and had there stopped to drink water. The carts had gone on; we had arrived; I had cursed him. That was all. He didn't know where the carts had gone to. They had gone *on*—yes, on along the road—and had not left the road as we had, and struck across the fields.

That was something, at any rate. The road, to my certain knowledge, ran on for some 300 miles due north. Somewhere on it, probably, were the carts, and our dinner—bar the sweets—and our tents and beds.

I abandoned these melancholy musings and once more became the man of action. I dispatched a man on a riding-camel, who had accompanied us, to "search the country northwards"—a largish task, and something vague—but the best possible in the circumstances. I took the cherry tart from him who bore it, lodged it out of harm's way in the fork of a tree, and sent the bearer back to the road to bring cushions and rugs from our conveyance. Edwin set himself to work gathering sticks, water, and a vessel to boil it in. The latter he got from a village near by. Angela was set to do broody over the lunch-basket, guarding it with her life.

The fire blazed, the pot boiled, the lunch-basket was in action. We drew into the blaze, lay on cushions and rugs, ate, drank, and were merry. Occasionally we let out a shout,

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but nobody answered, and we wanted no answer. We were all tuned up to adventure and hardy doings. The moon beat pitilessly upon us and gave no heat. We laughed at her. There was quite a degree of frost, and we laughed at that. And at eight o'clock we dined recklessly and unsparingly off the lunch-basket ; and still it contained a whole tin of sardines and a cane-bottomed flask nearly full of whisky. And the cherry tart was always in reserve.

At 9 p.m. someone yawned and someone else shivered rather noisily. The conversation turned towards bed. And then suddenly there came a shout and a creaking, and the carts lumbered into the firelight.

II.

At about the hour when larks were leaving their watery nests Edwin left his and took the field to procure venison for red pottage. I followed him out a little later and found him in a desponding mood, declaring he had missed a positive sitter. His mind was clearly set on suicide, his great dexter toe itching visibly within its boot to get at the trigger and have done with it. Having dissuaded him, however, from extreme measures until it was proved that the situation clearly demanded them, we made a hasty cast round to find out whether the buck had or had not been missed ; and fifty yards off we found him as dead as venison could be. And so back to breakfast.

We had another short march to make, some five or six miles, before reaching our real shooting camp. We got the cortège away smartly after breakfast, and proposed giving it all day to arrive in and settle down. We ourselves were to spend one of those happy, objectless days, loafing along and killing time—and anything else—in the keen air and bright sunshine.

From some rising ground presently we descried a small herd of buck. Edwin undertook to deal with this. But buck regard with the greatest suspicion a prostrate human being advancing on them with heaving stern—and Edwin's heaved. The first attempt was therefore a failure. The next, carried out on more natural lines, was successful. For the stalker, disguised with a blanket over his head as an honest cultivator and guilefully squatting now and then to pluck an imaginary weed, worked up to within easy shooting distance and laid low the leader of the herd. Having still four left in the

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magazine, the stalker next directed a short burst at a chinkara who popped out of some broken ground to see what was a-doing. But this gazelle offers a smaller and much less visible target than the black-buck (who, in his livery of half white and half black and usually standing on a light green background, is a veritable target). The chinkara popped back out of sight unharmed.

What with this and the chase and shooting of two green pigeons, some blue rock ditto, and the vain pursuit of some cackling grey partridges, the sun was lowering when we left the fields and reached our hill, exchanging the bright sunlight for the verdurous glooms of the forest. Into this we passed and climbed slowly the stony upward path that led to camp. It was an entrancingly lovely evening. There are plenty in the East, but seldom the time and the place and the loved one all together. Here we had all three. Behind and below us receded the fields with their pleasant sights and peaceful sounds—the golden dust-haze of cattle going byrewards, the creak of homing carts, barkings, crowings, and cacklings. The stillness of the forest enfolded us : a wild, untidy forest, almost scrubby, suggesting the need of razors and combs, yet with a beauty of its own and, at this season, green enough.

We arrived just before dark at the best camp I have ever struck. It was situated at the very top of the forest-clad ridge, near water and—rare occurrence—not near a village. One huge banyan tree with a large population of birds in its boughs and probably of less pleasing things in the tangles of its roots, roofed the whole camp ; public rooms, sleeping quarters, kitchen, and—had we had horses—stables as well ; and there was no crowding. My glowing description of our arrival in winter camp now fulfilled itself—a noble log fire illuminated all the properties, tea-table, tents, and the supers bending over sizzling pots in the background. We had experienced a very different state of things only twenty-four hours before and, thankful for Great Mercy, sank into deck-chairs and surrendered our toes to the blaze.

An emaciated figure shortly presented itself, the shikari of these particular jungles—an old friend, he. I think he was about as thin as a man could be without actually rattling, but he was very much alive and, for a shikari, rather a humorous, chatty fellow. He had a long, semi-serious yarn accounting for his boniness : a case of misdirected witchcraft. An enemy had cast a spell on him, but had lacked cash, and the spell

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had lacked potency. The wizard or dealer in spells only negotiated on a cash basis. The spell had therefore only caused extreme emaciation without killing or in any way injuring the health or appetite of the subject. I can certainly vouch that he could eat more meat at a sitting than most other jungle folk. On the present occasion, as we were well off for venison, we started him off with a whole buck as *hors d'œuvres*.

III.

We turned in early, full of pot-valiant resolve to beard and even to beat the early worm in the matter of timely rising. But next morning the rain was coming down in the most quenching manner. We cancelled any serious operations for that day, and decided, when the ground had dried up, to potter. And this we did down the long lightly-forested spurs of our ridge. Here we met an extra large herd of the great Indian antelope or nilgau, coming back to the forest after raiding the lowland cultivation. There were nearly forty of them moving in single file.

Killing a nilgau partakes of slaughter rather than sport, yet we slew three so-called bulls—really buck—and thought no shame. Edwin had never shot one : the emaciated shikari could eat the best part of a whole one ; his companions could eat two more ; their tanned hides would provide us with excellent leather, and their legs with marrow-bones. Last, but not least, the nilgau does an infinite amount of harm to crops ; and the Hindu cultivator, in his impetuous religiosity, has decided that he belongs to the sacred tribe of Bos and that he cannot kill him. But he is usually very happy if someone else will rid him of a few.

We beat all the next day : got more than we expected and less than we had hoped for. We were after sambur, and there were good ones about, but we saw none shootable. We were not after panther, although they form a possible incident in most of these forests, yet we shot two.

We were working a horseshoe-shaped recess in the hills that opened on to the plain. The regular procedure was to begin at one end of the shoe and continue right round to the other, making three or four beats of it. The ground was steep, in some places precipitous. We were at the third beat, the guns strung up the slope from bottom to top ; the top gun stood on a very steep bit, which just in front of him steepened into a forty-foot high cliff. The face of this he

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enfiladed. Along a ledge high up in this cliff came a panther, blinking, yawning, and smiling in a pantherish way. He was evidently just awakened by the approaching beat; at him the gun fired, and he toppled off his ledge, thirty feet down on to the steep slope below, and continued rolling almost on to the centre gun.

Centre gun's attention was, rather naturally, directed exclusively towards this spotted yellow thing that came whirling towards him. But at that very moment a second panther walked close past him on his blind side—or so the shikari reported afterwards. I am not so sure. The ground gave no evidence of it. A good shikari is supposed to see, or at least to know, of everything that happens in a beat, and the Emaciated One always posed as omniscient in this respect. I believe he reported a second panther to enhance his omniscience, and to annoy. Anyway, we were quite pleased with our one.

We finished our round of the horseshoe and piped to lunch; but we had hardly begun it when a man ran up to report that a panther was lying on a bank, in the open, close by. Why, we seemed surrounded by panthers, this being the third reported or seen within three hours. We thought we had better humour him by looking him up at once, for panthers, though they do odd and unexpected things and are very contrary (quite unlike the biddable tiger), do not commonly grow on banks like wild thyme.

We had only a few hundred yards to go, and were then halted by our guide opposite to and twenty yards from a grassy bank which rose some twelve feet high from a nullah bed. Its surface appeared smooth and was covered with coarse grass—not very long—not long enough, anyway, to hide a panther even at his flattest.

Our guide said, "There he lies!" and we, after looking for five minutes, came to the conclusion that it was not the panther who was lying.

Besides our own bleared civilized vision were a dozen pair of much better eyes. None of these could see him, though some pointed at one place and others at another. Zeiss glasses were brought to bear. Every blade of grass was examined. Not a spot, nor a whisker, much less a panther showed. At last rifles were grounded, and it was agreed that, though the man had probably seen a panther there, none was there now.

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And just at that moment a streak of yellow flashed from halfway up the bank, just where we had been looking, and disappeared over the top. But, though lost to sight, he was not lost for good, for we had him dead within ten minutes.

Beaters were all over the place, waiting to see the fun. One of them saw the panther go to ground within a hundred yards of where he broke, beneath a huge rock which lay with most of its under-surface about a foot off the ground. Under this rock we were soon peering, somewhat incautiously, though we were hardly expecting to find our friend so near us. We could actually see the dim outline of him against the farther light. Not for long! The panther tried his luck again and shot out into the open, passing within inches of the face of one of us. Brother panther fell dead before he had gone twenty yards, and he now drives about in a motor, and makes a very good and ornamental foot-warmer.

We went back to try and solve the mystery of the bank, but a mystery it remained. We examined the place carefully. There was a slight unevenness, not amounting to a ledge, where a small cat might have lain, but not lain invisible. There was no grass high enough to hide a panther on a slope that was nearly perpendicular. And we had to leave it at that. But I still keep wondering how the panther managed it!

IV.

We shifted camp to a less samburish jungle and a more bearish one—sloth-bearish. The sloth-bear may be likened to an afflicted nervy person who always wears an ulster and climbs trees in it. When I'm out tree-climbing I take mine off; but his hasn't any buttons, and he can't. He is frightfully overdressed in summer, and that afflicts him, and he lives morosely in caves trying to keep cool. But in winter he doesn't find it a bit too warm. He quits his caves then and picnics in certain jungles that he likes. His great hobby now is to dig holes, insert his vacuum-cleaner, which is his nose, and snuffle up ants and grubs. He does this in a very loud and vulgar way. Then, too, if he could only brush his hair straight back over his forehead and wear it as modish young men do theirs, it would not hang over his eyes and add to his afflictions and nerve-storminess. He has been criticized for never using nail-scissors, and his nails are long certainly. But then he wants them to dig holes with, and it is doubtful whether he could climb trees in his ulster without them.

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To sum him up, he is a perfect cad, an awful ass, and of all forest animals the most feared by forest folk.

Our new camp was pitched near one of his winter picnic jungles. It was full of three-foot deep holes torn up in the hardest ground by those terrible claws, and in many places was the human-foot-like trail of bear. Yet we saw never a bear during either morning or evening prowls. To beating we had to come at last, as our time was nearing an end. One of the guns who shall be nameless fell asleep during a very long beat. He awoke to find a bear almost on top of him. It is impossible to say which of the twain was the more frightened. But the bear made the greater noise. He turned in his tracks and fled screaming. The sleeper fired at and slightly wounded him. The other guns waited, listened and wondered. The bear, invisible, but very audible, ran up a hill. His outcries reached the top, nearly a mile off. They should have died away, in the valley beyond. But no, they turned—something had frightened the bear—and the sounds began coming down the hill ; moreover, a bear can come down a hill in most surprising quick time. He was certainly going to hit the line of guns again. Nearer and nearer the noise came, and at last he broke covert and trundled into view. But this time he gave another gun a chance, and was dropped in his tracks. There he lay, when we gathered to view him, looking like a tipsy Nonconformist minister clad in ill-fitting black.

This is, I know, a terrible libel on the ministry, and I must state at once that I have never seen a tipsy pastor, feel certain that I never shall, and that, if I ever do, he will not in any way resemble that or any other sloth-bear. Yet, whenever I have seen a bear, the devil has come giggling and sniggering up to my ear, saying :—

" Come, now ! Don't you see the likeness ? Why, man, it's there to the very life ! The snuffle, the turned-in toes, the long-fingered gloves, the reach-me-down blacks and all. You simply can't help seeing it !"

And I haven't been able to help seeing it. It's literally the devil and all !

V.

Five o'clock a.m., and a starlit sky visible through the open tent door. The log fire, resuscitated by some earlier hand, throws a cheerful wavering light on tree-bole and outer

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darkness. Under these circumstances early rising is not so difficult. It is a golden rule encrusted with diamonds: if you want to see jungle traffic, take it, so to speak, at the rush-hour—*i.e.*, at dawn. You will find plenty to dispute the truth of this, bad shikaris among them, but have at them! They will quote you chapter and verse to prove that being out at 8 a.m. is rather better than being out two hours earlier. Again, have at them! They are false prophets, fond of bed and fearful of cold and wet grass. So be on your ground not at dawn, but half an hour before its first symptom. Sneak to your place and, being there, remain there. Choose a good place for seeing, such as a junction of glades, a fire-line, or the edge of an open space, between water or crops or both in one direction, and heavier forest in the other. Disappear. This is easily done by remaining motionless. Don't go blundering about trying to see more. You will see less, so, because you will be heard and winded when in motion, not heard and much less winded when stationary.

At the edge of some low-lying open forest we separated, Edwin working down one margin of it and I the other. Here there were belts of low jungle and thickets of bushes, with a slow river meandering among them. Such a place the cheetah or Indian spotted deer loves, and in this particular area belated sambur were sometimes met with, drifting homeward to the higher, more densely afforested ground, after raiding the crops.

It is an excellent thing always to carry your own rifle—if it's not too heavy and the day's not too hot. My rifle was not at all heavy and the day was far from hot. Yet, having finished, as I thought, my morning, I handed the weapon to my gun-bearer and, he leading, we started campwards. Rounding the end of a belt of jungle, there came into plainest view at a distance of some twenty yards a solitary tree: that and—for two ticks of a watch—nothing more.

Suddenly the tree-trunk threw out, developed, or expelled from itself a large slate-coloured body with a hairy neck. At the very same moment the branches projected such a pair of antlers as are seldom seen. A really great sambur stag, greatly and perfectly antlered, stood before me, and my hand held no rifle!

At gaze he stood, antlers erect, looking his very best. But he didn't stand very long. Quite long enough, however, for me to have snatched the rifle, had it been offered, and to

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have fired. It wasn't offered. When I had stopped and given an agonized, intense hiss, the gun-bearer was still wool-gathering and took another pace forward. Not till I reached forward and touched his shoulder did he awake. But while the rifle was in transit from his hand to mine, the stag clapped antler to haunch, wheeled, and was gone.

About half an hour later two people reached camp from different directions at one and the same moment: one of them a merry, light-hearted fellow, who found all was right with the world. This was Edwin. He had shot a cheetah. The other—well, the other might have shot a sambur, and had thrown away his chance!

The passage of thirteen years, with a Great War thrown in, has not healed the scar of that searing, agonizing moment.

Next day we again traversed the scene of our adventure on the first night out. The bower had been reft from its position. There were the dead embers of our fire. In the fork of the tree, where I had placed it and where it had been forgotten, sat Angela's cherry tart still lapped in its cerements. But there was more to it than that. There were marigolds about it, and a small rice offering.

Good for the tart! It was evidently in course of development into a village godling. Give it time and it would become a shrine, with a little lamp burning at it, and perhaps a holy man to tend the lot!

TOUCHADAM.

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MEDAL RIBBONS

"What is a ribbon worth to a soldier?
Everything! Glory is priceless!"
SIR E. B. LYTTON, BART.

IT has always seemed to me a matter for regret that the many excellent books of reference dealing so fully with orders, decorations and medals omit, as a rule, any explanation of the various colours selected for the ribbons. The choice and combination of colours must have been dictated, presumably, by some sound argument; the knowledge, therefore, of the reasons governing the selection and design of these ribbons would surely be of value and general interest. I have endeavoured to obtain information on this subject from various likely sources, but must confess that my efforts have proved disappointing. However, I have collected such facts as appear to me to be authoritative, and these I now present in the hope that others may be encouraged to pursue further inquiries with, I trust, better success than has attended my own efforts. There is certainly a value, both historical and educational, attaching to this study, and as the *raison d'être* of the many ribbons becomes known, a new and permanent interest is often created both in the medals and the campaigns for which they were awarded.

The collection and preservation in the mess of medals once worn by officers and men of a regiment has happily of recent years become a custom increasingly popular in the Service. The significance of medal ribbons for this reason, therefore, should prove of additional assistance to any officer in his lectures to the company on the history and traditions of the regiment.

Medals were originally worn suspended by a cord or chain, and not necessarily from a ribbon; in fact, ribbons are of much later date than medals, and the adoption in 1814 of a special ribbon by the Honourable East India Company may be considered as the first step towards establishing this custom. I propose to confine myself only to such ribbons for which I have obtained some authority or a reasonable explanation as regards their colour combination, hoping, as I have already said, that the publication of this article may result in further information being contributed.

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Commencing, then, with the Waterloo Medal, issued in 1816–17, and bestowed without engagement bars upon all officers and men who were present at Ligny, Quatre Bras or Waterloo, the description in the Gazette reads: " . . . a riband of the colour of the sash, with a blue edge." This same ribbon accompanied the Military General Service Medal, 1793–1814, for which twenty-nine clasps were authorized, and also the Burmah Medal, 1824–26 (without clasps) of the Honourable East India Company. The selection of these particular colours for the three medals in question is accounted for by the fact that " red " was considered emblematic of the Army, while " blue " denoted the Royal facings.

For many years this was the recognized ribbon for the British Army. The question as to the proper ribbon and correct method of wearing the Seringapatam Medal awarded by the East India Company occasioned much controversy, and Mayo, referring to this, says: " Three patterns of ribbon, at least, appear to have been used, viz.—red with blue borders, yellow watered, and plain red. That the first was used under some sort of authority is gathered from a discussion which took place between the Madras Government and the Commander-in-Chief in 1831, on the occasion of the distribution of the medals awarded to the native troops who had been engaged in the first Burmese War. The Commander-in-Chief had proposed that a piece of red ribbon with blue borders should be issued with each medal. The Government assented to the issue of the ribbon, but objected to the Waterloo ribbon. To this the Commander-in-Chief replied that the ribbon he had proposed was common to all medals granted by His Majesty in modern times, and was considered the medal ribbon of England. He added: " The medals of Seringapatam and Java are both suspended from it, and both are so worn with the sanction of His Majesty." Finally, and as a result of the objections raised, a new ribbon was decided upon which was tawny yellow watered silk, yellow being the colour of Tippoo Sultan's emblem, the tiger, and the water effect suggestive of that animal's skin. The medal was worn with both ribbons.

The capture of Ghuznee on July 23rd, 1839, one of the first encounters of the Afghan War, was commemorated by a medal of which the ribbon was originally intended to be half green and half yellow. For some unknown reason, however,

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a parti-coloured ribbon of crimson and green was eventually adopted, the green representing the colour sacred to Mohammedans, and crimson signifying the British troops engaged, although red would seem to have been more appropriate.

A very striking ribbon which was long considered the Indian military ribbon was that issued with the medals granted for Jellalabad, 1842 ; the defence of Kelat-i-Ghilzai, 1842 ; and with the stars awarded for Sir Charles Napier's conquest of Scinde, 1843, including the operations of Maharajpoor and Punniar of the same year. The colours of this watered silk ribbon, which was selected by the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, represent an Eastern sky at sun-rise, a pink merging into yellow and the yellow into blue. The same ribbon was revived for the bronze star given for Lord Robert's celebrated march from Kabul to Kandahar, August 3rd to 31st, 1880. The metal used in the manufacture of these stars, by the way, was from guns taken from Ayoob Khan at the Battle of Kandahar, September 1st, 1880, thus following a precedent created in the Victoria Cross, the early issues of which were cast from cannon taken from the Russians in the Crimea.

In connection with the ribbon already mentioned as commemorating the defence of Kelat-i-Ghilzai in May, 1842, mention may well be made here of one of the irregular regiments, the gallant conduct of which during that siege received special recognition, as recorded in the following extract from a General Order dated October 4th, 1842 :

" The regiment of Bengal irregular infantry lately known as the 3rd Regiment of Infantry, in the service of Shah Shuja, shall in consideration of the valour, discipline and fortitude manifested by that regiment on many occasions and especially in the defence of Kelat-i-Ghilzai, continue embodied under its present Commandant, Captain J. H. Craigie, and be brought on the strength of the Bengal Army as an extra regiment and be denominated the ' Regiment of Kelat-i-Ghilzai.' . . . The regimental colours of the Regiment of Kelat-i-Ghilzai will be composed of the three colours of the military ribbon of India, and in the centre thereof will be inscribed the words 'Kelat-i-Ghilzai.' "

Ever since the publication of the above-mentioned order and its enrolment in the Bengal Army, the regiment has borne the device of a mural crown on its appointments and on its colours which are red, yellow and blue, arranged horizontally

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as in the Dutch flag. It has shared the fate common to so many other units as regards being constantly re-numbered or re-named, but, very rightly, still retains " Kelat-i-Ghilzai." Raised in 1838 as the 3rd Infantry (Irregular), it became in 1842, as stated, " The Regiment of Kelat-i-Ghilzai " (Regular) ; in 1861 it was re-numbered the 13th, but later the same year again became the 12th (Kelat-i-Ghilzai) Bengal Native Infantry, and as such remained until 1903, when it was mustered out and reconstituted as the 12th Bengal Pioneers, a title which was a few months later again changed to the " 12th Pioneers, the Kelat-i-Ghilzai Regiment." Finally, in December, 1922, reorganization in the Indian Army resulted in yet another change to its present title of " The 2nd Battalion, 2nd Bombay Pioneers (Kelat-i-Ghilzai)." The history attaching to these regimental colours and their connection with a medal ribbon will, I hope, justify somewhat of a digression. The distinction is, as far as I am aware, peculiar and enjoyed by no other regiment in the Service.

The medal issued for China, 1840–42, was the first to bear upon it the head of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The ribbon, red with yellow edges, represents the heraldic colour of Great Britain and the Imperial colour or Yellow Dragon of China. A similar ribbon was granted for the second Chinese War (1857–60), and also for the Boxer campaign of 1900, although with different shades of red in each case. It may be of interest to record that the original design of ribbon for the second war in China had five stripes, blue, yellow, red, white and green, but for various reasons this brilliant combination was discarded in favour of the plainer pattern already mentioned.

War against Russia had been declared on March 28th, 1854 ; the authorization, therefore, in December of that year of a medal for the Crimea, with clasps for Alma and Inkerman, " the Soldiers' Battle," was a prompt recognition, quite contrary to custom. Such thoughtful consideration on the part of the Queen must have gone far to compensate those who had faced, and were still facing, the grey-coated hordes of the Czar for all the terrible sufferings and privations so bravely endured throughout the Russian winter. A clasp, " Balaklava," was added in February, 1855, to commemorate the " death-ride " of the Light Brigade on October 29th, 1854, and included the Heavy Brigade and regiments engaged in the vicinity. In October, 1855, " Sebastopol " was added to the

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list, while a special clasp, " Azoff," was also awarded to the Navy and Marines.

The clasps of this medal are very ornate and singularly British in character, the design being an oak leaf decorated with acorns. But why, one naturally asks, was a ribbon of Cambridge blue with narrow borders of yellow selected? Equally puzzling is the choice in the case of the Baltic Medal ribbon. After the review of the Fleet at Spithead, on April 23rd, 1856, the Queen had been pleased to command that a medal should be struck and issued to all who had served in the Baltic from March, 1854, until the close of the blockade in 1855. With the exception of two officers and some hundred men of the Sappers and Miners who had been embarked in the flagship, the medal was given only to the Navy and Marines. The ribbon has the same colours as that for the Crimea, but in reverse order, being yellow with blue borders. It is very difficult to avoid some reference to the medal and clasps when attempting a description of its ribbon, and although when setting myself the task of the " whys " and " wherefores " of the ribbons I was determined to confine the subject strictly within bounds, yet exception may perhaps be permitted in the case of so important a campaign as that of the Crimea or Baltic, despite the fact that I have been unable to explain, or even suggest, the meaning of these ribbons.

The Mutiny Medal, authorized on August 18th, 1858, was the last one issued by the Honourable East India Company, which soon after ceased to exist. The five clasps, very sparingly given, were " Delhi," " Defence of Lucknow," " Relief of Lucknow," " Lucknow," and " Central India." The ribbon of scarlet and white has three white and two red stripes arranged alternately. Possibly the latter colour was intended to typify the red-coated British, the revolutionary red of mutiny or, again, it may have been a grim reminder of the blood that flowed so freely ere Peace, suggested by the white in this ribbon, was once again restored. This is, however, merely conjecture, and the colours chosen for this ribbon, with those of the Crimea and Baltic, still therefore await explanation.

The New Zealand medal is suspended by a ribbon of blue, red and blue, in that order; these two colours record the services rendered by the Navy and Army in the operations carried out against the Maoris between 1845 and 1847, and

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again from 1860 to 1866. The portrait of Her Majesty on the obverse of this medal is remarkable for the fact that the Queen is wearing a veil, this being the first medal issued after the death of the Prince Consort.

The India General Service Medal of 1854 was first given for the second war in Burmah, 1852–53, but was extended to many subsequent campaigns in which British and native troops were engaged. The ribbon, red with two bars of blue, is said to represent the Royal Navy, Royal Indian Marine, and the three armies, British, Bengal and Madras.

The Kaffir wars of South Africa, 1834–35, 1846–47, 1850–53, obtained the medal issued in 1854, and which was given also for the later campaigns against the Galekas, Gaikas and Zulus during the period 1877–79. The ribbon is pale orange with four stripes of purple, two of which are broad and two narrow. The orange in all probability suggests the Orange River Sovereignty, which had recently been converted into the Orange River Free State. Another African award with a history attached is the medal granted for Ashantee, 1873–74, and subsequently awarded for many minor affairs in East and West Africa during the period 1887–1900. When this medal was first instituted, early in 1874, yellow and black, being the Russian colours, were chosen as a compliment to the newly married Duchess of Edinburgh.

The Afghan War of 1878–80 added yet another ribbon, one with a central green stripe having narrower edges of crimson. No doubt these colours were selected for much the same reasons which governed the choice of ribbon for Ghuznee, as previously explained.

The blue and white stripes of the ribbon for the Egyptian Medal, 1882–89, are said to typify the Blue and White Niles. Personally, I am not inclined to accept this explanation: the Blue Nile flows into the White Nile immediately below Khartoum, and was beyond the radius of operations for which this medal was awarded. Blue is certainly a favourite colour in Egypt, and is moreover the full dress of both the cavalry and infantry of the Egyptian Army, the former, as lancers, wearing a white plastron and facings, the latter having also white facings. Again, the *fellahin*, and civilians of the poorer classes generally, are almost invariably to be seen wearing a loose shirt of blue. It would seem, therefore, more than probable that whatever arguments influenced the colour and

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facings of the military uniforms had some bearing on the later choice of the medal ribbon.

A ribbon not often seen is that for Central Africa, 1891–98, the colours in equal width of black, white and terra-cotta, being in allusion to respectively the Sudanese troops, the Europeans, and the Sikhs.

For the reconquest of the Sudan, the Khedive of Egypt granted in 1897 a silver medal to all British and Egyptian troops who had taken part in the Dongola campaign of 1896. The medal was also given for later expeditions, and covers the period 1896–1905. The ribbon, yellow with a broad blue watered central stripe, signifies the Blue Nile flowing between its yellow sand banks. Queen Victoria also sanctioned a medal for the Sudan, 1896–97 ; no engagement bars were issued, and the ribbon of black and yellow, divided by a thin scarlet stripe, is said to represent respectively the Dervish enemy, the yellow suggestive of the desert, and the scarlet the " thin red line " of British troops.

The familiar South African ribbon of Queen Victoria's medal of 1899–1902 perpetuates with its red, blue and orange the services of the Navy and Army in the Orange Free State ; the orange also is supposed to be commemorative by many of khaki, but the colour is more likely to be associated with the country in which the operations were conducted. King Edward's medal for South Africa, 1901–02, with its green, white and orange ribbon, represents the Transvaal, Peace, and the Free State.

For Tibet, 1903–04, the colours chosen were a peculiar lama red flanked with narrow stripes of white, suggesting the snows of the Himalayas, and with outer edges of green, a colour so often met with in ribbons connected with India ; for, in addition to those already referred to, this colour appears in the ribbons of the Indian General Service Medals of 1895 and also of 1908.

The red, white and blue ribbon, watered and shaded, of the 1914 and 1914–15 Stars certainly suggests the British colours, and also the *tricolore* of France, emblematic of liberty, equality and fraternity, and consequently, considered in conjunction with the cause for which both nations entered the war, the choice of these colours seems for such a decoration eminently suitable. As regards the General Service Medal, 1914–18, although the colours are stated by some authorities to have no significance, yet it happens that they combine

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the black and white of the House of Hohenzollern with yellow, the national colour of Germany, and these again are encompassed by the Royal blue borders, emblematic of Britain. Another and perhaps better explanation is Prussia, as denoted by the black and white portions of the ribbon, being squeezed between the Royal Navy and Army, as represented respectively by the colours blue and khaki. The coincidence is sufficiently striking to persuade one that the authorities responsible were actuated in their consideration of the ribbon by some such reasoning.

The choice of a suitable ribbon for the Victory Medal presented some difficulty. The medal was designed to obviate the exchange of medals between the different Allies, and the first suggestion, when the question was discussed in Paris, was to superimpose the national colours of all the Allies on the black and white ribbon of the Iron Cross. This proposal did not meet with entire approval, as Germany was not the sole enemy, nor was the suggestion a practical proposition. The problem was eventually solved by adopting the French suggestion of a double rainbow, indicative of an era of calm after the storm, hence the colours red in the centre with green and violet shaded on either side.

A medal awarded to the Mercantile Marine for war service, 1914–18, has a peculiarly distinctive ribbon, red and green with a narrow white central stripe ; these colours were adopted on the suggestion of Commander H. Taprell Dorling, D.S.O., R.N., as representing the port, starboard and steering lights of a steamer.

In conclusion, I wish to state that I owe much of the information here given to an article written by D. H. Moutray Read and published in the *United Service Magazine* of December, 1903 ; and also to Commander Taprell Dorling, whose admirable little book entitled " Ribbons and Medals " certainly deserves a place in every public and private library, and should be of great assistance to all officers in His Majesty's Service.

H. CHANNER.

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NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS: THEIR TRAINING AND PROMOTION BY MERIT.

THE training and promotion of Army non-commissioned officers is one of the most difficult problems at present facing a commanding officer. It is generally admitted that the present standard of knowledge among non-commissioned officers is not up to the pre-war standard, nor does there appear to be any certainty that pre-war methods are altogether applicable to present-day conditions. But, before putting forward in detail definite and workable proposals for increasing the efficiency of non-commissioned officers, and applying to them the principle of promotion by merit, it is essential to point out where the present system fails to translate into effect the principles of the textbooks.

In the first place, among units of the same arm there is a regrettable diversity in the syllabus of the examination of non-commissioned officers for promotion, to which reference is made in King's Regulations, paras. 871, 872. So far as these examinations are concerned, there is really nothing to prevent the syllabus laid down by the commanding officer of one unit from differing in a marked degree in scope, modernity and standard from that in use in another unit. Moreover, it is conceivable that a commanding officer may use his " discretion " and promote non-commissioned officers solely on the recommendation of a company commander without troubling about any definite examination. Such haphazard methods do not produce the best possible results. It leaves too much to the idiosyncrasies of the officers concerned. It does not take sufficiently into account both the wide scope and the constantly changing nature of modern training for war. The remedy suggested is that a common syllabus for each arm should be clearly laid down by one central authority and amended from time to time, to keep pace with the changes in training and administration which result from the continued application of science and invention to preparation for success in war.

It is argued that standardization is not a cure-all, and that the introduction of a common syllabus would fetter the freedom of commanding officers in their task of training their

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subordinate leaders. To rebut this argument it is now necessary to give some facts.

There is every reason for believing that officers' promotion examinations form an incentive to study and establish, as far as possible, recognized standards of military knowledge. Their existence lightens the task of a commanding officer in estimating and comparing the efficiency of his officers, but certainly does not limit either his freedom of action or his responsibility. These examinations are standardized. If the truth be known, the average young non-commissioned officer is impressed, if not somewhat overwhelmed, by the amount of knowledge which he is called upon to acquire, digest, and apply in the training, leadership, and care of his men. It is not as easy as would appear for the regimental officer, who tries to appreciate the difficulties of his non-commissioned officers to differentiate between subjects—a thorough knowledge of which must be insisted upon—and others which appear to him to be of secondary importance, and to which, therefore, less time may be devoted. If a *definite syllabus* were laid down in the way indicated, the task of the regimental officer would be simplified, without any violation of the principle that " all commanders from platoon commanders upwards are responsible for the training and efficiency of their commands both in peace and war."

Another advantage may be mentioned. During the late war, even in its early stages, non-commissioned officers were frequently drafted to units other than their own. The officers under whose orders such non-commissioned officers came for the first time had to take them on trust, and occasions arose when there was neither time nor opportunity to test their capacity as leaders in battle or as instructors out of it. It is conceivable that in the next war, whether great or small, a like difficulty will occur, unless practical steps are taken to obviate it by the adoption of a common syllabus for each arm. Such a reform would make for greater co-ordination and co-operation, because all non-commissioned officers would be required to attain to certain generally recognized levels of efficiency, irrespective of the units to which they actually belong.

As regards the standardized syllabus, it is not necessary here to go into details. Generally speaking, that for promotion from lance-corporal to corporal should comprise Administration and Organization; Drill and Weapon Training; and

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Manœuvre and Battle. This syllabus of the examination of lance-corporals for promotion to corporal would form the basis of the examination of corporals for promotion to the rank of sergeant. Candidates, however, would be required to show not only a greater knowledge, but also a greater capacity for command and responsibility than in the case of lance-corporals under examination for promotion to corporal. A further graduation would be made for candidates for promotion to the rank of sergeant.

In order to maintain a higher and more uniform standard of efficiency among non-commissioned officers, it is suggested that units should be required to notify brigade headquarters when it is intended to carry out an examination of non-commissioned officers for promotion, so that a staff officer could attend it and observe that the necessary standard is being maintained throughout the brigade or other formation. A system by which selected officers are appointed, rather like judges on circuit, to carry out periodical examinations of non-commissioned officers has much to commend it, because the stimulus of competition and *esprit de corps* would be introduced. The results could be published in order of merit in Command or Garrison Orders. It is a striking fact that the competitive spirit is encouraged in almost every aspect of training, except that dealing with the admittedly important subject of training non-commissioned officers.

The second point to be considered is that the existing method of training non-commissioned officers has not kept pace with the responsibilities imposed upon them by the decentralizing influences of modern war and, to a lesser degree, by Peace Establishments. For example, one platoon in four is trained and commanded in peace by a non-commissioned officer. In practice, the proportion of officerless platoons is even greater, while in war experience has shown that anything may happen.

The deduction to be made from the textbooks is perhaps not unreasonable that every platoon sergeant must be capable of commanding a company in emergency, and every lance-corporal and corporal a platoon. One thing is certain—every leader must be trained in peace to be master of three men's jobs—his own, that of his subordinate, in order that he may train and supervise him ; and, thirdly, that of his superior, so that he may take the latter's place when required.

This brings us to our main contention. Leaving aside

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the question of specialists, does the present system of training and promoting non-commissioned officers ensure that at any moment a battalion commander can produce *sixteen platoon sergeants* capable of training, caring for, and commanding in the field not merely their own respective platoons, but possibly one of another unit, and of leading a company in battle, *sixty-four junior non-commissioned officers* fit to command sections normally and platoons in an emergency; and, lastly, *sixty-four understudies*—selected privates—competent to lead a section at a moment's notice?

The commanding officer who answers that question honestly can give but one answer—an emphatic negative. He may indeed add, "If I could have all my non-commissioned officers and men all the time, I could manage it." That, however, would be asking for the moon. It is incontestable that the number of non-commissioned officers and men employed in duties other than training for war is a factor which is not taken sufficiently into account in the present system of training.

The remedy suggested, so far as infantry is concerned—and it is applicable in principle to the other arms—is: permanent company classes on four afternoons or evenings a week for all non-commissioned officers who have not passed for promotion to sergeant, coupled with short general courses at military centres such as Aldershot and Salisbury Plain for non-commissioned officers before appointment as platoon sergeant. It is a general rule that every non-commissioned officer has to attend a school for a few hours weekly to improve his education, so that he may become a more useful citizen and a better subject for military training. Is it illogical to suggest that a non-commissioned officer should be obliged also to attend a class to perfect himself in his military duties in war and peace, and for the benefit of the service to which he belongs?

At this point it is necessary not merely to anticipate certain criticisms, but to refute them in advance. Some critics will urge that the usefulness of the battalion training cadre (consisting of one officer and five non-commissioned officers—all Hythe trained) has been ignored. Under the present system a company commander is certainly helped to a great extent by the battalion training cadre, so far as training junior leaders how to teach the use of weapons, ground, and formations is concerned. Nevertheless, it is an inarguable

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fact that the cadre is not a constant medium of instruction for *all* non-commissioned officers *all* the time. After all, the company commander is responsible for the training of his non-commissioned officers. Permanent company classes carried out at convenient hours during the afternoon and evening would supplement the spasmodic " doses " of the cadre, and would maintain a steady stream of instruction, not in a few, but in all the subjects which a non-commissioned officer ought to know and be able to apply.

Another adverse criticism is to be expected : that company classes would clash with educational training and entail too much work. The first difficulty can be solved at the weekly battalion conference. As regards the plea of " Lieutenant Lazy-Bones " that there would be too much work involved, it is readily admitted that during the hot weather on the plains of India work must be limited, but a temperate climate takes less toll of human energy. At home, practically the only period of the year when company classes could not be carried on for an hour on four afternoons or evenings a week, is during the advanced stages of the collective training season.

In civil life there is an increasing number of young men and women, too—who work at least eight hours daily at their ordinary occupation, and then put in two hours or more at a night school or evening continuation class. Does not the Territorial Army, with its evening attendances, set an excellent example to the Regular Army in this respect ? In short, there seems no adequate reason why non-commissioned officers of the Regular Army should not be capable of doing two additional hours on four days a week in the afternoon or evening, one hour being devoted to educational training, and the other in a company class.

As regards general courses at military centres, in order to produce a non-commissioned officer capable of taking his place as a platoon sergeant, it is submitted that more thorough training than can be carried out regimentally is necessary. This training can best be done by means of short general courses during the individual training period at centres where all arms are stationed, such as Aldershot and Salisbury Plain. It is realized that the necessity for taking even more non-commissioned officers away from their companies at this period than is the case at present, will present the main difficulty of the above scheme. In view, however, of the neces-

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sity of training non-commissioned officers to the high state of efficiency demanded by the textbooks, there are unquestionable advantages.

On such courses the instructional staff would be up to date. In a battalion, owing to lack of vacancies for weapon-training courses at Hythe, it may happen that the officer and non-commissioned officers are not thoroughly up to date, or they may return from Hythe as only second-rate instructors. More time could be given to tactical training than is possible at Hythe or in the unit. This is an important point. Further, there would be greater chances for discussion, and at a school (where non-commissioned officers from many different units come together) there can readily be developed a spirit of competition which makes for keenness and interest. Suitable ground would be more accessible than is the case in many permanent stations. The non-commissioned officer students should be given every opportunity of attending demonstrations of the use of tanks, aircraft, and the like, in order that they may learn to appreciate more vividly how the principle of co-operation is applied.

The aim of these courses should be to turn out annually for each unit sixteen non-commissioned officers thoroughly competent to discharge the functions of a senior non-commissioned officer as stated in the textbooks. In short, they should be miniature editions of the courses held at the Senior Officers' School. To save expense, there would seem no reason why both staff and students should not be attached to one or more units quartered in the centres selected, and little more would be required beyond a few lecture rooms (army huts, for example) with the necessary equipment.

A great deal of incentive would be given to young non-commissioned officers and to recruiting, if a live and easily understandable system of promotion by merit were introduced. At present, what inducement is there for a young lance-corporal to set to work to prepare himself for the responsibilities of a sergeant so long as promotion by merit remains the exception? It is admitted that he has to pass for corporal, but having done so, he knows that he will have to wait several years possibly before he comes up for further promotion. Consequently he is inclined to slacken off, instead of continuing to work. In practically every other sphere of human activity men can win accelerated promotion by hard work and personality, but in the Army in peace time

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the point of view of the non-commissioned officer is not sufficiently considered in this connection.

The criticism may be advanced that in the Army the individual must subordinate himself for the good of the regiment, and that to promote non-commissioned officers solely by merit, irrespective of their seniority would create dissension and a loss of moral unity—in other words, that the fighting efficiency of a unit would suffer. But surely one of the fundamental characteristics of the British race is its love of fair play. Is not the very essence of its spirit contained in the expression " Let the best man win " ? It would be a great injustice to the Army to maintain that the encouragement of sport has not developed such a spirit to possibly even a higher degree than is met with in civil life.

The purpose and moral of the specific suggestions submitted in this article may be summarized in a few concluding observations.

An up-to-date common syllabus of examination for promotion for the non-commissioned officers of each arm would inspire them and the officers responsible for their instruction with the confidence that they were working in accordance with the latest ideas as regards training for war. Company classes are the natural medium for carrying on the work, and could function—not spasmodically, but during the greater part of the year. Any possible suspicion of unfair treatment would be eliminated from the minds of non-commissioned officers by the use of boards of examination on the lines suggested. As regards the principle of promotion by merit, a simple means of applying it would be ready to hand. For example, only non-commissioned officers who passed with credit the examination for sergeant would be eligible for selection by the battalion commander to attend the general " course," while only the non-commissioned officers who had passed it and had proved their worth as platoon sergeants would be considered for promotion to warrant officer.

One can picture the electrifying effect that would be created in a unit on notification from higher authority that in a month's time and according to a given syllabus an independent board of officers would subject every non-commissioned officer to a thoroughly searching examination.

A Company Commander.

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AUCTION BRIDGE.

THE INFORMATORY DOUBLE IN ATTACK AND DEFENCE.

WHATEVER may be one's opinion of the American (or Informatory) Double, it is beyond dispute that it has arrived, and the only thing left is to understand and apply it to the best advantage. The provinces and the suburbs were the first to fall before it, then it crept into most of the London clubs, until finally it stormed and captured the last stronghold, the redoubtable Portland Club. This variety of double, therefore, is now an integral part of the British game.

The early prejudice was due to the double being purely conventional; it not only gave information, but contradicted itself in not being a double that was intended to succeed as such. There are still players who do not like it, but the time has gone by when one can adopt a superior air towards it, and not to know all it implies is to be culpably ignorant. No one can deny that this double adds diversity to the game, and—the main point—it is being played practically everywhere. At present it is more often misused than used, and it is necessary to recognize that the abuse of it is apt to be very dangerous. Judiciously employed it can certainly be helpful, but when a double of this nature is made upon inadequate strength—and all too many players are apparently unable to resist doubling when they should pass—it is to ask for trouble, and lo! the trouble generally comes.

The Informatory Double is in two phases:—

(1) The double of one no-trump; and
(2) The double of a suit bid.

For the sake of clarity it may be advisable to explain here that when *Z*, the dealer, bids and *A*, the next player, doubles, it is obligatory upon *B* (*A's* partner) to take out the double into his best suit unless *Y* (*Z's* partner) makes an active bid. When *Z* bids, *A* and *Y* pass, and *B* doubles, the obligation to take out falls upon *A*, unless *Z* makes another active bid.

It should be firmly grasped that the informatory double as regards no-trumps applies only to a bid of one no-trump. The double of two or more no-trumps is *always* a business

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double, and therefore to be left in by the doubler's partner, except in rare cases, when he may hold what he considers to be a game-going hand ; the point is that the partner is under no obligation to take out, whereas the take-out is obligatory with an informatory double.

Now, on what sort of a hand is it permissible or wise to double one no-trump ? Mr. Milton Work, one of the leading American authorities, places the minimum strength for the second player as five high cards (aces, kings, and queens) distributed amongst at least three suits ; a double by the fourth player needing an additional high card, because the original bidder plays after him.

Players who keep to this high standard will seldom come to grief, and will often derive benefit. But alas ! there are many who double on a brace of kings and a queen, and then hey ! for needles and pins.

To put it in another way, to double one no-trump with good hope of success one requires a good no-trumper oneself, and then it is generally preferable to put it up to one's partner to bid his longest suit rather than to bid two no-trumps (a call which is rarely successful over an opponent's one no-trump) or in a suit of four oneself.

All the same, there are occasions when some risk is allowable at the score, as is recognized at ordinary bidding. Say *Z*, the dealer, is 20 or more up in the rubber game and bids one no-trump. One trick, which is won far oftener than lost, and he secures the rubber. You, the second player, have some fair stuff though not up to the minimum just set forth. What are you to do, say, on a hand like this ? —

♠ A 8 6
♥ K 10 4
♦ Q 7 3
♣ J 10 8 2

It is at least possible that in his eagerness to win the rubber the dealer has bid on a very thin no-trumper, and at the score I should be inclined to double the one no-trump and at least ensure that the enemy did not get away with a one bid. You cannot call a suit yourself, but you can provide a little help in anything your partner bids, and in the circumstances many players would risk being penalized.

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The Informatory Suit Double.

The informatory suit double is recognized by American players as more useful and less dangerous than the double of one no-trump; yet, strange to say, it is the variety less practised over here.

The occasion for its use is when the dealer bids a suit and you, as second or fourth player, are bare or very weak in the suit called yet have definite strength in the other suits and not less than three cards in any of them. You have not a good five suit or of course you would call it, and the idea of the double is to find the suit which best fits the combined hands of your partner and yourself. The partner is obliged to bid his longest and strongest suit or, if he is double guarded in the adverse suit, bid in no-trumps; he must only leave the double in if satisfied from his own hand that it will result in downing the enemy by at least 200 points. If the intervening adversary makes an active bid, the doubler's partner is no longer under compulsion to bid and can do as his hand dictates.

Suppose *Z*, the dealer, bids one heart, and *A*, the next player, holds :—

♠ A Q 7 4
♥ 8
♦ K Q 6 2
♣ K J 10 5

A cannot bid one no-trump because of his weakness in hearts, it would be rash to bid a suit, but he can give excellent support to any suit bid from his partner, while, should the latter be adequately guarded in hearts, there is a good no-trump proposition. *A*, in fact, has a hand for a sound informatory double.

Now for a very great difference between the informatory double of a no-trumper and a suit bid. In the former case the double applies only to one no-trump, but a suit double may be informatory up to a bid of three, and it is highly important to know when it is informatory and when business. At present British players seldom use the suit double for a bid exceeding one, though occasionally for two; but the Americans use it up to a three bid, and eventually we shall probably do the same. Occasions for the informatory double of a three bid must, however, be rare with us; in America they have majority bidding (*e.g.*, three clubs outbids two

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no-trumps) and this would make a difference as to the doubles under discussion.

Now for the differentiation.

The double of one of a suit is always informatory. The double of two or three of a suit is informatory unless—

(*a*) The partner of the doubler has already bid ;
(*b*) The doubler has had a previous chance to double and has not done so.

A few examples will make it as plain as a pikestaff.

No 1—

Z	*A*	*Y*	*B*
One heart	Double	Two hearts	Pass
Pass	Double		

A's first double is obviously informatory, and so is his second, though at first it may look a bit tricky. *B* was absolved from the first informatory double because *Y* made an intervening bid. But *B* has not made an active bid and so should recognize the second double also as informatory ; *A* has evidently a very strong hand outside hearts and demands a bid in *B's* best suit.

No. 2—

Z	*A*	*Y*	B
One spade	Double	Pass	Two diamonds
Two spades	Double	Pass	

A's first double is informatory and his partner acts upon it by bidding two diamonds. But *A's* second double is business, because by this time his partner *B* has made an active bid. The informatory double in fact led to a business double, which *A* obviously considers will be to the advantage of his side.

No. 3—

Z	*A*	*Y*	*B*
One spade	Pass	Two spades	Pass
Pass	Double	Pass	

A business double pure and simple, because *A* has already had the opportunity for an informatory double and did not take it. He has evidently got some good spades and is possibly short in a suit with high cards in one or both of the others.

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No 4—

Z	*A*	*Y*	*B*
One heart	Pass	One spade	One no-trump
Double			

This is business, because *Z's* partner has already bid. This sort of thing is easy enough on paper, but one has to get into the habit of at once picking out which is which, and a business double of one no-trump does not occur very often. If *Y* is very strong in spades he can go on with the suit, and his partner has told him of a hand better than strength in hearts only.

No. 5—

Z	*A*	*Y*	*B*
One no-trump	Double	Pass	Two clubs
Double			

A's double is, of course, informatory, and *B* responds to it with two clubs. But *Z's* double is also informatory, and *Y* should know it to be so as he has not himself made an active bid. If *Y* is doubly guarded in clubs he should bid two no-trumps, but anyhow he must take his partner out of the double unless very strong in clubs. It may be that he has four little clubs and three cards only in each of the other suits, and if so he must bid the best of the suits of three. I have never seen this sort of case in Britain, but this reverberation of the informatory double is according to the American code and it is as well to know what may happen.

We glean then, on the authority of Mr. Milton Work, that :—

Informatory doubles are—

(1) Doubles of one no-trump.
(2) Doubles of one of a suit.
(3) Doubles of two or three of a suit when the partner has not bid and the doubler has not previously passed.

Business doubles are—

(1) Doubles of two or more no-trumps.
(2) Doubles of four or more of a suit.
(3) Doubles of two or three of a suit after the partner has made a bid, or the doubler has previously passed.

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Defence against the Informatory Double.

Even American writers have far less to say about the defence than the attack, but this is the way of all writers about any phase of the game. Yet the question: what should the third player do when the second player has doubled? is insistent, and demands careful consideration. It is a matter, too, about which very many British players appear to be entirely in the dark.

When one no-trump is doubled the third player, if his hand is moderate to bad, must pass—and he may be informed that optimism is of no account in the valuation. But if he has some good cards there is some diversity of opinion as to what he should say. Mr. Wilbur Whitehead, another well-known American writer, says he should redouble "if his holding is as good as an original one no-trump," while others hold that in this unusual event (for it implies three no-trump hands in one deal) he should bid two no-trumps, and this certainly seems to be the better course; while the redouble is advocated when the third player has a minimum of three likely tricks, and this, too, one may deem sound. According to this the following would be a redoubling hand:—

♠ K 10 7 3
♥ A 8 4
♦ Q 9 6 2
♣ 8 5

When the third player has a hand as good as this, he or his partner are likely to be in a position to double any call the fourth player, who is practically certain to have a feeble hand, may make, if the original bid and the double were justified.

Should the third player have a major suit, on which he would have made an original bid, he should call it, but this is merely common sense.

There are those who say that the third player should always pass an informatory double either in one no-trump or a suit bid so as to gather information from the fourth player's bid, pointing out truly enough that he must have another opportunity to bid. But he will have lost the chance of declaring his strength as a guide for his partner, and the latter may make a bid that is not the best for the joint hands yet which it is dangerous to outbid. Personally, I think the third player should call a minor suit if he holds it in real strength, say, five to ace, king, queen, or six to ace, king.

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There is nothing like getting off the mark quickly when you have any goods worth mentioning, but there must be no doubt about the worth.

There is no object in redoubling an informatory double of a suit, for the doubler has declared weakness in that suit and strength in the others. As a rule the third player should pass, but if he has real strength in his partner's suit he had better call two or even more in it to shut out the fourth player and prevent him and the doubler from comparing notes. If the third player cannot support his partner, but is guarded in each of the other suits, he can bid one no-trump, but the guards must be fireproof. When in any doubt as third player say "no bid."

A few words are necessary as to fourth player's action after a redouble. *Z* bids one no-trump, *A* doubles, *Y* redoubles; what is *B* to do? Until recently British authorities have held that—to put it in what is called an Irish way—it is now still more obligatory upon *B* to take out by bidding his best suit. But the American convention is different, and it is now being followed over here. According to this, *B* should take out only if he has decided strength or length (five at least) in a suit, otherwise he should pass. Assuming *B* to pass and also *Z*, it is then for *A* to call his own best suit in the knowledge that *B* has strength or length in nothing. To me this seems very dangerous, for *B* must have at least a four suit, and pushed back upon himself *A* may bid a suit in which *B* has two or less, in which case *B* is powerless to do anything. This, however, is the convention, and if *B* acts against it he is held to deceive his partner.

This article does not claim to be exhaustive. The informatory double was invented in 1915 in America, and many books have been written on the subject. But enough has been said to enable the careful reader to get some grip on a part of the game where many go astray. I cannot do better than again quote Mr. Milton Work—"It is impossible to be over-emphatic in stating the vital importance of having the informatory double always 100 per cent. sound." It is by disregarding this principle that one sees so many tragedies recalling Bret Harte's sad line: "It is but didn't ought to be."

HUGH TUITE.

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CHESS

ROOK AND PAWN ENDINGS—II.

IN our last article we dealt exclusively with positions in which a single pawn appeared in addition to king and rook on each side. We now propose to deal with positions complicated by the presence of more than one pawn on the board.

Position No. 8 : White—K at KB6, R at QR7, Ps at KKt6 and KR6.
Black—K at KKt1, R at QKt1.

Naturally in positions where one side is two pawns up, victory usually goes to the stronger force. Nevertheless care is always necessary, and one weak move may lead to a draw. In this position, White wins easily by : 1, R—R5, R—Kt3 ch. ; 2, K—Kt5, R—Kt1 ; 3, P—R7 ch., K—R1 ; 4, K—R6, etc. As an instance of the ease with which a win may be dissipated, let us try—1, P—R7 ch. ; Black replies K—R1 ; White now has three plausible moves—viz., K—Kt5, R—R6, and R—R5, but it soon will be seen that each leads only to a draw. If 2, K—Kt5, R—Kt4 ch. ; 3, K—R6, R—KR4 ch. ; 4, K×R stalemate. If 2, R—R5, R—Kt3 ch. ; 3, K—B5, R—KB3 ch. ; 4, K—Kt5, R×P ch., and whether White takes or not the game is drawn. If 2, R—R6, R—Kt3+ ; 3, K—B7, R—KB3 ch., and White must capture, giving stalemate, as otherwise Black wins by R×R. It may be noted that, in this class of position, sacrifice to induce stalemate is a very potent weapon of defence.

Position No. 9 :

(*See Diagram on next page.*)

In this position White wins very prettily as follows :— 1, R—K6, R×P ; 2, R—KKt6 ch., K—R2 ; 3, K—B7, R—R5 ; 4, R—Kt7 ch., K—R1 ; 5, R—Kt8 ch., K—R2 ; 6, P—Kt6 ch., K—R3 ; 7, R—KR8 ch., etc.

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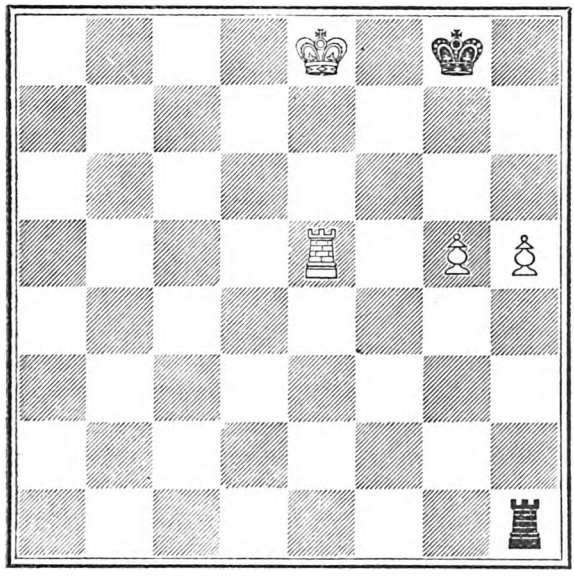

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If the pawns are separated, the superior force still wins in the majority of cases. A typical example is :—

Position No. 10 : White—K at QR4, R at KR5, Ps at QR3 and KR7.
Black—K at QKt3, R at KR1 ;

which White wins by :—1, R—R6 ch., K—B4 ; 2, K—R5, R—R1 ch. ; 3, R—R6, R—QKt1 ; 4, P—R4, R—QB1 ; 5, R—R7, R—QKt1 ; 6, R—QB7 ch., K—Q3 ; 7, R—KKt7, R—QR1 ch. ; 8, K—Kt5, R—Kt1 ch. ; 9, K—R6, R—QR1 ch. ; 10, K—Kt7, R—KR1 ; 11, P—R5, etc. The strength of the king, as a fighting piece, is well exemplified in this position.

Position No. 11 : White—K at QR4, R at QKt1, Ps at QR6 and QKt7.
Black—K at QR2, R at KR1.

This difficult ending is won as follows :—1, K—R5, R—R4 ch. ; 2, R—Kt5, R—R1 ; 3, R—Kt6 ! (not R—QB5, which allows Black to draw by R—R3), R—R4 ch. ; 4, K—Kt4, R—R5 ch. ; 5, K—B5, R—R4 ch. ; 6, K—Q4, R—R5 ch. ; 7, K—K5, R—R4 ch. ; 8, K—B4, R—R5 ch. ; 9, K—Kt5, R—R1 ; 10, R—QB6, K—Kt1 ; 11, K—Kt6, R—KB1 ; 12, K—Kt7, R—Q1 ; 13, K—B7, R—R1 ; 14, K—K7,

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R—R2 ch. ; 15, K—Q6, R—R3 ch. ; 16, K—B5, R—R4 ch. ; 17, K—Kt6, etc.

Position No. 12 : White—K at QR2, R at KR3.
Black—K at QB4, R at KKt4, Ps at QR6 and QKt5.

In this position, although two pawns down, White is able to draw by the following play :—1, K—Kt3, K—Kt4 ; 2, R—KB3, R—QB4 ; 3, R—R3, R—B6 ch. ; 4, R×R, P×R ; 5, K×BP. It should be noted that 5, K×RP loses, as White is unable to prevent the remaining pawn queening. It follows, therefore, that in such positions a draw is only obtainable when one of the pawns is on the rook's file. If the pieces on the queen's side are moved one square to the right, Black wins. After 1, K—Kt3, Black may try to force the position by 1 . . . R—K4 ; 2, R—Kt3, R—K8 ; 3, R—Kt5 ch., K—Kt3 ; 4, R—Kt2, R—Kt8 ch. ; 5, K—R2, and White draws.

Position No. 13 : White—K at KKt2, 2 R at QB6.
Black—K at QKt1, R at KR1, Ps at KKt6 and KR5.

This is another position in which the inferior force draws. The play is :—1, K—R3, K—Kt2 ; 2, R—B1, R—R3 ; 3, R—K1 ! K—B2 ; 4, R—QR1, K—Kt3 ; 5, R—Kt1 ch., K—B4 ; 6, R—B1 ch., K—Q5 ; 7, R—QR1, etc. If the Black king goes over towards his pawns, White draws by repeated checks from the QR file. If he plays towards the White rook, White abandons checking at the suitable moment and plays his rook to KKt1 or 2. An important point to bear in mind is that Black must not be allowed to manœuvre his rook to the fifth rank, for in that event he would win by placing his rook on K5 and then playing his K to KB7. If 1 . . . R—Kt1 ; 2, R—B1, R—R1 ; 3, R—B6. If 1 . . . R—KB1 ; 2, R—B4, R—R1 ; 3, R—B6, etc. If 1 . . . R—QB1 ; 2, R—Kt6 ch., K—R2 ; 3, R—Kt4, etc. If 1 . . . R—R2 ; 2, R—Q6, K—B1 ; R—QR6, etc.

Position No. 14 : White—K at KB4, R at KR6, P at QR5.
Black—K at K2, R at K8, Ps at K5 and KB4.

Here White wins speedily by 1, P—R6, R—QR8 ; 2, P—R7, K—B2 ; 3, R—R8. It is a good example of the power

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of the advanced pawn in this type of ending. The offered sacrifice should be noted; a win often can be achieved by such a manœuvre.

Position No. 15 : White—K at Q5, R at QB6, P at KKt7.
Black—K at Q2, R at QR1, Ps at KKt6 and KR5.

This position shows another manner of using an advanced pawn to secure victory. White wins by—1, R—QR6, R—KKt1 ; 2, R—R7 ch., K—K1 ; 3, K—K6, K—Q1 ; 4, R—R8 ch., K—B2 ; 5, R×R, P—Kt7 ; 6, R—B8 ch., etc.

Position No. 16 : White—K at KB5, R at QR5, P at KR6.
Black—K at KKt8, R at QKt8, Ps at QKt5 and KKt6.

Again White wins by the aid of his advanced pawn and by cleverly taking advantage of the Black king's position. The play is—1, P—R7, R—B8 ch. ; 2, K—Kt4, R—B1 ; 3, K×P, K—B8 ; 4, R—B5 ch., R×R ; 5, P—R8=Q.

Position No. 17 :

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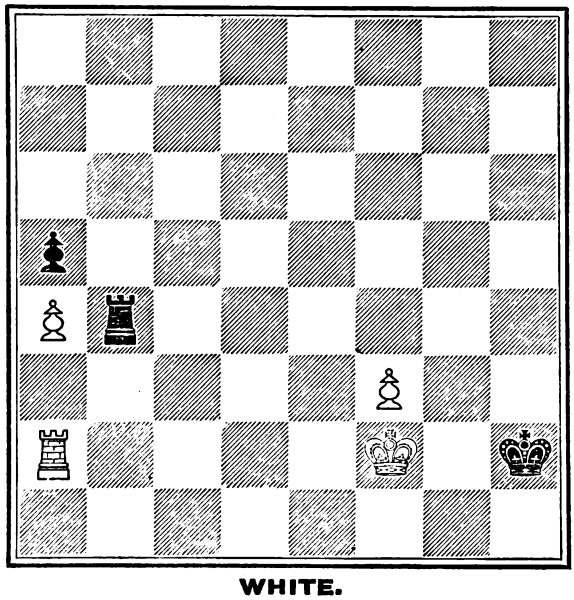

WHITE.

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This position is given by Steinitz as a win for White, and so far as I know no one has challenged this decision. His play is instructive and runs as follows:—1, R—R1, R—Kt6; 2, R—K1, R—R6; 3, R—K4, K—R6; 4, R—KKt4, R—R7 ch.(if 4, . . . R—Kt6, 5, R—Kt5); 5, K—K3, R—R6 ch.; 6, K—K2, R—R7 ch; 7, K—Q3, R—R6 ch.; 8, K—B2, R×BP; 9, R—Kt5, R—B5; 10, R×P, K—Kt5; 11, R—R8, K—Kt4; 12, P—R5, R—QR5; 13, P—R6, K—B3; 14, K—Kt3, R—R8; 15, K—Kt4, R—Kt8 ch.; 16, K—B5, R—B8 ch.; 17, K—Kt6, R—Kt8 ch.; 18, K—R7, K—Kt2; 19, R—QKt8, R—QR8; 20, R—Kt7 ch.; K—Kt1; 21, K—Kt6, R—Kt8 ch.; 22, K—B7, R—B8 ch.; 23, K—Kt8 and wins. If 1 . . . R—QB5; 2, K—K3, K—Kt6; 3, R—KKt1 ch., K—R6; 4, P—B4, R×RP; 5, P—B5, R—QKt5; 6, P—B6, R—Kt1; 7, K—B4, and the advanced pawn wins.

It would appear, however, that the main-line play is faulty, and that Black can force a draw by 12, . . . K—Kt3; 13, P—R6 (13, R—Kt8 ch., K—B2; 14, R—Kt5, K—K2, etc.), K—Kt2; 14, K—Q3, R—B3; thus gaining the position for the "Frink" draw, which we gave in our last article. True, White can play 14, R—QKt8. We leave our readers to try to demonstrate a win for White in this case.

Position No. 18: White—K at QB8, R at KB7, P at QB7.
Black—K at QR3, R at QB7, P at KB7.

This position is one by Dr. Lasker, White winning by the following ingenious play:—1, K—Kt8, R—Kt7 ch.; 2, K—R8, R—B7; 3, R—B6 ch., K—R4; 4, K—Kt8, R—Kt7 ch.; 5, K—R7, R—B7; 6, R—B5 ch., K—R5; 7, K—Kt7, R—Kt7 ch.; 8, K—R6, R—B7; 9, R—B4 ch., K—R6; 10, K—Kt6, R—Kt7 ch.; 11, K—R5, R—B7; 12, R—B3 ch., K—Kt7; 13, R×P.

Position No. 19: White—K at KKt1, R at QR7, Ps at QR6 and KKt2.
Black—K at KKt1, R at QR7, P at KKt2.

Tarrasch gives this position as typical of a class of end-game of frequent occurrence in actual play, and demonstrates a draw as follows:—1, K—B1, K—R2; 2, P—Kt3, K—R3; 3, K—K1, R—KKt7; 4, R—QB7. This change of front is a most important advantage, which White gains from

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the pawn sacrifice. 4 . . . R×P ; 5, P—R7, R—QR6 ; 6, K—Q2, P—Kt4 ; 7, K—B2, P—Kt5 ; 8, K—Kt2, R—R4 (not R—R3 because of 9, R—B6 ch.) ; 9, K—Kt3, P—Kt6 ; 10, K—Kt4, P—Kt7, etc.

If the queen-side pieces are moved to the QKt file, Black can draw by similar play, but a simpler and safer method is—1, K—B1, K—B1 ; 2, K—K1, K—K1 (not 2, . . . R×P ; 3, R—B7, R—QKt7 ; 4, P—Kt7, with rook checks and pawn queens to follow) ; 3, K—Q1 (if R×P, R×P, and the game is drawn), P—Kt3 ; 4, K—B1, R—Kt4 ; 5, K—B2, K—Q1 ; 6, K—B3, K—B1 ; 7, R—B7 ch., K—Kt1 ; 8, R—B6, R—Kt4.

If the queen-side pieces stand on the QB file, a draw is reached by the same method.

Again, if the king-side pawns stand on the KB file, or one side has a KKt's pawn and the other a KB's pawn, a draw results.

Position No. 20. : White—K at KKt1, R at QR7, Ps at QR6 and KKt2.
Black—K at KKt1, R at QR7, P at KR2.

Here Black's position is rather more unfavourable, as his king is penned in on the back rank. However, with care and correct play he can still draw. 1, K—B1, K—B1 ; 2, K—K1, K—K1 ; Black cannot remain inactive, for White can force a win by first supporting his passed pawn with his king, as Black cannot capture the KKtP on account of White's R—Kt7, P—R7 and RKt8 ch., etc. 3, R—R8 ch., K—B2 ! (K—Q2 loses because of P—R7 and R—KR8) ; 4, K—Q1, K—Kt2 ; 5, P—Kt3, R—R6 ! (R—KKt2 loses) ; 6, K—B2 (if P—Kt4, R—R5), R×KtP ; 7, R—B8, R—QR6 ; 8, R—B7 ch. (8, R—B6 is no better), K—Kt3 ; 9, P—R7, P—R4 ; 10, K—Kt2, R—R4 ; 11, K—Kt3, P—R5 ; 12, K—Kt4, R—R8 ; 13, K—Kt5. White now threatens R—B6, followed by R—QR6 winning. Black cannot avoid this by K—Kt4, because RB5 ch. drives the king into the open and enables the White rook to reach the QR file by the aid of a second check. Black's only resource is a series of checks, which just enable him to reach a drawn position. 13 . . . R—Kt8 ch. ; 14, K—B6, R—B8 ch. ; 15, K—Kt7, R—Kt8 ch. ; 16, K—B8, R—QR8 ; 17, K—Kt8, K—B4 ; 18, P—R8 (Q), R×Q ch. ; 19, K×R, P—R6, and the draw is evident.

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Position No. 21 :

White—K at KKt1, R at QKt7, Ps at QKt6, KKt2 and KR2.
Black—K at KKt1, R at QKt7, Ps at KKt2 and KR2.

The addition of a further pawn on the king's side to both forces does not affect the result. In the above position, a draw is reached by—1, P—Kt3, P—R4 ; 2, P—R4, K—R2 ; 3, K—B1, K—R3 ; 4, K—K1, R—KKt7 ; 5, R—Q7, R×P ; 6, P—Kt7, R—Kt6 ; 7, K—Q2, P—Kt4 ; 8, K—B2, R—Kt5 ! (Not R—Kt3, because of R—Q6 ch., and not R—Kt4 because of P×P, followed by R—Q5 ch.) ; 9, K—B3, R—Kt8 ; 10, P×P ch., K×P ; 11, K—B4, R—QB8 ch., and draws by a series of checks and the sacrifice of rook for pawn, as in the preceding position.

Position No. 22 :

White—K at KB1, R at QR7, Ps at QR6, KB2, KKt2 and KR2.
Black—K at KB1, R at QR7, Ps at KB2, KKt2 and KR2.

In this position, each side has three pawns on the king's side. Black draws against any play. The play is as under : 1, K—K1, P—Kt4 ; 2, K—Q1, K—Kt2 (R×P loses) ; 3, K—B1, K—Kt3 ; 4, K—Kt1, R—R4 ; 5, K—Kt2, P—B4 ; 6, K—Kt3, P—B5 ; 7, K—Kt4 (or *a*, *b*), R—R7 ; 8, K—Kt5, R—Kt7 ch. ; 9, K—B6, R—B7 ch. ; 10, K—Kt6, R—Kt7 ch. ; 11, K—B7, R×P ; 12, R—Kt7, R×P ; 13, P—R7, R—R7 ; 14, K—Kt8, P—B6 ; and White, at the best, can hope for no more than a draw. (*a*) 7, P—B3, P—R4 ; 8, P—R3, R—R8 ; 9, K—Kt4, R—R7 ; 10, K—Kt5, R—Kt7 ch. ; 11, K—B6, R—B7 ch. ; 12, K—Kt6, R—Kt7 ch. ; 13, K—B7, R×P ; 14, R—Kt7, R—R7 ; 15, P—R7, P—Kt5 ; 16, RP×P, P×P ; 17, P×P, K—Kt4 ; 18, K—Kt8, K×P, drawn. (*b*) 7, P—Kt4, P—B6 ; 8, P—R3, P—R4 ; 9, K—Kt4, R—R7 ; 10, K—Kt5, P×P ; 11, P×P, R—Kt7 ch. ; 12, K—B6, R—B7 ch. ; 13, K—Kt7, R—Kt7 ch. ; 14, K—B8, R×P ; 15, R—B7, R—R7, drawn.

We think the foregoing examples cover the ground sufficiently to enable any student of the game to gain a very useful knowledge of the manner in which rook and pawn end games should be handled. Perhaps at some future time we may return to the subject and consider positions in which both sides have two rooks. In such positions, however, one rook is frequently exchanged and then the methods we have set forth come immediately into operation.

F. F. L. ALEXANDER.

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THE BOOKSHELF

NATIONAL AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

THE PROBLEM OF DEFENCE. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B. The Westminster Library. Philip Allan & Co.

The Westminster Library is an admirable series of volumes dealing with the history, politics, and economic life of the British Empire. Each volume costs but 3s. 6d., and the series includes works upon the Empire, State Socialism, Trade Unions, and other subjects of the day. To these Sir George Aston has now contributed "The Problem of Defence." It is a subject upon which the author is an expert. With the advantage of having been "soldier and sailor too," he looks at problems from two standpoints, as all will agree who have had the pleasure of reading his "Letters on Amphibious Wars" and "Sea, Land and Air Strategy." In the book a distinction is made between National Defence (which is subdivided again into United Kingdom and Self-Governing Dominions) and Empire Defence proper; but there is no idea of containing these in watertight compartments, for the subjects are co-ordinated and brought together in a clever final chapter of deductions. The book is written on "popular" lines, using the term in its signification of an absence of technicality, with a consequent intelligibility by the mass of people. We think that a few plain outline maps would be a great advantage, as we are not prepared to back the man in the street to place Bermuda, Esquimalt, Hawaii, and Hong-Kong with absolute or even relative accuracy. After all, it is not so very many years since we overheard Bermuda described as "The Gibraltar of the Pacific," and even to-day many otherwise blameless people persist in considering it one of the West Indies.

BACK TO LEE.

ROBERT E. LEE, THE SOLDIER. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE, K.C.M.G., C.B. Constable and Co., Ltd.

This work on Lee is probably the outcome of what may be called the Young Camberley Movement of the early years of this century. Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson" had then just appeared, and had produced upon the minds of the professorial staff something of the impression made on Keats by Chapman's Homer. There was for a time a serious danger that, in the admiration of the planet, the sun might be forgotten, and there was certainly a tendency to think that Jackson was the outstanding soldier of the South and that the Civil War consisted mainly of the Valley Campaign. Against these monstrous heresies a movement took place among the students. Like the Newmans, Froudes, and Kebles of an earlier movement, these enthusiasts threw their minds farther back, and it is not too much to say that it is to some extent owing to the excessive adulation of Jackson that Lee has come once more into his own.

Sir Frederick Maurice's student days at the Staff College coincided with this movement, and his book echoes and develops the opinions

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then expressed by the reformers. He has given us now a scholarly work which is admittedly neither a life of Lee nor a history of the Civil War, but an appreciation of Lee's generalship. Few writers could have brought to the task a greater aptitude, and those who looked to General Maurice's literary skill, acumen, and wide knowledge of military history for an interesting and readable criticism will not be disappointed. A feature of the book is the attempt to show that, had Lee's methods been more closely studied, the Allies of the Great War could have solved more easily many of the problems which confronted them. This may be so or it may not. But it is of interest to read that " in the World War as in the Civil War, while everyone in authority was agreed on the principle of concentration at the decisive point, there was divergence of view as to where the decisive point was to be found. Lee held that it was to be found in Maryland. Beauregard saw it in the west. Davis looked for it in Europe." Jefferson Davis, however, was also shrewd enough to see that the Mississippi was of extraordinary importance and that a Federal advance down the river (and up it, too) would cleave the Confederacy in twain and halve its already exiguous resources for the conduct of the war. We could wish, therefore, that this apprehension, referred to on page 70, had been also included in the sentences quoted above from page 190. As a matter of fact, it was the Mississippi which actually proved to be the decisive point. As Grant expressed it : " The fall of Vicksburg sealed the fate of the Confederacy." It is curious to find a writer of General Maurice's power overlooking this point. Even though Lee was not engaged in the Vicksburg campaign, he certainly felt its effects. Vicksburg, however, is not even mentioned in the index.

The chief fault we find in the book is that it is not long enough. To attempt to give an appreciation of a commander like Lee (who fought in a great struggle which lasted four years, and who during that time either commanded armies, or was military adviser to his Government, or commander-in-chief) in less than 300 pages of large print is a mistake. Inevitably things are short-circuited at times, and we are compelled to accept conclusions when we would have preferred to hear the arguments *pro* and *con* as well. Particularly is this noticeable in the comparison which General Maurice institutes between Wellington and Lee. " For these reasons," writes the author, " I place Lee as a general above Wellington." But the " reasons," when examined, are found to consist of but four rather sketchy pages of generalities, and thus, although General Maurice's opinion, as coming from a distinguished soldier, will command respect, it will not—and cannot be expected to—induce conviction. We are sorry, too, that the author has selected Wellington as the touchstone by which to assay Lee. The conditions of the Peninsula and Waterloo were obviously different not only in degree, but in kind, from those which environed Lee. Steam and electricity had by 1861 introduced new factors into war. It seems to us that a better comparison might have been made with Moltke, who was actually contemporary with Lee, and who achieved immortality in the same decade of the nineteenth century.

On the subject of maps we confess that we are wont to feel a certain sourness, especially where railways are involved. We have been almost

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driven mad at times by the complacency of writers on Mars-la-Tour—and French writers sometimes, too, at that—who *will* illustrate their accounts by a map which shows a railway from Metz to Verdun. As a matter of fact, that particular line was not in working order, or even wholly completed, in 1870. Had it been so, the battle might never have been fought. Bazaine might have united with MacMahon. There would then have been no Gravelotte, no surrender of Metz, and no Sedan. A map to illustrate a campaign or battle should, therefore, be meticulously accurate in its delineation of railways. At the end of General Maurice's book there appears a large map with the legend, "General Map of Campaigns of the Armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia." Of the railways shown upon it we make the following remarks. Richmond was itself the actual *nodus* of a railway system and not a city lying some four miles from a railway junction, as shown upon this map. The eastern line from Richmond to Hanover Junction made a détour so as to take in Hanover Court House, and did not pass five miles to the west of it. We are sceptical as to the existence in the '60's of the line shown running from Frederick City to Hagerstown, or from that latter place to Baltimore. And we are fairly confident that the Shenandoah Valley railroad ended at Mount Jackson and did not continue to Staunton, as General Maurice's map makes out. This error, if our contention is correct, is a serious one, as the existence or otherwise of this section of railroad would of course affect the Valley campaign. General Maurice's book is so sound and readable, and so well produced, that it merits a Cæsar's wife kind of map. It should be mentioned that the smaller ones distributed throughout the text are excellent and clear, and that the whole book adds to the reputation of Messrs. Constable & Co. and to the debt of obligation which military readers owe them.

UNDER THE LENS.

CAMPAIGNERS, GRAVE AND GAY. By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL L. H. THORNTON, C.M.G., D.S.O. (late Rifle Brigade). Cambridge University Press.

WARRIORS IN UNDRESS. By F. J. HUDLESTON, C.B.E., Librarian of the War Office. John Castle.

By a happy coincidence these two books, each of which recognizes that military history need not be entirely divorced from humour, appear almost simultaneously. There is ample room for both, and no Service mess, library, or institution can afford to be without these entertaining volumes. The *motif* of each is not quite the same. Colonel Thornton is a professional soldier; strategy and tactics form his main theme, and he shows off the facets of these jewels by flashing upon them brilliant shafts of wit. Mr. Hudleston, on the other hand, is, in his professional capacity, so steeped in theoretical military science, that he is glad to get away from it at times. Like Colonel Esmond, he would have "history familiar rather than heroic." And so familiar does it become at times that the heroic part is often a bit dulled. But, then, few men can be heroes to a librarian.

"Campaigners, Grave and Gay," consists of studies of four soldiers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—Marshal Saxe, Sir Robert

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Gillespie, Peterborough, and Wolfe ; and the work barely overlaps that of Mr. Hudleston, whose chief characters are " The Duke," The Duke of York, Garibaldi, and Baron von Steuben. Though the orbits are distinct they intersect, however, in places. Colonel Thornton tells us that Marshal Saxe was one of a family of 354 (his father Augustus received the title " The Strong " on the *lucus a lucendo* principle), while Mr. Hudleston discourses of a landgrave of Hesse-Cassel who was the father of ninety-four. Here the War Office librarian must admit that he is beaten to a frazzle, and that, compared with page 1 of " Campaigners, Grave and Gay," the footnote to page 132 of his own volume reads merely like a testimonial to a birth control clinic.

In detail, however, and in a certain superfluity of naughtiness, Mr. Hudleston comes out top. It is a triumph of mind over matter that a book so replete with humour should have been hatched in that dark unfathomed cave known as the War Office Library. This long, narrow subterranean chamber, ill-lit and not ventilated at all, might well suit the occasional researches of a gloomy dean, but seems calculated to stamp out the joyousness of a permanent inhabitant. How ever this apartment came to be consecrated as a library is a mystery. The popular theory is that it was originally designed as a skittle alley for the heads of the Finance Branch, but on the discovery being made that a library had been overlooked, a change was hurriedly made. And so, instead of resounding to the shouts of " those old barbarians all at play," the chamber is now sunk in silence, broken but by an occasional *risus ab angulo* as the librarian adds to or parts with some of his accumulated store of good things. Mr. Hudleston's knowledge of such is like Mr. Weller's acquaintance with London ; but even the good Homer drowses now and then—as well he might in the atmosphere of the library of the old War House. We are fairly certain that the *Hot Cross Bun* was a lieutenant's—not a captain's—command and the Belayes will be furious when they find the final " e " omitted.

YACHTS, NEW AND OLD.

YACHTS AND YACHTING IN CONTEMPORARY ART. By B. HECKSTALL-SMITH. Edited by GEOFFREY HOLME. The Studio, Ltd.

The high standard set by two previous volumes dealing with ships and the sea is well maintained in this work, issued by *The Studio*. The sailing yacht, and the historic pastime of navigating her, are here dealt with from a novel standpoint, that of contemporary art. About a hundred illustrations are given, including twenty-four in colour, and the more technical side of yacht evolution is excellently dealt with by Major Heckstall-Smith, the well-known authority, and the author of " All Hands on the Main Sheet." The illustrations are reproduced from paintings and prints—exclusively, the work of the camera being ignored. This we rather regret, for no sport gives better pictorial results to photography than that of yachting ; and whereas a horse race or a football match " snapped " by the camera can yield sometimes pictures which appear grotesquely unnatural, a yacht always " takes well," and gives a beautiful picture. The self-denying ordinance of *The Studio* results in a hiatus during the years when the camera held

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the field and before the new group of marine artists, such as Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Norman Wilkinson, Mr. Charles Pears, and Miss Alice Fanner, had arisen. Consequently we look in vain for illustrations of *Samœna*, *Irex* (a sad omission), *May*, *Tara*, *Vanduara*, *Sleuthound*, *Wendur*, *Vol-au-vent*, and other cracks *Consule Planco*. We are, however, richly compensated by the water-colours of the modern school. *Moonbeam*, by Mr. Frank H. Mason, is a beautiful piece of work. But the gem of the whole collection is Mr. Norman Wilkinson's *Britannia*, and not less so because there is something of a puzzle in it. The legend describes the King's cutter as "just after having gybed round the Solent Bank Buoy in a squall." The puzzle is, accepting this, and the position of the buoy relative to *Britannia*, to determine what course the cutter had previously been sailing. One point which will strike all yachtsmen is the immense superiority of the modern marine artists over those of the old school. Possibly, the camera has been a help; more probably the superiority is due to the fact that many modern marine painters are yachtsmen, or women, too. The entire edition of *Yachts and Yachting* for the whole world is limited to 1,000 numbered copies, and there will be no reprint. The price of this beautifully produced volume is only three guineas net.

RAFFISH RHYMES.

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F. By CECIL L. M. BROWN. Methuen and Co., Ltd.

Life would seem less grim and hard
If in each Service were a bard—
One worthy of a poet's crown
As worn by that young airman Brown.
We'd gladly pay a bob a time
If we could read in fluent rhyme
The substance of a crabbèd par.,
(Like those—*e.g.*, in F.S.R.)
For though it may quite rude appear,
We cannot help observing here
That chunks of Army Council prose
Will often make us yawn and doze.
He might, too, fill a patent void
If he were constantly employed
To castigate those rabid cranks
Who talk of nothing else but tanks,
And irritating creatures who
Close all discussion with a "Pooh."
For Mr. Brown's ironic wit,
For such a job as that, is IT.

The rhymes now sent us to review
Are too good almost to be true;
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They take—excuse the phrase—the bun.

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That every Institute and Mess
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A copy of this joyous book.
As for ourselves, we merely say
On reading it we shout " Hooray !"
And, bowing reverently down,
Take off our hat to Mr. Brown.

ERRATUM.

The correct name of the author of " The Attractions of War " which appeared in Vol. II, No. 3, is J. Edwin Holmstrom, and not J. Edwin Holstrom as there given.

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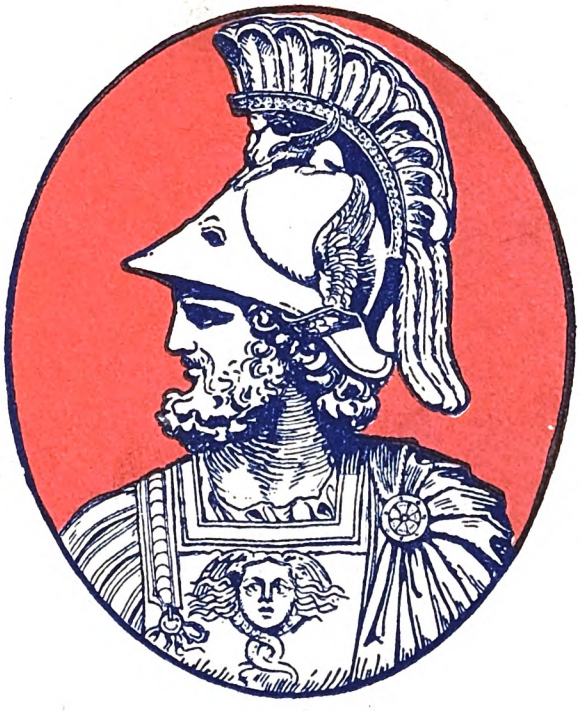

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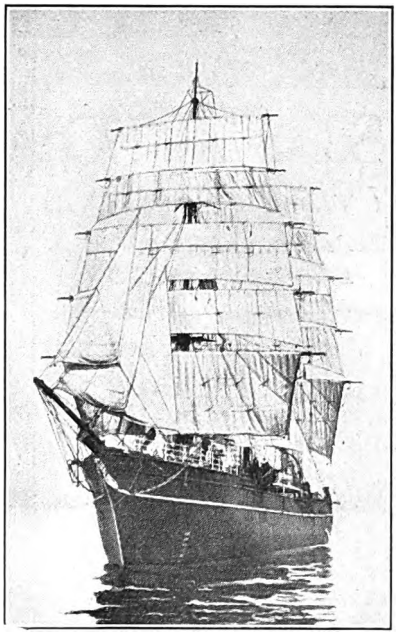

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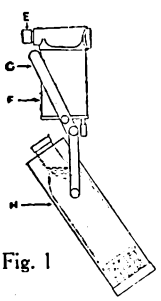


Fig. 1

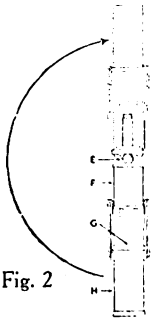
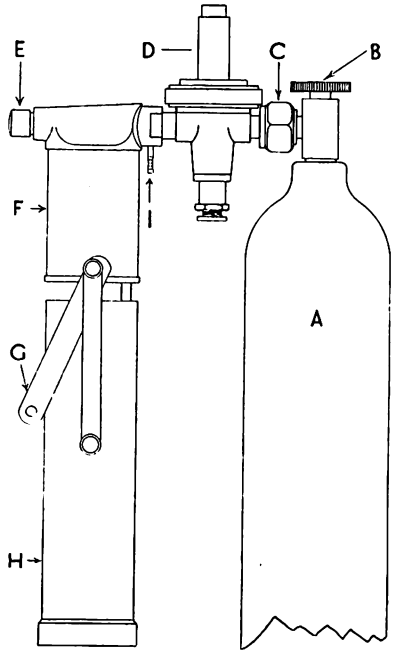


Fig. 2



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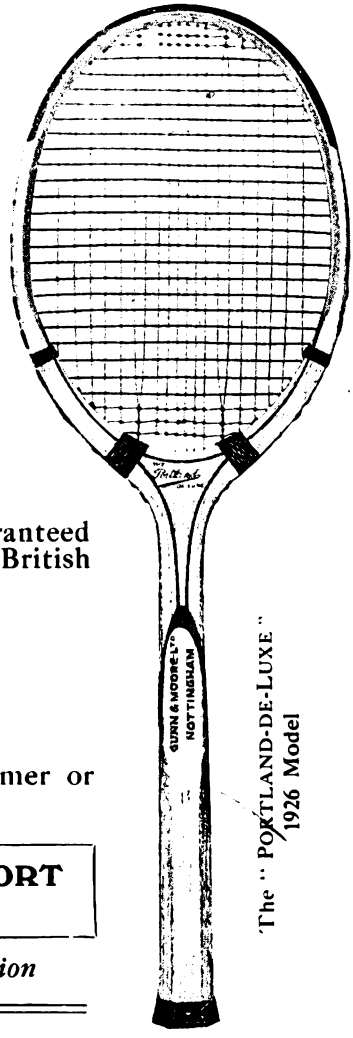

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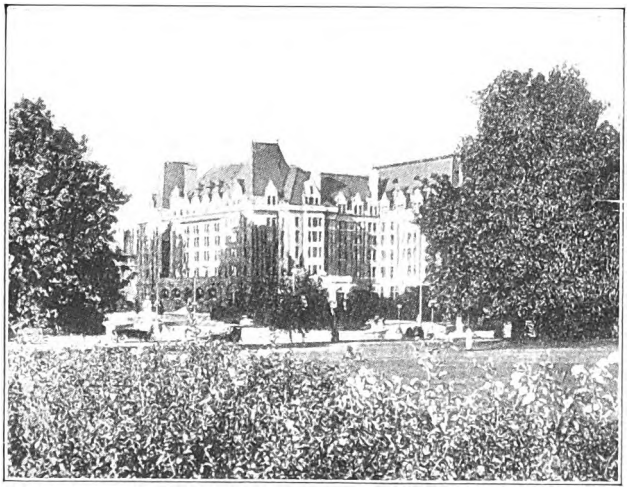

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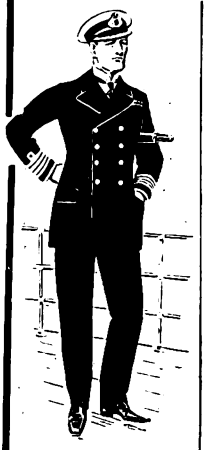

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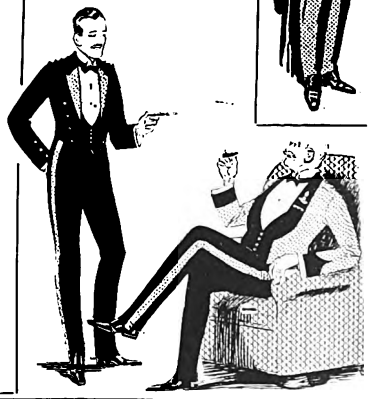

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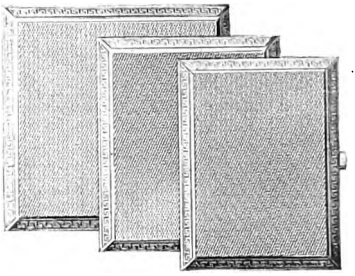

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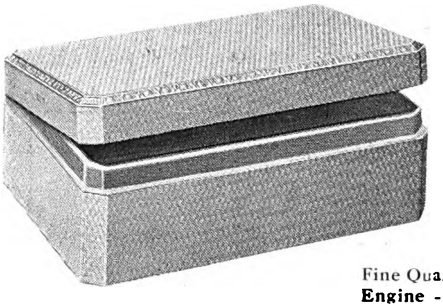

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